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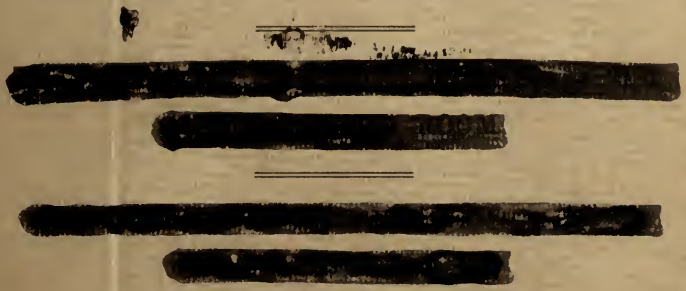

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BAYARD TAYLOR.

The Homestead, Chester Co. Penn.

Eldorado Edition

THE WORKS

OF

BAYARD TAYLOR

VOLUME I

VIEWS A-FOOT

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

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VIEWS A-FOOT

OR

EUROPE SEEN WITH KNAPSACK AND STAFF

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR

AUTHOR'S REVISED EDITION

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1882

TO

FRANK TAYLOR,

THIS STORY OF THE PILGRIMAGE

WHOSE TOILS AND ENJOYMENTS WE SHARED TOGETHER

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS RELATIVE AND FRIEND.

205914

PREFACE.

This work was first published in December, 1846, six months after my return from Europe. Some literary friends, who had been interested in the letters which I sent home during my pedestrian journeys, encouraged me in the design of collecting them, completing the story from my journals, and producing a book, which, while treating of beaten tracks, might possess some interest from the circumstances under which they were trodden. Mr. N. P. Willis, whose kindness to me was as prompt as his friendship has been generous and constant, wrote an introduction, giving the buoyancy of his name to a craft which might not otherwise have ridden so fortunately the capricious sea of literary success. Several editions were sold during the following year, and in August, 1848, I added to the eighth edition a chapter containing some practical information for pedestrians, in answer to numerous letters from young

men who desired to follow my example. To the same edition I attached the following prefatory remarks:

"In presenting to the public a new and improved edition of this record of his wanderings, the author could not justly suffer the opportunity to go by, without expressing his grateful acknowledgment of the kindness with which his work has been received. Although his aim was simply to give a narrative of personal experience, which it was hoped might be of some value to many a toiling student in the college of the world, he was aware that it would be considered a test of his literary ability, and that whatever hearing he might have hoped to obtain for the works of maturer years, would be dependent on its success. With a total ignorance of the arts of book-making, and uncertain whether a new voice from the track where thousands had been before him would find a patient auditory, it was therefore not without considerable anxiety that he gave his volume to the world. But he was not prepared to hope for such an immediate and generous favor as it received. By the press of our own country, as well as the more rigid reviewers of Great Britain, whatever merits it possesses were cordially appreciated, while its faults were but lightly touched—perhaps from a sympathy with the youth of the author, and the plan of his enthusiastic pilgrimage. But what was most grateful of all, he learned that many another young and hopeful spirit had been profited and encouraged by his own experience, and was ready to try the world with as little dependence on worldly means. The letters he received from young men whose hopes and circumstances were what his own had been, gave welcome evidence that he had not written in vain. He will not say that this knowledge repaid him for whatever toil and hardship he had undergone; whoever is subjected to the same experience will learn that it brings its own reward;—but it will nerve him henceforth to bear any lot, however severe, through which he may be enabled to say a word that shall cheer or strengthen another.

"He is now fully aware how much he has omitted from these pages, which would have been curious and perhaps instructive to the reader;

—how many blunders of inexperience; how much thoughtless confidence in the world; how many painful struggles with pride, and a too selfish independence; how many strange extremities of want and amusing expedients of relief. His reluctance to relate much that was entirely personal and could not have been told without some little sacrifice of feeling, has since been regretted, from the belief that it might have been useful to others. Perhaps, however, it will be better that each one should learn these lessons for himself. There is a sensation of novelty, which, even in the most embarrassing situations, produces a desperate kind of enjoyment, and in addition to this, the sufferer's sympathies for humanity are very much deepened and enlarged by an acquaintance with its trials.

"In preparing the present edition of his book, the author at first contemplated a complete revision. The fact that seven editions had been sold in a year and a half from the publication, seemed to require that he should make such improvements as his riper judgment suggested, and which should render it more worthy of so extensive a circulation. But further reflection convinced him that it would be best to make little change. It was written during his wanderings—partly by the wayside, when resting at mid-day, and partly on the rough tables of peasant inns, in the stillness of deserted ruins, or amid the sublime solitude of the mountain-top. It thus reflects faithfully the impress of his own mind, in every part of the journey, and he would prefer that it should remain a boyish work, however lacking in finish of composition, rather than risk taking away whatever spirit it may have caught from nature. Some particulars, which have been desired by persons about to undertake a similar journey, and which may be generally interesting, have been given in a new chapter at the close."

At the time the foregoing preface was written, I did not venture to anticipate that the work would become permanently popular. It had fulfilled the object of its publication, and I should have been satisfied had

it then gradually passed away from the remembrance of the reading public. Since that time, however, twelve more editions have been sold, and there appears to be an increase rather than an abatement of the demand for it. When, therefore, Mr. Putnam, in order to produce a collected and uniform edition of my travels, proposed to destroy the original stereotype plates and reprint the work, to correspond with the later volumes, I could not suffer the opportunity to pass without giving it that careful revision which was rendered necessary by its crudities of style and carelessness of arrangement.

I have endeavored to make no change which should impair that spirit of boyish confidence and enthusiasm, to which alone I must attribute the success of the work. I have not meddled with the language further than to correct occasional violations of taste. My task has been, to omit much that was irrelevant to the story and to my object in telling it, replacing these omissions with personal particulars, which had been withheld through an unnecessary pride. I have even in some instances suffered opinions to stand, which I have long since outgrown, because they illustrate my ignorance and immaturity at the time. My object is to make this account of my two years' experiment more clear and intelligible to the reader—to retain everything that is novel or characteristic, while relieving it of an overplus of mere description, which possesses no general interest. I have also added an introductory chapter,

containing all the particulars mentioned by Mr. Willis in his original introduction, with others which seemed necessary to make the story complete. In withdrawing the book from the shelter of that gentleman's name, I can do no less than say that the kindness of heart which made him one of my first literary friends, leaves me still his debtor; but those who know him truly, know that indebtedness to him is a burden lightly and gladly borne.

In conclusion, I must disclaim any particular talent for economy, which has sometimes been accorded to me, on account of having seen so much on such short allowance. Had I possessed more I should have spent more, and the only value of my experience is, to prove to young men of scanty means that they need not necessarily be debarred from enjoying the pleasures and the advantages of travel. The story of this experience has been, and may still be, useful to others; and I claim for it no further merit than that of truth, without reserve or exaggeration.

B. T

New York, *October*, 1855.

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VIEWS A-FOOT.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

An enthusiastic desire of visiting the Old World haunted me from early childhood. I cherished a presentiment, amounting to positive belief, that I should one day behold the scenes, among which my fancy had so long wandered. When a boy of ten years I read Willis's "Pencillings by the Way," as they appeared from week to week in the country newspaper, and the contemplation of those charming pictures of scenery and society filled me with a thousand dreams and aspirations. I wandered along the shores of the Mediterranean, while hoeing corn or tending cattle in my father's fields; the geography of Europe and the East was at my tongue's end, and the confidence with which I spoke of going to London, and Paris, and Rome, often subjected me to the ridicule of my schoolfellows. But this confidence

was too settled for either ridicule or reason to shake in the slightest degree.

In my fifteenth year, a little book entitled "The Tourist in Europe," written by Mr. George P. Putnam, fell into my hands. In addition to lively sketches of a summer trip on the continent, it contained the programmes of several European tours, with statements of the time, expenses, and other details of travel, which furnished me with a basis whereon to construct my own plans. The want of means was a serious check to my anticipations; but I could not content myself to wait until I had slowly accumulated so large a sum as tourists usually expend. It seemed to me that a more humble method of seeing the world would place within the power of almost every one, what had hitherto been deemed the privilege of the wealthy few. Meanwhile, two years passed away, and I became an apprentice to the printing business in the neighboring county town. Howitt's "Rural Life in Germany," which appeared about this time, confirmed me in my ideas, and I resolved to delay no longer, but to undertake a pedestrian tour through Europe, as soon as I could obtain sufficient means to start with. It was not simply the desire for a roving life which impelled me; it was the wish to become acquainted with other languages and other races; to behold the wonders of classic and mediæval Art; to look upon renowned landscapes and feel the magic of grand historical associations; in short, to educate myself more completely and variously than my situation and circumstances enabled me to do at home.

With this view, I wrote to several gentlemen who had made the tour of Europe, requesting information and advice.

Without a single exception they answered that it would be impossible to travel according to the estimates I had made, or without the possession of sums, which then appeared to me fortunes in themselves. I was not discouraged by their replies, but, although I was entirely without money and could not see where it was to come from, felt myself continually drawing nearer to the realization of my hopes. Finally, in January, 1844, my cousin, Dr. Frank Taylor, announced his determination to visit Europe, and urged me to accompany him. I had still two years of my apprenticeship to serve; the project was opposed by my friends as something utterly visionary and impracticable; my cousin had barely sufficient means for himself, and my pockets were as empty as they could well be; but I decided to go.

For some months previous, I had been publishing from time to time occasional boyish poems, which had procured me the kind encouragement of Dr. Griswold, who was then editor of "Graham's Magazine," and of Mr. N. P. Willis, who was conducting the "New Mirror." The former gentleman had advised me to commence my literary career with a small volume of these effusions, and the idea came into my head that by so doing, I might—on the strength of some inherent promise in the poems—obtain a newspaper correspondence which would start me on my way. My friends, whose personal kindness exceeded, for the time, their literary taste, subscribed for a sufficient number of copies to defray the expense of publication, and in the following month, a small volume of very crude verses appeared. It was charitably noticed by the Philadelphia press, however, and subserved my plans by introducing me to the acquaint-

ance of several literary gentlemen, who promised to aid me with their influence. Trusting to this faint prospect of procuring employment, I made preparations to leave the printing-office, which I fortunately accomplished without difficulty, the editor being willing to release me from my engagement on conditions which I was able to fulfil.

Another friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Barclay Pennock (whose recently published "Religion of the Northmen" has made his name known to the literary world), joined my cousin and myself, and we at once began to prepare for our departure. I made many applications to different editors, and met with nothing but disappointment. Europe was already becoming familiar to the reading public, and merely descriptive letters, although not yet a drug in the literary market, were no longer in the same demand as formerly. Two weeks before the day fixed upon for leaving home, I had secured no employment, and did not possess a dollar towards my outfit. I then went to Philadelphia and spent two or three days in calling upon all the principal editors and publishers of the city, but I seemed doomed to be unsuccessful. At last, when I was about to return home, not in despair, but in a state of wonder as to where my funds would come from (for I felt certain they *would* come), Mr. Patterson, at that time publisher of the Saturday Evening Post, offered me fifty dollars, in advance for twelve letters, with the promise of continuing the engagement, if the letters should be satisfactory. The Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, editor of the United States Gazette, then made me a similar offer. It is needless to say that I instantly and joyfully accepted both, and thus found myself in possession

of one hundred dollars. Mr. George R. Graham also paid me liberally for some manuscript poems, and I returned home in triumph, with a fund of one hundred and forty dollars, which at that time seemed sufficient to carry me to the end of the world.

Our plan was to spend a year and a half in Europe, and I trusted implicitly to future remuneration for letters for my means, or, if that should fail, to my skill as a compositor, for I supposed I could at the worst work my way through Europe, like the German *handwerksburschen*. My parents, who had good reason to look upon the project at first as the mad whim of a boy, were encouraged by this first success, and their reluctant consent removed the only shadow that hung over my dazzling hopes; but many good old country friends shook their heads gravely, predicting that we would all return as repentant prodigals, in less than six months. Our slender preparations were soon made. My cousin and myself travelled on foot to Washington, called on Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of State, procured our passports, and walked home again. We took no more baggage than we could carry in our hands, for, as we anticipated being obliged to practise the strictest economy, we determined to commence with the very moment of leaving home. Towards the close of June the farewells were said, and we went with light hearts, and by the cheapest route, to New York.

I called at once upon Mr. Willis, who sympathized with my own enthusiasm, and strengthened me with his hearty encouragement. He gave me a note of recommendation, with which I visited the editors of the leading journals, but

failed to make any further engagements, except a conditional one with Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune. When I first called upon this gentleman, whose friendship it is now my pride to claim, he addressed me with that honest bluntness which is habitual to him: "I am sick of descriptive letters, and will have no more of them. But I should like some sketches of German life and society, after you have been there and know something about it. If the letters are good, you shall be paid for them, but don't write until you know something." This I faithfully promised, and kept my promise so well, that I am afraid the eighteen letters which I afterwards sent from Germany, and which were published in the Tribune, were dull in proportion as they were wise. Mr. Willis also gave me letters to some printers of his acquaintance in London, thinking they might be useful in case I should be compelled to resort to my handicraft.

Our first plan was to take passage to some continental port, and we spent two days in visiting the vessels in the North and East Rivers, but could find none in which the fare was less than fifty dollars. We were on the point of embarking in a Dutch vessel, bound for Antwerp, the captain of which agreed to take us for that sum, after Mr. Willis had interceded with the consignees in our behalf; but as we afterwards found we should be obliged to furnish our own bedding and incur various other expenses, we relinquished this chance, calculating that a steerage passage to England would cost us but half the money, while the remaining twenty-five dollars would support us for at least a month after our arrival. We therefore took what was

then called a second-cabin passage, in the ship Oxford, for Liverpool. The second-cabin was a small space amid-ships, flanked with bales of cotton, and fitted up with temporary berths of rough planks. We paid ten dollars apiece for the passage, with the privilege of finding our own bedding and provisions. At a warehouse of ships' stores on Pine street wharf we found everything that we needed, and received great assistance from the salesman, who calculated with perfect honesty and exactness what articles we should need, and what quantity of each. In our inexperience we should probably have gone to sea but half supplied. The ship's cook, for a small compensation, undertook to prepare our provisions, thus relieving us from one of the most disagreeable necessities of a second-class passage. On summing up our expenses we were gratified to find that we should reach Liverpool at a cost of twenty-four dollars apiece.

On the 1st of July, 1844, we left New York, sending a last hastily pencilled note by the pilot, to our relatives at home. As the blue hills of Neversink faded away and sank with the sun behind the ocean, and I first felt the swells of the Atlantic and the premonitions of sea-sickness, my heart failed me, for the first and last time. The irrevocable step was taken; there was no possibility of retreat. and a vague sense of doubt and alarm possessed me. Had I then known anything of the world this feeling would have been more than momentary; but to my ignorance and enthusiasm all things seemed possible, and the thoughtless and happy confidence of youth soon returned.

CHAPTER II.

THE VOYAGE.

The Second Cabin—Our Fellow Passengers—Sea Life—The Banks of Newfoundland—Black Fish—Unfavorable Weather—The Iowa Indians—Their Songs and Dances—Raising the Wind—Off the Hebrides—First Sight of Land—Scenery of the North Channel—A Burial at Sea—The Isle of Man—Approach to Liverpool—Objects on Landing—A Race for the Custom House—A Day in Liverpool.

THE second cabin of the Oxford was just abaft the main-mast. A hatchway, barely large enough to admit a man's body, communicated with the deck, or rather, with that portion of it which we were allowed to frequent. Below, there were eight berths and nine passengers, two of whom were therefore obliged to turn in together. The lot fell upon my cousin and myself, and as the berths were barely wide enough for one, and not more than five feet long, I suffered nightly tortures from cramped limbs. Our only light came through the hatch, which was battened down in stormy weather, leaving us in almost total darkness, with a horrid sense of suffocation. Our box of stores, with a bag of potatoes, were stowed under the berths, and our barrel of pilot-bread served as a seat. Our fellow-passengers were a

motley company. There was an intelligent German student, with a pale, melancholy face; a wild young Englishman, evidently of good family, but a runaway and heartily tired of sailor life; an honest Scotch woman, who had been two years in Vermont; two Irish grocers, and one of those individuals whose characters are colorless, and whose presence is almost as blank as the memory of them. We were soon on familiar terms, and did our best to dissipate, by harmless jollity, the annoyances of our situation. The German, whose whole stock of provisions consisted of ten pounds of soda crackers and a few lemons, was soon thrown upon our hospitality, which he accepted with a readiness that made him welcome. The Scotch woman, who entertained us with legends of "that terrible man, Graham of Claverhouse," shared also with us her store of Vermont gingerbread, as long as it lasted. The Englishman sat down beside us with his platter, and encouraged a mutual exchange of delicacies; but I must do the Irish grocers the justice to say that they took care of themselves and were satisfied. Capt. Rathbone, the commander of the Oxford, was a fine specimen of the hearty, generous sailor character, and never ceased to treat us with kindness. He gave us the use of the cabin library, and ordered the steward to supply us with any article we might need.

Could one live on the sense of beauty alone, exempt from the necessity of creature comforts, a sea-voyage would be delightful. To the landsman there is sublimity in the wild and ever-varied forms of the ocean; they fill his mind with living images of a glory he had only dreamed of before. But after a fortnight at sea we would have been willing to

forego all this and get back the comforts of the shore. The days dragged on so slowly that as we approached the European side of the world, the space of a lifetime seemed to separate us from the experiences of home.

As we approached the Banks of Newfoundland, a gale arose, which for two days and nights carried us on, careering Mazeppa-like, up hill and down. The sea looked truly magnificent, although the sailors told us it was nothing at all in comparison with the storms of winter. But we were not permitted to pass the Banks, without experiencing one of the calms, for which that neighborhood is noted. For three days we lay almost motionless on the glassy water, sometimes surrounded by large flocks of sea-gulls. The weed brought by the Gulf Stream floated around, and the branches we fished up were full of beautiful little shells. Once a large school of black-fish came around the vessel, and the carpenter climbed down on the fore-chains with a harpoon, to strike one. Scarcely had he taken his position, when they all darted off in a straight line, through the water, and were soon out of sight. He gravely declared they had smelt the harpoon.

We congratulated ourselves on having reached the Banks in seven days, as it is considered the longest third-part of the passage. But the hopes of reaching Liverpool in twenty days, were soon overthrown. A succession of southerly winds drove the vessel as far north as Lat. 55° without bringing us much nearer our destination. It was extremely cold, for we were but five degrees south of the latitude of Greenland, and the long northern twilights came on. The last glow of the evening twilight had scarcel

faded, before the first glimmering of dawn appeared. I found it extremely easy to read, at 10 P. M., on the deck.

We had much diversion on board from a company of Iowa Indians, under the celebrated chief "White Cloud," who were on a visit to England. They were truly a wild looking company, and helped not a little to relieve the tedium of the passage. The chief was a very grave and dignified person, but some of the braves were merry enough. One day we had a war-dance on deck, which was a most ludicrous scene. The chief and two braves sat upon their haunches, beating a small drum violently, and howling forth their war-song, while the others in full dress, painted in a grotesque style, leaped about, brandishing tomahawks and spears, and terminating each dance with a terrific yell. Some of the men were quite handsome, but the squaws were all ugly. They occupied part of the second cabin, separated only by a board partition from our room. This proximity was anything but agreeable. They kept us awake more than half the night, by singing and howling in the most dolorous manner, with the accompaniment of slapping their hands violently on their bare breasts. We tried an opposition, and the German made our room ring with the chorus from Der Freischütz—but in vain. They *would* howl and beat their breasts, and the pappoose *would* squall. Any loss of temper is therefore not to be wondered at, when my cramped limbs alone were enough to drive off half the night's slumber.

It was a pleasure, at least, to gaze on their strong athletic frames. Their massive chests and powerful limbs put to shame our lean proportions. One old man, in particular

who seemed the patriarch of the band, used to stand for hours on the quarter-deck, sublime and motionless as a statue of Jupiter. An interesting incident occurred during the calm of which I spoke. They began to be fearful we were doomed to remain there forever, unless the spirits were invoked for a favorable wind. Accordingly the prophet lit his pipe and smoked with great deliberation, muttering all the while in a low voice. Then, having obtained a bottle of beer from the captain, he poured it solemnly over the stern of the vessel into the sea. There were some indications of wind at the time, and accordingly the next morning we had a fine breeze, which the Iowas attributed solely to the Prophet's incantation and the offering of beer.

After a succession of calms and adverse winds, on the 25th we were off the Hebrides, and though not within sight of land the southern winds came to us strongly freighted with the meadow freshness of the Irish bogs, so we could at least smell it. That day the wind became more favorable, and the next morning we were all roused out of our berths by sunrise, at the long wished-for cry of "land!" Just under the golden flood of light that streamed through the morning clouds, lay afar-off and indistinct the crags of an island, with the top of a light-house visible at one extremity. To the south of it, and barely distinguishable, so completely was it blended in hue with the veiling cloud, loomed up a lofty mountain. I shall never forget the sight. As we drew nearer, the dim and soft outline it first wore, was broken into a range of crags, with lofty precipices jutting out to the sea, and sloping off inland The white wall of the light-house shone in the morning's light, and the foam of the breakers

dashed up at the foot of the airy cliffs. It was worth all the troubles of a long voyage, to feel the glorious excitement which this herald of new scenes and new adventures created. The light-house was on Tory Island, on the north-western coast of Ireland. The captain decided on taking the North Channel, as it was in our case nearer, as well as more interesting than the usual route.

We passed the Island of Ennistrahul, near the entrance of Londonderry harbor, and at sunset saw in the distance the islands of Islay and Jura, off the Scottish coast. Next morning we were close to the promontory of Fairhead, a bold, precipitous headland, like some of the Palisades on the Hudson ; the highlands of the Mull of Cantire were on the opposite side of the Channel, and the wind being ahead, we tacked from shore to shore, running so near the Irish coast, that we could see the little thatched huts, stacks of peat, and even rows of potatoes in the fields. It was a cheering panorama : the view extended for miles inland, and the fields of different colored grain were spread out before us, a brilliant mosaic. Towards evening we passed Ailsa Crag, the sea-birds' home, within sight, though about twenty miles distant. Some fishermen came off to us, towards evening, and we succeeded in exchanging a few pounds of pilot bread for fresh fish, which, fried by our black cook, made us a feast fit for the Gods. Our provisions, which had held out remarkably well, were almost entirely exhausted, and this unexpected supply was as welcome to us as the loaves and fishes to the famished multitude.

On Sunday, the 28th, we passed the lofty headland of the Mull of Galloway and entered the Irish Sea. Here there

was an occurrence of an impressive nature. A woman belonging to the steerage, who had been ill the whole passage, died the morning before. She appeared to be of a very avaricious disposition, though this might indeed have been the result of a laudable self-denial. In the morning she was speechless, and while they were endeavoring to persuade her to give up her keys to the captain, died. In her pocket were found two parcels, containing forty sovereigns, sewed up with the most miserly care. It was ascertained she had a widowed mother in the north of Ireland, and judging her money could be better applied than to paying for a funeral on shore, the captain gave orders for committing the body to the waves It rained drearily as her corpse, covered with starred bunting, was held at the gangway while the captain read the funeral service; then one plunge was heard, and a white object flashed up through the dark waters, as the ship passed on.

In the afternoon we passed the Isle of Man, having a beautiful view of the Calf, with a white stream tumbling down the rocks into the sea; and at night saw the sun set behind the mountains of Wales. About midnight, the pilot came on board, and soon after sunrise I saw the distant spires of Liverpool. The Welsh coast was studded with windmills, all in motion, and the harbor spotted with buoys, bells and floating lights. How delightful it was to behold the green trees on the banks of the Mersey, and to know that in a few hours we should be on land! About 11 o'clock we came to anchor in the channel of the Mersey, near the docks, and after much noise, bustle and confusion, were transferred, with our baggage, to a small steamboat, giving a parting cheer to the Iowas, who remained on board

On landing, I halted a moment to observe the scene. The baggage-wagons, drawn by horses, mules and donkeys, were extraordinary objects to my eyes; men were going about crying "*the celebrated Tralorum gingerbread!*" which they carried in baskets, and a boy with long blue gown and yellow knee-breeches, was running to the wharf to look at the Indians. A man came up to me, exclaiming, "These are the genuine Tralorums!" and hunger (for our supplies were all gone), combined with curiosity, induced me to purchase some of them. I was not in a good condition to discriminate, but I found the Tralorums worthy of their great renown.

At last, the carts were all loaded, the word was given to start, and then. what a scene ensued! Away went the mules, the horses and the donkeys; away ran men and women and children, carrying chairs and trunks, and boxes and bedding. The wind was blowing, and the dust whirled up as they dashed helter-skelter through the gate and started off on a hot race, down the dock to the customs office. Two wagons came together, one of which was overturned, scattering the broken boxes of a Scotch family over the pavement; but while the poor woman was crying over her loss, the tide swept on, scarcely taking time to glance at the mishap.

The wild Englishman advised us to go to the Chorley Tavern, where we could get a good dinner. On finding a porter who knew where it was, we trusted ourselves entirely to his guidance. Taking our baggage, he signified by a mysterious sign, that we should follow him, and marched directly into the city. We had gone about a hundred yards and had lost sight of the Custom House, when one of the

officers came up at full speed and commanded us to return and submit our baggage to the usual examination. I anticipated a rough handling, but everything we had was passed with little trouble, the officer merely opening the trunks and pressing his hands on the top. Even some American reprints of English works which my companion carried, and feared would be taken from him, were passed over without a word I was agreeably surprised at this, as from the accounts of some travellers, I had been led to fear horrible things of custom-houses. This over, we took a stroll about the city. I was first struck by seeing so many people walking in the middle of the streets, and so many gentlemen going about with pinks stuck in their button-holes. Then, the houses being all built of brown stone or dark brick, gives the town a sombre appearance, which the sunshine (when there is any) cannot dispel. Of Liverpool we saw little except that bountiful dinner at the Chorley Tavern—a meal ever to be remembered Before the twilight had wholly faded, we were again tossing on the rough waves of the Irish Sea.

CHAPTER III.

A DAY IN IRELAND.

Leaving Liverpool—The Second Cabin again—Irish Fellow Passengers—The Channel—The Northern Coast of Ireland—Port Rush—A Rainy Day—An Irish Hut—Dunluce Castle—Rain and Ruin—The Giant's Causeway—The Giant's Well—Basaltic Columns—The Giant's Organ, and Chimneys—A Coast Scene—The Shore at Night—Wandering in the Storm—Return to Port Rush.

INSTEAD of going directly to London, we decided to take Scotland in our way, as the season was favorable for a pedestrian tour in the Highlands. But there was no boat to leave for Glasgow for two days, and rather than spend the time uselessly in Liverpool, we embarked on board a small steamer for Londonderry, which was to stop at Port Rush, near the Giant's Causeway. The German student, who was bound for Paris, sent his baggage to Havre, retaining only a knapsack, and joined us for the trip. We also forwarded our portmanteaus to London, and took with us only the most necessary articles of clothing. On calling at the steamboat office we found that the fare in the fore cabin was but two shillings and a half, while in the chief cabin it was six times as much. As I had started to make the tour of all Europe

with a sum little higher than is given for the mere passage across the ocean, there was no alternative—the twenty-four hours' discomfort could be more easily endured than the expense, and as I expected to encounter many hardships, it was best to make a beginning I had crossed the ocean with tolerable comfort for twenty-four dollars, and was determined to try whether England, where I had been told it was almost impossible to breathe without expense, might not also be seen on the same scale of expenditure. We accordingly took our tickets, and laid in a stock of bread and cheese for provision on the way.

The fore *cabin* was merely a bare room, with a bench along one side, which was occupied by half a dozen Irishmen in knee-breeches and heavy brogans. As we passed out of the Clarence Dock at 10 P. M., I went below and managed to get a seat on one end of the bench, where I spent the night in sleepless misery. The Irish bestowed themselves about the floor as they best could, for there was no light, and very soon the deepness of their snoring gave token of blissful unconsciousness.

The next morning was misty and rainy, but I preferred walking the deck and drying myself occasionally beside the chimney, to sitting in the dismal room below. We passed the Isle of Man, and through the whole forenoon were tossed about very disagreeably in the North Channel. In the afternoon we stopped at Larne, a little antiquated village, not far from Belfast, at the head of a crooked arm of the sea. There is an old ivy-grown tower near, and high green mountains rise up around. After leaving it, we had a beautiful panoramic view of the northern coast Many of the

precipices are of the same formation as the Causeway: Fairhead, a promontory of this kind, is grand in the extreme. The perpendicular face of fluted rock is about three hundred feet in height, and towering up sublimely from the water, seemed almost to overhang our heads. My companion compared it to Niagara Falls petrified; and I thought the simile very striking. It is like a cataract falling in huge waves, in some places leaping out from a projecting rock, in others descending in an unbroken sheet.

We passed the Giant's Causeway after dark, and about eleven o'clock reached the harbor of Port Rush, where, after stumbling up a strange old street, in the dark, we found a little inn, and soon forgot the Irish Coast and everything else.

In the morning when we arose it was raining, with little prospect of fair weather, but having expected nothing better, we set out on foot for the Causeway. The rain, however, soon came down in torrents, and we were obliged to take shelter in a cabin by the road-side. The whole house consisted of one room, with bare walls and roof, and earthen floor, while a window of three or four panes supplied the light A fire of peat was burning on the hearth, and the breakfast, of potatoes alone, stood on the table. The occupants received us with rude but genuine hospitality, giving us the only seats in the room to sit upon; except a rickety bedstead that stood in one corner and a small table, there was no other furniture in the house. The man appeared rather intelligent, and although he complained of the hardness of their lot, had no sympathy with O'Connell or the Repeal movement.

We left this miserable hut as soon as it ceased raining—and, though there were many cabins along the road, few were better than this. At length, after passing the walls of an old church, in the midst of older tombs, we saw the roofless towers of Dunluce Castle, on the sea-shore. It stands on an isolated rock, rising perpendicularly two hundred feet above the sea, and connected with the cliffs of the mainland by a narrow arch of masonry. On the summit of the cliffs are the remains of the buildings where the ancient lords kept their vassals. An old man, who takes care of the castle for Lord Antrim, on whose property it is situated, showed us the way down the cliff. We walked across the narrow arch, entered the ruined hall, and looked down on the roaring sea below. It still rained, the wind swept furiously through the decaying arches of the banqueting hall and waved the long grass on the desolate battlements. Far below, the sea foamed white on the breakers and sent up an unceasing boom. It was the most mournful and desolate picture I had ever beheld. There were some low dungeons yet entire, and rude stairways, where, by stooping down, I could ascend nearly to the top of one of the towers, and look out on the wild scenery of the coast.

Going back, I found a way down the cliff, to the mouth of a cavern in the rock, which extends under the whole castle to the sea. Sliding down a heap of sand and stones, I stood under an arch eighty feet high ; in front the breakers dashed into the entrance, flinging the spray half-way to the roof, while the sound rang up through the arches like thunder. It seemed to me the haunt of the old Norse sea-gods !

We left the road near Dunluce and walked along the

smooth beach to the cliffs that surround the Causeway. Here we obtained a guide, and descended to one of the caves which can be entered from the shore. Opposite the entrance a bare rock called Sea Gull Isle, rises out of the sea like a church steeple. The roof at first was low, but we shortly came to a branch that opened on the sea, where the arch was forty-six feet in height. The breakers dashed far into the cave, and flocks of sea-birds circled round its mouth. The sound of a gun was like a deafening peal of thunder, crashing from arch to arch till it rolled out of the cavern.

On the top of the hill a spacious hotel is erected for visitors to the Causeway; after passing this we descended to the base of the cliffs, which are here upwards of four hundred feet high, and soon began to find, in the columnar formation of the rocks, indications of our approach to the spot. The guide pointed out some columns which appeared to have been melted and run together, from which Sir Humphrey Davy attributed the formation of the Causeway to the action of fire. Near this is the Giant's Well, a spring of the purest water, the bottom formed by three perfect hexagons, and the sides of regular columns. One of us observing that no giant had ever drunk from it, the old man answered—"Perhaps not: but it was made by a giant—God Almighty!"

From the well, the Causeway commences—a mass of columns from triangular to octagonal, lying in compact forms, and extending into the sea. I was somewhat disappointed at first, having supposed the Causeway to be of great height, but I found the Giant's Loom, which is the highest part of it, to be but about fifty feet from the water. The singular appearance of the columns and the many strange forms

which they assume, render it, nevertheless, an object of the greatest interest. Walking out on the rocks we came to the Ladies' Chair, the seat, back, sides and footstool, being all regularly formed by the broken columns. The guide said that any lady who would take three drinks from the Giant's Well, then sit in this chair and think of any gentleman for whom she had a preference, would be married before a twelvemonth. I asked him if it would answer as well for gentlemen, for by a wonderful coincidence we had each drunk three times at the well! He said it would, and thought he was confirming his statement.

A cluster of columns about half way up the cliff is called the Giant's Organ—from its very striking resemblance to that instrument, and a single rock, worn by the waves into the shape of a rude seat, is his chair. A mile or two further along the coast, two cliffs project from the range, leaving a vast semicircular space between, which, from its resemblance to the old Roman theatres, was appropriated for that purpose by the Giant. Half-way down the crags are two or three pinnacles of rock, called the Chimneys, and the stumps of several others can be seen, which, it is said, were shot off by a vessel belonging to the Spanish Armada, in mistake for the towers of Dunluce Castle. The vessel was afterwards wrecked in the bay below, which has ever since been called Spanish Bay, and in calm weather the wreck may be still seen. Many of the columns of the Causeway have been carried off and sold as pillars for mantels—and though a notice is put up threatening persons with the rigor of the law, depredations are occasionally made.

Returning, we left the road at Dunluce, and took a path which led along the summit of the cliffs. The twilight was gathering and the wind blew with great fury, which, combined with the black and stormy sky, gave the coast an air of extreme wildness. All at once, as we followed the winding path, the crags appeared to open before us, disclosing a yawning chasm, down which a large stream, falling in an unbroken sheet, was lost in the gloom below. Witnessed in a calm day, there may perhaps be nothing striking about it, but coming upon us at once, through the gloom of twilight, with the sea thundering below and a scowling sky above, it was absolutely startling.

The path at last wound, with many a steep and slippery bend, down the almost perpendicular crags, to the shore, at the foot of a giant isolated rock, having a natural arch through it, eighty feet in height. We followed the narrow strip of beach, having the bare crags on one side and a line of foaming breakers on the other. It soon grew dark; a furious storm came up and swept like a hurricane along the shore. I then understood what Horne means by "the lengthening javelins of the blast," for every drop seemed to strike with the force of an arrow, and our clothes were soon pierced in every part.

Then we went up among the sand hills, and lost each other in the darkness, when, after stumbling about among the gullies for half an hour, shouting for my companions, I found the road and heard my call answered; but it happened to be two Irishmen, who came up and said—"And is it another gintleman ye're callin' for? we heard some one cryin', and didn't know but somebody might be kilt."

Finally, about eleven o'clock we all arrived at the inn, dripping with rain, and before a warm fire concluded the adventures of our day in Ireland.

CHAPTER IV.

BEN LOMOND AND THE HIGHLAND LAKES.

Passage to Greenock—The Deck Passengers—Arrival at Night—The Blind Fiddler—Dumbarton Rock—An Adventure—"On Leven's Banks"—Loch Lomond—Voyage up the Lake—Anecdotes—Sailing on a Meadow—The Ascent of Ben Lomond—View from the Summit—The Descent—Highland Scenery—Loch Katrine—The Boatmen—Trip down the Lake—Ellen's Isle—The Trosachs—The Inn of Ardcheancrochan.

THE steamboat Londonderry called the next day at Port Rush, and we left in her for Greenock. We ran down the Irish coast, past Dunluce Castle and the Causeway; the Giant's Organ was very plainly visible, and the winds were strong enough to have sounded a storm song upon it. Farther on we had a distant view of Carrick-a-Rede, a precipitous rock, separated by a yawning chasm from the shore, frequented by the catchers of sea-birds. A narrow swinging bridge, which is only passable in calm weather, crosses this chasm, two hundred feet above the water.

The deck of the steamer was crowded with Irish, and certainly gave no very favorable impression of the condition of the peasantry of Ireland. On many of their counte

nances there was scarcely a mark of intelligence; they were a most brutalized and degraded company of beings. Many of them were in a beastly state of intoxication, which, from the contents of the pockets of some, was not likely to decrease. As evening drew on, two or three began singing, and the others collected in groups around them. One of them, who sang with great spirit, was loudly applauded, and poured forth song after song, of the most vulgar and indecent character.

We took a deck passage for three shillings, in preference to paying twenty for the cabin, and having secured a vacant place near the chimney, kept it during the whole passage. The waves were as rough in the Channel as I had seen them on the Atlantic, and our boat was tossed about like a plaything. By keeping still, we escaped sickness, but we could not avoid the sight of the miserable beings who crowded the deck. Many of them spoke in the Irish tongue, and our German friend (the student whom I have already mentioned) noticed in many of the words a resemblance to his mother tongue. I procured a bowl of soup from the steward, but it was so greasy and repulsive that I was unable to eat it, and gave it to an old man whose hungry look and wistful eyes convinced me it would not be lost on him. He swallowed it with ravenous avidity, together with a crust of bread, which was all I had to give him, and seemed for the time as happy and cheerful as if all his earthly wants were satisfied.

We passed by the foot of Goat Fell, a lofty mountain on the island of Arran, and sped on through the darkness past the hills of Bute, till we entered the Clyde. We arrived at

Greenock at one o'clock at night. All the houses were closed, and we walked for some time at random through its silent streets, until we met a policeman, to whom we stated our case, and asked him to show us where we might find cheap lodgings. He took my cousin and myself to the house of a poor widow, who had a spare bed which she let to strangers, and then conducted our comrade and the German to another similar lodging-place.

An Irish strolling musician, who was on board the Dumbarton boat, commenced playing soon after we left Greenock next morning, and, to my surprise, struck at once into "Hail Columbia." Then he gave 'the Exile of Erin," with the most touching sweetness, and I noticed that always after playing any air that was desired of him, he would invariably return to the sad lament, which I never heard executed with more feeling. It might have been the mild, soft air of the morning, or some peculiar mood of mind that influenced me, but I have been far less affected by music which would be considered immeasurably superior to his. I had been thinking of America, and going up to the old man, I quietly bade him play "Home." It thrilled with a painful delight that almost brought tears to my eyes. My companion started as the sweet melody arose, and turned towards me, his face kindling with emotion.

Dumbarton Rock rose higher and higher as we went up the Clyde, and before we arrived at the town I hailed the dim outline of Ben Lomond, rising far off among the highlands. The town is at the head of a small inlet, a short distance from the rock, which was once surrounded by water. We went immediately to the Castle. The rock is nearly

500 feet high, and from its position and great strength as a fortress has been called the Gibraltar of Scotland. The top is surrounded with battlements, and the armory and barracks stand in a gap between the two peaks. We passed down a green lane, around the rock, and entered the Castle on the south side. A soldier conducted us through a narrow cleft, overhung with crags, to the summit. Here, from the remains of a round building, called Wallace's Tower, from its having been used as a look-out station by that chieftain, we had a beautiful view of the whole of Leven Vale to Loch Lomond, Ben Lomond and the Highlands, and on the other hand, the Clyde and the Isle of Bute. In the soft and still balminess of the morning, it was a lovely picture. In the armory, I lifted the sword of Wallace, a two-handed weapon, five feet in length. We also examined a Lochaber battle-axe, from Bannockburn, and several ancient claymores. I had a little adventure at Dumbarton, which came near bringing my travels to a sudden termination. Noticing a bunch of pink mallows growing in a crevice of the rock, seventy or eighty feet from the ground, I climbed up the projecting points to get them. The rock at last became perpendicular, and I only found a little notch where I could rest the end of one foot. The mallows were still just beyond my reach, whereupon I caught hold of a bunch of tough grass with one hand, and drew myself slowly up until I plucked the flowers with the other. On lowering myself back again, I could not find the notch, and hung thus by one hand to the frail bunch of grass, which threatened to give way beneath my weight. It could not have been many seconds before I recovered the slender foothold, but

when I reached the ground I was bathed from head to foot in a cold perspiration, and had some difficulty in concealing from my comrades the faintness I felt.

We lingered long upon the summit before we forsook the stern fortress for the sweet vale spread out before us. It was indeed a glorious walk, from Dumbarton to Loch Lomond, through this enchanting valley. The air was mild and clear; a few light clouds occasionally crossing the sky, chequered the hills with sun and shade. I have as yet seen nothing that in pastoral beauty can compare with its glassy winding stream, its mossy old woods, and guarding hills—and the ivy-grown, castellated towers embosomed in its forests, or standing on the banks of the Leven—the purest of rivers. At a little village called Renton, is a monument to Smollett, but the inhabitants seem to neglect his memory, as one of the tablets on the pedestal is broken and half fallen away Further up the vale a farmer showed us an old mansion in the midst of a group of trees on the bank of the Leven, which he said belonged to Smollett—or Roderick Random, as he called him. Two or three old pear trees, under which he was accustomed to play in his childhood, were still standing where the garden had formerly been.

At the head of Leven Vale, we set off in the steamer "Water Witch" over the crystal waters of Loch Lomond, passing Inch Murrin, the deer-park of the Duke of Montrose, and Inch Caillach,

——"where gray pines wave
Their shadows o'er Clan Alpine's grave."

Under the clear sky and golden light of the declining sun

we entered the Highlands, and heard on every side names we had learned long ago in the lays of Scott Here were Glen Fruin and Bannochar, Ross Dhu and the pass of Beal-ma-na. Further still, we passed Rob Roy's rock, where the lake is locked in by lofty mountains The cone-like peak of Ben Lomond rises far above on the right, Ben Voirlich stands in front, and the jagged crest of Ben Arthur looks over the shoulders of the western hills. A Scotchman on board pointed out to us the remarkable places, and related many interesting legends. Above Inversnaid, where there is a beautiful waterfall, leaping over the rock and glancing out from the overhanging birches, we passed McFarland's Island, concerning the origin of which name he gave a history A nephew of one of the old Earls of Lennox, the ruins of whose castle we saw on Inch Murrin, having murdered his uncle's cook in a quarrel, was obliged to flee for his life. Returning after many years, he built a castle upon this island, which was always afterwards named, on account of his exile, *Far-land*. On a precipitous point above Inversnaid, are two caves in the rock; one near the water is called Rob Roy's, though the guides generally call it Bruce's also, to avoid trouble, as the real Bruce's Cave is high up the hill. It is so called, because Bruce hid there one night, from the pursuit of his enemies. It is related that a mountain goat, who used this probably for a sleeping place, entered, trod on his mantle, and aroused him. Thinking his enemies were upon him, he sprang up, and saw the silly animal before him. In token of gratitude for this agreeable surprise, when he became king, a law was passed, declaring goats free throughout all Scotland,—unpunishable for whatever trespass they

might commit, and the legend further says, that not having been repealed, it remains on the statute books at the present day.

On the opposite shore of the lake is a large rock, called "Bull's Rock," having a door in the side, with a stairway cut through the interior to a pulpit on the top, from which the pastor at Arroquhar preaches a monthly discourse. The Gaelic legend of the rock is, that it once stood near the summit of the mountain above, and was very nearly balanced on the edge of a precipice. Two wild bulls, fighting violently, dashed with great force against the rock, which, being thrown from its balance, was tumbled down the side of the mountain, until it reached its present position. The Scot was speaking with great bitterness of the betrayal of Wallace, when I asked him if it was still considered an insult to turn a loaf of bread bottom upwards in the presence of a Monteith. "Indeed it is, sir," said he, "I have often done it myself."

Until last May, travellers were taken no higher up the lake than Rob Roy's Cave, but another boat having commenced running, they can now go beyond Loch Lomond, two miles up Glen Falloch, to the Inn of Inverarnan, thereby visiting some of the finest scenery in that part of the Highlands. It was ludicrous, however, to see the steamboat on a river scarcely wider than herself, in a little valley, hemmed in completely with lofty mountains. She went on, however, pushing aside the thickets which lined both banks, and I began to think she was going to take the shore for it, when we came to a place widened out for her to be turned around

in; here we jumped ashore in a green meadow, on which the cool mist was beginning to descend.

When we arose in the morning, at four o'clock, to return with the boat, the sun was already shining upon the westward hills, scarcely a cloud was in the sky, and the air was pure and cool. To our great delight Ben Lomond was unshrouded, and we were told that a more favorable day for the ascent had not occurred for two months. We left the boat at Rowardennan, an inn at the southern base of Ben Lomond. After breakfasting on Loch Lomond trout, I stole out to the shore while my companions were preparing for the ascent, and made a hasty sketch of the lake.

We purposed descending on the northern side and crossing the Highlands to Loch Katrine. Although it was represented as difficult and dangerous by the guide who wished to accompany us, we determined to run the risk of being enveloped in a cloud on the summit, and so set out alone, the path appearing plain before us. We had no difficulty in following it up the lesser heights, around the base. It wound on, over rock and bog, among the heather and broom with which the mountain is covered, sometimes running up a steep acclivity, and then winding zigzag around a rocky ascent. The rains two days before, had made the bogs damp and muddy, but with this exception, we had little trouble for some time. Ben Lomond is a doubly formed mountain For about three-fourths of the way there is a continued ascent, when it is suddenly terminated by a large barren plain, from one end of which the summit shoots up abruptly, forming at the northern side a precipice five hun-

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dred feet high. As we approached the summit of the first part of the mountain, the way became very steep and toil some; but the prospect, which had before been only on the south side, began to open on the east, and we saw suddenly spread out below us, the vale of Menteith, with "far Loch Ard and Aberfoil" in the centre, and the huge front of Benvenue filling up the picture. Taking courage from this sight, we hurried on. The heather had become stunted and dwarfish, and the ground was covered with short brown grass. The mountain sheep, which we saw looking at us from the rock above, had worn so many paths along the side, that we could not tell which to take, but pushed on in the direction of the summit, till thinking it must be near at hand, we found a mile and a half of plain before us, with the top of Ben Lomond at the farther end. The plain was full of wet moss, crossed in all directions by deep ravines or gullies worn in it by the mountain rains, and the wind swept across with a tempest-like force.

I met near the base, a young gentleman from Edinburgh, who had left Rowardennan before us, and we commenced ascending together It was hard work, but neither liked to stop, so we climbed up to the first resting place, and found the path leading along the brink of a precipice. We soon attained the summit, and mounting a little mound of earth and stones, I saw the half of Scotland at a glance. The clouds hung just above the mountain tops, which rose all around like the waves of a mighty sea. On every side—near and far—stood their misty summits, but Ben Lomond was the monarch of them all. Loch Lomond lay unrolled under my feet like a beautiful map, and just opposite, Loch

Long thrust its head from between the feet of the crowded hills to catch a glimpse of the giant. We could see from Ben Nevis to Ayr—from Edinburgh to Staffa. Stirling and Edinburgh Castles would have been visible, but that the clouds hung low in the valley of the Forth and hid them from our sight.

The view from Ben Lomond is nearly twice as extensive as that from Catskill, being uninterrupted on every side, but it wants the glorious forest scenery, clear, blue sky, and active, rejoicing character of the latter. We stayed about two hours on the summit, taking refuge behind the cairn, when the wind blew strong. I found the smallest of flowers under a rock, and brought it away as a memento. In the middle of the precipice there is a narrow ravine or rather cleft in the rock, to the bottom, from whence the mountain slopes regularly but steeply down to the valley. At the bottom we stopped to awake the echoes, which were repeated four times: our German companion sang the Hunter's Chorus, which resounded magnificently through this Highland hall. We drank from the river Forth which starts from a spring at the foot of the rock, and then commenced descending. This was also toilsome enough. The mountain was quite wet and covered with loose stones, which, dislodged by our feet, went rattling down the side, oftentimes to the danger of the foremost ones; and when we had run or rather slid down the three miles, to the bottom, our knees trembled so as scarcely to support us.

Here, at a cottage on the farm of Coman, we procured some oat cakes and milk for dinner, from an old Scotch woman, who pointed out the direction of Loch Katrine, six

miles distant; there was no road, nor indeed a solitary dwelling between. The hills were bare of trees, covered with scraggy bushes and rough heath, which in some places was so thick that we could scarcely drag our feet through. Added to this, the ground was covered with a kind of moss that retained the moisture like a sponge, so that our boots ere long became thoroughly soaked Several large streams were rushing down the declivities, and many of the wild breed of black Highland cattle were grazing around. After climbing up and down one or two heights, occasionally startling the moorcock and ptarmigan from their heathery coverts, we saw the valley of Loch Con; while in the middle of the plain on the top of the mountain we had ascended, was a sheet of water which we took to be Loch Achill. Two or three wild fowl swimming on its surface were the only living things in sight. The peaks around shut it out from all view of the world; a single decayed tree leaned over it from a mossy rock, and gave the whole scene an air of the most desolate wildness. I forget the name of the lake; but we learned afterwards that the Highlanders consider it the abode of the fairies, or "men of peace," and that it is still superstitiously shunned by them after nightfall.

From the next mountain we saw Loch Achill and Loch Katrine below, but a wet and weary descent had yet to be made. I was about throwing off my knapsack on a rock, to take a sketch of Loch Katrine, which appeared very beautiful from this point, when we discerned a cavalcade of ponies winding along the path from Inversnaid to the head of the lake, and hastened down to take the boat when they should arrive. Our haste turned out to be unnecessary,

however, for they had to wait for their luggage, which was long in coming. Two boatmen then offered to take us for two shillings and sixpence each, with the privilege of stopping at Ellen's Isle; the regular fare being two shillings We got in, when, after exchanging a few words in Gaelic one of them called to the travellers, of whom there were a number, to come and take passage at two shillings—then at one and sixpence, and finally concluded by requesting them all to step on board the shilling boat! At length, having secured nine at this reduced price, we pushed off; one of the passengers took the helm, and the boat glided merrily over the clear water.

It appears there is some opposition among the boatmen this summer, which is all the better for travellers. They are a bold race, and still preserve many of the characteristics of the clan from which they sprung. One of ours, who had a chieftain-like look, was a MacGregor, related to Rob Roy. The fourth descendant in a direct line, now inhabits the Rob Roy mansion, at Glengyle, a valley at the head of the lake. A small steamboat was put upon Loch Katrine a short time ago, but the boatmen, jealous of this new invasion of their privilege, one night towed her out to the middle of the lake and there sunk her.

Near the point of Brianchoil is a very small island with a few trees upon it, of which the boatman related a story that was new to me. He said an eccentric individual, many years ago, built his house upon it—but it was soon beaten down by the winds and waves. Having built it up with like fortune several times, he at last desisted, saying, "bought wisdom was the best;" since when it has been call-

ed the Island of Wisdom. On the shore below, the boatman showed us his cottage. The whole family were out at the door to witness our progress; he hoisted a flag, and when we came opposite, they exchanged shouts in Gaelic. As our men resumed their oars again, we assisted in giving three cheers, which made all the echoes of Benvenue ring. Some one observed his dog, looking after us from a projecting rock, when he called out to him, "go home, you brute!" We asked him why he did not speak Gaelic also to his dog. "Very few dogs, indeed," said he, "understand Gaelic, but they all understand English. And we therefore all use English when speaking to our dogs; indeed, I know some persons, who know nothing of English, that speak it to their dogs!"

They then sang, in a rude manner, a Gaelic song. The only word I could distinguish was Inch Caillach, the burying place of Clan Alpine. They told us it was the answer of a Highland girl to a foreign lord, who wished to make her his bride. Perhaps, like the American Indian, she would not leave the graves of her fathers. As we drew near the eastern end of the lake, the scenery became far more beautiful. The Trosachs opened before us, Ben Ledi looked down over the bare forehead of Ben An, and, as we turned a rocky point, Ellen's Isle rose up in front. It is a beautiful little turquoise in the silver setting of Loch Katrine. The northern side alone is accessible, all the others being rocky and perpendicular, and thickly grown with trees. We rounded the island to the little bay, bordered by the silver strand, above which is the rock from which Fitz-James wound his horn, and shot under an ancient oak which flung its long

gray arms over the water. Here we found a flight of rocky steps, leading to the top, where stood the bower erected by Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, to correspond with Scott's description. Two or three blackened beams are all that remain of it, having been burned down some years ago by the carelessness of a traveller.

The mountains stand all around, like giants, to "sentinel this enchanted land." On leaving the island, we saw the Goblin's Cave, in the side of Benvenue, called by the Gaels, "Coir-nan-Uriskin." Near it is Beal-nam-bo, the pass of cattle, overhung with gray weeping birch trees.

Here the boatmen stopped to let us hear the fine echo, and the names of "Rob Roy," and "Roderick Dhu," were sent back to us nearly as loud as they were given. The description of Scott is wonderfully exact, though the forest that feathered over the sides of Benvenue has since been cut down and sold by the Duke of Montrose. When we reached the end of the lake it commenced raining, and we hastened on in the twilight through the pass of Beal-an-Duine, scarcely taking time to glance at the scenery, till Loch Achray appeared through the trees, and on its banks the ivy-grown front of the inn of Archeancrochan, with its unpronounceable name.

CHAPTER V.

THE BURNS FESTIVAL.

Morning on Loch Katrine—Walk to Stirling—Out-door Life—The Burns Festival—Preparations—Journey to Ayr—The "Twa Brigs"—The Streets of Ayr—Scotch Beggars—An Incident—The Burns Cottage—Alloway Kirk—English Exclusiveness—The Sister and Sons of Burns—Lord Eglintoun—Professor Wilson—The Procession—Performance of Tam O'Shanter—The Burns Monument—Speech of Robert Burns—An Anecdote of the Poet—Crowd at the Station—Return to Glasgow.

WE passed a glorious summer morning on the banks of Loch Katrine. The air was pure, fresh and balmy, and the warm sunshine glowed upon forest and lake, upon dark crag and purple mountain-top. The lake was a scene in fairy-land. Returning over the rugged battle-plain in the jaws of the Trosachs, we passed the wild, lonely valley of Glenfinlas and Lanric Mead, at the head of Loch Vennachar, rounding the foot of Ben Ledi to Coilantogle Ford. We saw the desolate hills of Uam-var, over which the stag fled from his lair in Glenartney, and keeping on through Callander, stopped for the night at a little inn on the banks of the Teith. The next day we walked through Doune, over the lowlands to Stirling, where we arrived at noon. Crossing Allan Water

and the Forth, we climbed Stirling Castle and looked on the purple peaks of the Ochill Mountains, the far Grampians, and the battle-fields of Bannockburn and Sheriff Muir. We were favored with pleasant weather during the whole of this journey, and found that our expenses did not exceed the moderate estimate we had made. In the neat little country inns, we readily procured lodgings for a shilling, while bread, butter, cheese and ham, purchased at the baker's and grocer's, furnished us with the material for our roadside meals. I shall long remember the breakfast we made, sitting in the grass at the foot of Doune Castle, on the banks of the swift Teith, whose clear water filled our cups. At Stirling, we took the coach to Falkirk the same afternoon, and thence proceeded by railroad to Glasgow, in order that we might attend the Burns Festival at Ayr, on the following day, the 6th of August. Our German companion, feeling little interest in the memory of the poet-ploughman, parted from us and took the steamer to Edinburgh, with the hope of meeting us somewhere on the road to London.

The 6th of August, 1844, was a great day for Scotland—the assembling of all classes to do honor to the memory of her peasant-bard. And right fitting was it, too, that such a meeting should be held on the banks of the Doon, the stream of which he has sung so sweetly, within sight of the cot where he was born, the beautiful monument erected by his countrymen, and more than all, beside "Alloway's witch-haunted wall!" One would think old Albyn would rise up at the call, and that from the wild clansmen of the northern hills to the shepherds of the Cheviots, half her honest yeo-

manry would be there, to render gratitude to the memory of the bard who was one of them, and who gave their wants and their woes immortal utterance.

For months before had the proposition been made to hold a meeting on the Doon, similar to the Shakspeare Festival on the Avon, and the 10th of July was first appointed for the day, but owing to the necessity of further time for preparation, it was postponed until the 6th of August. The Earl of Eglintoun was chosen Chairman, and Professor Wilson Vice-Chairman; in addition to this, all the most eminent British authors were invited to attend. A pavilion, capable of containing two thousand persons, had been erected near the monument, in a large field, which was thrown open to the public.

When we arose at Glasgow it was raining, and I feared that the weather might dampen somewhat the pleasures of the day, as in the case of the celebrated tournament at Eglintoun Castle. We reached the station in time for the first train, and sped in the face of the wind over the plains of Ayrshire, which, under such a gloomy sky, looked most desolate. We ran some distance along the coast, having a view of the Hills of Arran, and reached Ayr about nine o'clock. We came first to the New Bridge, which had a triumphal arch in the middle, and the lines, from the "Twa Brigs of Ayr:"

> "Will your poor narrow foot-path of a street,
> Where twa wheel-barrows tremble when they meet,
> Your ruin'd, formless bulk o' stane and lime,
> Compare wi' bonnie brigs o' modern time?"

While on the arch of the "old brig" was the reply

"I'll be a brig when ye're a shapeless stane."

As we advanced into the town, the decorations became more frequent. The streets were crowded with people carrying banners and wreaths, many of the houses were adorned with green boughs, and the vessels in the harbor hung out all their flags. We saw the Wallace Tower, a high Gothic building, having in front a statue of Wallace leaning on his sword, by Thom, a native of Ayr; and on our way to the green, where the procession was to assemble, passed under the triumphal arch thrown across the street opposite the inn where Tam O'Shanter caroused so long with Souter Johnny. Leaving the companies to form on the long meadow bordering the shore, we set out for the Doon, three miles distant. Beggars were seated at regular distances along the road, uttering the most dolorous whinings. Both bridges were decorated in the same manner, with miserable looking objects, keeping up, during the whole day, a continued lamentation. Persons are prohibited from begging in England and Scotland, but I suppose, this being an extraordinary day, license was given them as a favor, to beg free. I noticed that the women, with their usual kindness of heart, bestowed nearly all the alms which these unfortunate objects received. The night before, as I was walking through the streets of Glasgow, a young man of the poorer class, very scantily dressed, stepped up to me and begged me to listen to him for a moment. He spoke hurriedly and agitatedly, begging me, in God's name, to give him something, however little. I gave him what few pence I had with me, when he

grasped my hand with a quick motion, saying, "Sir, you little think how much you have done for me." I was about to inquire more particularly into his situation, but he had disappeared among the crowd.

We passed the "cairn where the hunters found the murdered bairn," along a pleasant road to the Burns cottage, where it was spanned by a magnificent triumphal arch of evergreens and flowers. To the disgrace of Scotland, this neat little thatched cot, where Burns passed the first seven years of his life, is now occupied by somebody, who has stuck up a sign over the door, "*licensed to retail spirits, to be drunk on the premises;*" and accordingly the rooms were crowded full of people, all drinking. There was an original portrait of Burns in one room, and in the old-fashioned kitchen we saw the recess where he was born. The hostess looked towards us as if to inquire what we would drink, and I hastened away—there was profanity in the thought. But by this time, the bell of Old Alloway, which still hangs in its accustomed place, though the walls only are left, began tolling, and we obeyed the call. The attachment of the people for this bell is so great, that a short time ago, when it was ordered to be removed, the inhabitants rose en masse, and prevented it. The ruin, which is close by the road, stands in the middle of the church-yard, and the first thing I saw, on going in the gate, was the tomb of the father of Burns. I looked in the old window, but the interior was filled with rank weeds, and overshadowed by a young tree, which had grown nearly to the eaves.

The crowd was now fast gathering in the large field, in the midst of which the pavilion was situated. We went

down by the beautiful monument to Burns, to the "Auld Brig o' Doon," which was spanned by an arch of evergreens, containing a representation of Tam O'Shanter and his grey mare, pursued by the witches. It had been arranged that the procession was to pass over the old and new bridges, and from thence by a temporary bridge over the hedge into the field. At this latter place a stand was erected for the sons of Burns, the officers of the day, and distinguished guests. Here was a beautiful specimen of English exclusiveness. The space adjoining the pavilion was fenced around, and admittance denied at first to any, except those who had tickets for the dinner, which, the price being fifteen shillings, entirely prevented the humble laborers, who, more than all, should participate on the occasion, from witnessing the review of the procession by the sons of Burns, and hearing the eloquent speeches of Professor Wilson and Lord Eglintoun. Thus, of the many thousands who were in the field, but a few hundred who were crowded between the bridge and the railing around the pavilion, enjoyed the interesting spectacle. By good fortune, I obtained a station where I had an excellent view of the scene. The sons of Burns were in the middle of the platform, with Eglintoun on the right, and Wilson on the left. Mrs. Begg, sister of the Poet, with her daughters, stood by the Countess of Eglintoun. She was a plain, benevolent looking woman, dressed in black, and appearing still active and vigorous, though she is upwards of eighty years old. She bears some likeness, especially in the large, dark, lustrous eye, to the Poet. Robert Burns, the eldest son, appeared to me to have a strong resemblance to his father, and it is said he is the only

one who remembers his face. He has for a long time had an office under Government, in London. The others have but lately returned from a residence of twenty years in India. Among other notable characters on the stand were Alison, the historian, who is now Sheriff of Lanark, and Mrs. S C. Hall. Professor Wilson appeared to enter into the spirit of the scene better than any of them. He shouted and waved his hat, and. with his fine, broad forehead, his long brown locks already mixed with gray, streaming on his shoulders, and that eagle eye glancing over the vast assemblage, seemed a real Christopher North, yet full of the fire and vigor of youth—"a gray-haired. happy boy!"

About half of the procession consisted of lodges of masons, all of whom turned out on the occasion, as Burns was one of the fraternity. I was most interested in several companies of shepherds, from the hills, with their crooks and plaids; a body of archers in Lincoln green, with a handsome chief at their head, and some Highlanders in their most picturesque of costumes. As one of the companies, which carried a mammoth thistle in a box, came near the platform, Wilson snatched a branch, regardless of the pricks, and placed it on his coat. After this pageant, which could not have been much less than three miles long, had passed, a band was stationed on the platform in the centre of the field, around which the procession formed in a circle, and the whole company sang, "Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon." Just at this time, a person dressed to represent Tam O'Shanter, mounted on a gray mare, issued from a field near the Burns Monument and rode along towards Alloway Kirk, from which, when he approached it, a whole legion of

witches sallied out and commenced a hot pursuit. They turned back, however, at the keystone of the bridge, the witch with the "cutty sark" holding up in triumph the abstracted tail of Maggie Soon after this the company entered the pavilion, and the thousands outside were entertained, as an especial favor, by the band of the 87th Regiment, while from the many liquor booths around the field they could enjoy themselves in a grosser way.

We went up to the Monument, which was of more particular interest to us, from the relics within, but admission was denied to all. Many persons were collected around the gate, some of whom, having come from a great distance, were anxious to see it; but the keeper only said, such were the orders and he could not disobey them. Among the crowd, a grandson of the original Tam O'Shanter was shown to us. He was a raw-looking boy of nineteen or twenty, wearing a shepherd's cap and jacket, and muttered his disapprobation very decidedly, at not being able to visit the Monument.

There were one or two showers during the day, and the sky, all the time, was dark and lowering, which was unfavorable for the celebration, but all were glad enough that the rain kept aloof till the ceremonies were nearly over. The speeches delivered at the dinner, which appeared in the papers next morning, are undoubtedly very eloquent. I noticed in the remarks of Robert Burns, in reply to Professor Wilson, an acknowledgment which the other speakers forgot. He said, "The Sons of Burns have grateful hearts, and to the last hour of their existence, they will remember the honor that has been paid them this day, by the noble,

the lovely and the talented, of their native land—by men of genius and kindred spirit from our sister land—and lastly, they owe their thanks to the inhabitants of the far distant West, the country of a great, free, and kindred people! (loud cheers.)' In connexion with this subject, I saw an anecdote of the poet which is not generally known. During his connexion with the Excise, he was one day at a party, where the health of Pitt, then minister, was proposed, as "his master and theirs." He immediately turned down his glass and said, "I will give you the health of a far greater and better man—GEORGE WASHINGTON!"

We left the field early and went back through the muddy streets of Ayr. The street before the railway office was crowded, and there was so dense a mass of people on the steps, that it seemed almost impossible to get near. Seeing no other chance, I managed to take my stand on the lowest steps where the pressure of the crowd behind, and the working of the throng on the steps, raised me off my feet, and in about a quarter of an hour carried me, compressed into the smallest possible space, up the steps to the door, where the crowd burst in by fits, like water rushing out of a bottle We esteemed ourselves fortunate in getting room to stand in an open car, where, after a two hours' ride through the wind and pelting rain, we arrived at Glasgow.

CHAPTER VI.

OVER THE BORDER—FROM EDINBURGH TO LONDON.

Ride to Edinburgh—The Monumental City—Lost and Found—Seeing Edinburgh—The March Resumed—The Muirfoot Hills—American Books at Melrose—Wading the Tweed—Abbotsford—The Armory and Library—Scott's Study—A "Prospect" Recovered—Ruins of Melrose Abbey—Teviot Dale—Jedburgh—Over the Border—Scenery of the Cheviots—Appreciative Tourists—Shepherds on Chevy Chase—The Moorland—A Night at Whelpington Knowes—Walk to Newcastle—Cheap Lodgings—The Roman Wall—Miners in Distress—Passage for London—A Meeting—The Voyage—The Thames at Night—London at Dawn.

We left Glasgow on the morning after returning from the Burns Festival, taking passage in the open cars for Edinburgh, for six shillings. On leaving the depôt, we plunged into the heart of the hill on which Glasgow Cathedral stands, and were whisked through darkness and sulphury smoke to daylight again. The cars bore us past a spur of the Highlands, through a beautiful country where women were at work in the fields, to Linlithgow, the birth-place of Queen Mary. The majestic ruins of its once proud palace stand on a green meadow behind the town. In another hour we were walking through Edinburgh, admiring its palace-like edifices, and stopping every few minutes to gaze up at some

lofty monument. Really, thought I, we call Baltimore the "Monumental City" for its two marble columns, and here is Edinburgh with one at every street-corner! These, too, not in the midst of glaring red buildings, where they seem to have been accidentally dropped, but framed in by lofty granite mansions, whose long vistas make an appropriate background to the picture.

While intently gazing upon one of these monuments, my friends passed me and were lost in the crowd. All my efforts to find them were vain, and finally giving up the search, I went upon Calton Hill, where I spent two hours in contemplating the noble panorama it commands. A sense of hunger at last recalled me to myself, and I descended to the city to seek for an inn. I had given up all hope of seeing my friends, and made up my mind to go on alone to London, by the route we had proposed. As I was sauntering along in the crowd, a coarsely-dressed man suddenly accosted me. "Your two friends," he said, "have sent me out to hunt you. They are at an inn not far from here." "Are you sure I am the right person?" I asked. "Oh yes," said he, "I knew it as soon as I saw you." I followed him, and, truly enough, found my comrades, installed in a cheerful tavern, and enjoying a bottle of ale. They had taken it for granted that the man would find me, and were not at all astonished at his success.

We again looked from Calton Hill on Salisbury Crags and over the Frith of Forth, and then descended to dark old Holyrood, where the memory of lovely Mary lingers like a stray sunbeam in her cold halls, and the fair, boyish face of Rizzio looks down from the canvas on the armor of his

murderer. We threaded the Canongate and climbed to the Castle; and finally, after a day and a half's sojourn buckled on our knapsacks and marched out of the Northern Athens. In a short time the tall spire of Dalkeith appeared above the green wood, and we saw to the right, perched on the steep banks of the Esk, the picturesque cottage of Hawthornden where Drummond once lived in poetic solitude. We made haste to cross before nightfall the dreary waste of Muirfoot Hills, from the highest summit of which we took a last view of Edinburgh Castle and the Salisbury Crags, then blue in the distance. Far to the east were the hills of Lammermuir, and the country of Mid-Lothian lay before us. It was all *Scott*-land. The inn of Torsonce, beside the Gala Water, was our resting-place for the night. As we approached Galashiels the next morning, where the bed of the silver Gala is nearly emptied by a number of dingy manufactories, the hills opened, disclosing the sweet vale of the Tweed, guarded by the triple peak of the Eildon, at whose base lay nestled the village of Melrose.

I stopped at a bookstore to purchase a view of the Abbey, and to my surprise nearly half the works were by American authors. There were Bryant, Longfellow, Channing, Emerson, Dana, Ware and many others. The bookseller told me he had sold more of Ware's Letters than any other book in his shop, "and also," to use his own words, 'an immense number of the great Dr. Channing." I have seen English editions of Percival, Willis, Whittier and Mrs. Sigourney, but Bancroft and Prescott are classed among the 'standard *British* historians."

Crossing the Gala we ascended a hill on the road to Sel-

kirk, and behold! the Tweed ran below, and opposite, in the midst of embowering trees planted by the hand of Scott, rose the grey halls of Abbotsford. We went down a lane to the banks of the swift stream, but finding no ferry, B—— and I, as the water looked very shallow, thought we might save a long walk by wading across F—— preferred hunting for a boat; we two set out together, with our knapsacks on our backs, and our boots in our hands The current was ice cold and very swift, and as the bed was covered with loose stones, it required the greatest care to stand upright. Looking at the bottom, through the rapid water, made my head so giddy, that I was forced to stop and shut my eyes; my friend, who had firmer nerves, went plunging on to a deeper and swifter part, where the strength of the current made him stagger very unpleasantly. I called to him to return; but the next thing I saw, he gave a plunge and went down to the shoulder in the cold flood While he was struggling with a frightened expression of face to recover his footing, I leaned on my staff and laughed till I was on the point of falling also. To crown our mortification, F—— had found a ferry a few yards higher up and was on the opposite shore, watching us wade back again, my friend with dripping clothes and boots full of water. I could not forgive the pretty Scotch damsel who rowed us across, the mischievous lurking smile which told that she too had witnessed the adventure.

We found a foot-path on the other side, which led through a young forest to Abbotsford Rude pieces of sculpture, taken from Melrose Abbey, were scattered around the gate, some half buried in the earth and overgrown with weeds

The niches in the walls were filled with pieces of sculpture, and a marble greyhound reposed in the middle of the court yard. We rang the bell in an outer vestibule, ornamented with several pairs of antlers, when a lady appeared, who, from her appearance, I have no doubt was Mrs. Ormand, the "Duenna of Abbotsford," so humorously described by D'Arlincourt, in his "Three Kingdoms." She ushered us into the entrance hall, which has a magnificent ceiling of carved oak, and is lighted by lofty stained windows. An effigy of a knight in armor stood at either end, one holding a huge two-handed sword found on Bosworth Field; the walls were covered with helmets and breastplates of the olden time.

Among the curiosities in the Armory are Napoleon's pistols, the blunderbuss of Hofer, Rob Roy's purse and gun, and the offering box of Queen Mary. Through the folding doors between the dining-room, drawing-room and library, is a fine vista, terminated by a niche, in which stands Chantrey's bust of Scott. The ceilings are of carved Scottish oak and the doors of American cedar. Adjoining the library is the study, the walls of which are covered with books; the doors and windows are double, to render it quiet and undisturbed. Scott's books and inkstand are on the table and his writing-chair stands before it, as if he had left them but a moment before. In a little closet adjoining, where he kept his private manuscripts, are the clothes he last wore, his cane and belt, to which a hammer and a small axe are attached, and his sword. A narrow staircase led from the study to his sleeping room above, by which he could come down at night and work while his family slept. The silence

about the place is solemn and breathless, as if it waited to be broken by his returning footstep. I felt an awe in treading these lonely halls, like that which impressed me before the grave of Washington—a feeling that hallowed the spot, as if there yet lingered a low vibration of the lyre, though the minstrel had departed forever!

Plucking a wild rose that grew near the walls, I left Abbotsford, embosomed among the trees, and turned into a green lane that led down to Melrose. We went immediately to the Abbey, in the lower part of the village, near the Tweed. As I approached the gate, the porteress came out, and having scrutinized me rather sharply, asked my name. I told her;—"Well," she added, "there is a *prospect* here for you." Thinking she alluded to the ruin, I replied: "Yes, the view is certainly very fine." "Oh! I don't mean that," she replied, "a young gentleman left a prospect here for you!"—whereupon she brought out a spy-glass, which I recognized as one that our German comrade had given to me. He had gone on, and hoped to meet us at Jedburgh.

Melrose is the finest remaining specimen of Gothic architecture in Scotland. Some of the sculptured flowers in the cloister arches are remarkably beautiful and delicate, and the two windows—the south and east oriels—are of a lightness and grace of execution really surprising. We saw the tomb of Michael Scott, of King Alexander II., and that of the Douglas, marked with a sword. The heart of Bruce is supposed to have been buried beneath the high altar. The chancel is all open to the sky, and rooks build their nests among the wild ivy that climbs over the crumbling arches. One of these came tamely down and perched upon the hand

of our guide. By a winding stair in one of the towers we mounted to the top of the arch and looked down on the grassy floor. I sat on the broken pillar, which Scott always used for a seat when he visited the Abbey, and read the disinterring of the magic book, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." I never comprehended its full beauty until then, and the memory of Melrose will give it a peculiar interest, in the future. When we left, I was willing to say, with the Minstrel:

"Was never scene so sad and fair!"

After seeing the home and favorite haunt of Scott, we felt a wish to stand by his grave, but we had Ancrum Moor to pass before night, and the Tweed was between us and Dryburgh Abbey. We did not wish to try another watery adventure, and therefore walked on to the village of Ancrum, where a gate-keeper on the road gave us lodging and good fare, for a moderate price. Many of this class practise this double employment, and the economical traveller, who looks more to comfort than luxury, will not fail to patronize them.

Next morning we took a foot-path over the hills to Jedburgh. From the summit there was a lovely view of the valley of the Teviot, with the blue Cheviots in the distance. I thought of Pringle's beautiful farewell:

"Our native land, our native vale,
A long, a last adieu,
Farewell to bonny Teviot-dale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!"

The poet was born in the valley below, and one that looks

upon its beauty cannot wonder how his heart clung to the scenes he was leaving. We saw Jedburgh and its majestic old Abbey, and ascended the valley of the Jed towards the Cheviots. The hills, covered with woods of a luxuriant and even gorgeous beauty of foliage, shut out this lovely glen completely from the world. I found myself continually coveting the lonely dwellings that were perched on the rocky heights, or nestled, like fairy pavilions, in the laps of the groves. These forests formerly furnished the wood for the celebrated Jedwood axe, used in the border forays.

As we continued ascending, the prospect behind us widened, until we reached the summit of the Carter Fell, whence there is a view of great extent and beauty. The Eildon Hills, though twenty-five miles distant, seemed in the foreground of the picture. With a glass, Edinburgh Castle might be seen over the dim outline of the Muirfoot Hills. After crossing the border, we passed the scene of the encounter between Percy and Douglass, celebrated in "Chevy Chase," and at the lonely inn of Whitelee, in the valley below, took up our quarters for the night.

Travellers have described the Cheviots as being bleak and uninteresting. Although they are bare and brown, to me the scenery was of a character of beauty entirely original They are not rugged and broken like the Highlands, but lift their round backs gracefully from the plain, while the more distant ranges are clad in many an airy hue. Willis quaintly and truly remarks, that travellers only tell you the picture produced in their own brain by what they see, otherwise the world would be like a pawnbroker's shop, where each

traveller wears the cast-off clothes of others. Therefore let no one, of a gloomy temperament, journeying over the Cheviots in dull November, arraign me for having falsely praised their beauty

I was somewhat amused with seeing a splendid carriage with footmen and outriders, crossing the mountain, the glorious landscape full in view, and the richly dressed lady within lying *fast asleep!* It is no uncommon thing to meet carriages in the Highlands, in which the occupants are comfortably reading, while being whirled through the finest scenery. And *apropos* of this subject, my German friend related to me an incident. His brother was travelling on the Rhine, and when in the midst of the grandest scenes, met a carriage containing an English gentleman and lady, both asleep, while on the seat behind was stationed an artist, sketching away with all his might. He asked the latter the reason of his industry, when he answered, "Oh! my lord wishes to see every night what he has passed during the day, and so I sketch as we go along!"

The hills, particularly on the English side, are covered with flocks of sheep, and lazy shepherds lay basking in the sun, among the purple heather, with their shaggy black dogs beside them. On many of the hills are landmarks, by which, when the snow has covered all the tracks, they can direct their way. After walking many miles through green valleys, down which flowed the Red Water, its very name telling of the conflicts which had crimsoned its tide, we came to the moors, and ten miles of blacker, drearier waste I never saw. Before entering them we passed the pretty little village of Otterburn, near the scene of the

battle. I brought away a wild flower that grew on soil enriched by the blood of the Percys. On the village inn is their ancient coat of arms, a lion rampant on a field of gold, with the motto, "*Esperance en Dieu.*"

Scarcely a house or a tree enlivened the black waste, and even the road was marked on each side by high poles, to direct the traveller in winter. We were glad when at length the green fields came again in sight, and the little village of Whelpington Knowes, with its old ivy-grown church tower, welcomed us after the lonely walk.

At the only inn in the place, I found it quite impossible to understand the servants, who spoke the rugged North-umbrian dialect. The landlady, who spoke tolerable English, came to our assistance, and received us with more cordiality than our knapsacks and dusty garments led us to expect. She quartered us for the night in an out-building, which appeared to be a kind of hunting lodge. It was a single room, with two beds, fowling-pieces and shot-belts hanging on the walls, and some stuffed grouse on the top of a quaint old wardrobe. The evening was cool, and the unintelligible servants made a cheerful fire on the hearth. Our supper was served in a room of the inn, which was occupied by a young lady, whose appearance contrasted strangely with her situation. She was pale, but handsome, dressed with perfect taste, and the few words she spoke gave evidence of thorough refinement and cultivation. Her face was very sad, her manner subdued, yet with a quiet dignity which forced the landlady, who made very unceremonious use of her room, to treat her with respect. A shelf of classic authors, and some flower-pots in the window, were the

tokens of her tastes. Here is a romance, if not a tragedy, I thought, but I did not venture to ask any questions.

As one specimen of the intelligence of this part of England, we saw a board conspicuously posted at the commencement of a private road, declaring that "all persons travelling this way will be *persecuted*." As the road led to a church, however, there may have been a design in the expression.

On the fifth day after leaving Edinburgh, we reached a hill overlooking the valley of the Tyne and the German Ocean, as sunset was reddening in the west. A cloud of coal-smoke made us aware of the vicinity of Newcastle. On the summit of the hill a large cattle fair was being held, and crowds of people were gathered in and around a camp of gaudily decorated tents. Fires were kindled here and there, and drinking, carousing, and horse-racing, were flourishing in full vigor. After entering the town, we applied to a policeman to conduct us to a cheap lodging-place. He readily took us to a house in a dingy street near the river, inhabited by a poor family, who furnished us with beds (probably their own), and cooked us frugal meals, during the two days that we were obliged to await the departure of a steamer for London.

We set out the next morning to hunt the Roman Wall. Passing the fine buildings in the centre of the city and the lofty monument to Earl Grey, we went towards the western gate and soon came to the ruins of a building, about whose origin there could be no doubt. It stood there, blackened by the rust of ages, a remnant of power passed away. There was no mistaking the massive round tower, with its

projecting ornaments, such as are often seen in the ruder works of the Romans. On each side a fragment of wall remained standing, and there appeared to be a chamber in the interior, which was choked up with rubbish. There is another tower, much higher, in a public square in another part of the city, a portion of which is fitted up as a dwelling for the family which takes care of it; but there was such a ridiculous contrast between the ivy-grown top, and the handsome modern windows and doors of the lower story, that it did not impress me half as much as the first, with all its neglect. These are the farthest limits of that power whose mighty works I hope hereafter to view at the seat of her grandeur and glory.

I witnessed a scene at Newcastle that cannot soon be forgotten; as it showed more plainly than I had before an opportunity of observing, the state to which the laboring classes of England are reduced. Hearing singing in the street under my window one morning, I looked out and saw a body of men, apparently of the lower class, but decent and sober-looking, who were singing in a rude and plaintive strain some ballad, the purport of which I could not understand. On making inquiry, I discovered it was part of a body of miners, who, about eighteen weeks before, in consequence of not being able to support their families with the small pittance allowed them, had struck for higher wages. This their employers refused to give them, and sent to Wales, where they obtained workmen at the former price. The houses these laborers had occupied were all taken from them, and for eighteen weeks they had had no other means of subsistence than the casual charity given

them for singing the story of their wrongs. It made my blood boil to hear those tones, wrung from the heart of poverty by the hand of tyranny. The ignorance, permitted by the government, causes an unheard amount of misery and degradation. We heard afterwards in the streets, another company who played on musical instruments. Beneath the proud swell of England's martial airs, there sounded to my ears a tone whose gathering murmur will make itself heard ere long by the dull ears of Power.

At last, at the appointed time, we found ourselves on board the "London Merchant," in the muddy Tyne, waiting for the tide to rise high enough to permit us to descend the river. There is great competition among the steamboats this summer, and the price of passage to London is reduced to five and ten shillings. The second cabin, however, is a place of tolerable comfort, and as the steward had promised to keep berths for us, we engaged passage. On going below, the first person we met was our German comrade, who had preceded us all the way from Edinburgh. It was a joyous meeting on both sides. Following the windings of the narrow river, we passed Sunderland and Tynemouth, where it expands into the German Ocean. The water was barely stirred by a gentle wind, and little resembled the stormy sea I expected to find. We glided over the smooth surface, watching the blue line of the distant shore till dark, when I went below expecting to enjoy a few hours' oblivion. But the faithless steward had given up the promised berth to another, and it was only with difficulty that I secured a seat by the cabin table, where I dozed half the night with my head on my arms. It grew at

fast too close and wearisome; I went up on deck and lay down on the windlass, taking care to balance myself well before going to sleep. The earliest light of dawn awoke me to a consciousness of damp clothes and bruised limbs. We were in sight of the low shore the whole day, sometimes seeing the dim outline of a church, or a group of trees over the downs or flat beds of sand, which border the eastern coast of England. About dark, the red light of the Nore was seen, and we hoped before many hours to be in London. The lights of Gravesend were passed, but about ten o'clock, as we entered the narrow channel of the Thames, we struck another steamboat in the darkness, and were obliged to cast anchor for some time.

When I went on deck in the gray light of morning again, we were gliding up a narrow, muddy river, between rows of gloomy buildings, with many vessels lying at anchor. As the day brightened, we turned a point, and right before me lay a vast crowd of vessels, and in the distance, above the wilderness of buildings, stood a dim, gigantic dome in the sky; what a bound my heart gave at the sight! And the tall pillar that stood near it—I did not need a second glance to recognize the Monument. I knew the majestic bridge that spanned the river above; but on the right bank a cluster of massive buildings, crowned with many a turret, attracted my eye. A crowd of old associations pressed bewilderingly upon the mind, to see standing there, grim and dark with many a bloody page of England's history—the Tower of London! The morning sky was as yet but faintly obscured by the coal-smoke, and in the misty light of coming sunrise, all objects

seemed grander than their wont. In spite of the thrilling interest of the scene, I could not help recalling Byron's ludicrous but most expressive description.

"A mighty mass of brick and smoke and shipping,
Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye
Can reach; with here and there a sail just skipping
In sight, then lost amidst the forestry
Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping
On tip-toe through their sea-coal canopy;
A huge dun cupola, like a fool's-cap crown
On a fool's head,—and there is London town."

CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK IN LONDON.

Entering London—Cheap Lodgings and Bad Company—The Thoroughfares—St. Paul's—View from the Dome—St. James's Park—Westminster Abbey—Poet's Corner—Tombs of Sovereigns—Hall of the Bath—The Thames Tunnel—The Iowas again—The Parks—Crime and Misery in London—The End of our Sojourn—Cost of the Tour through Scotland.

London, *Aug.* 22, 1844.

In the course of time we came to anchor in the stream; skiffs from the shore pulled alongside, and after some little quarrelling, we were safely deposited in one, with a party who desired to be landed at the Tower Stairs. The dark walls frowned above us as we mounted from the water and passed into an open square on the outside of the moat. The laborers were about commencing work, the fashionable *day* having just closed, but there was still noise and bustle enough in the streets, particularly when we reached Whitechapel, part of the great thoroughfare, extending through the heart of London to Westminster Abbey and the Parliament buildings. Our first care was to find a resting-place, and we had not wandered far along Whitechapel before the

signs "Chop-House," "Lodgings," met our eye. We selected one of the most decent of these places, where we obtained bare rooms and questionable beds for a shilling a day, while the public room supplied us with a chop and potatoes for sixpence. Our company, I am afraid, was not the most respectable which London can boast of—actors of low grade, from low theatres; dissolute shop boys, sailors and cads, and women whose roses were not the natural bloom of English air. We did not cultivate their acquaintance, but became so disgusted after a day or two that we shifted our quarters to the Aldgate Coffee House, where the terms were equally cheap and the society a very little better.

After breakfast, on the first day, we set out for a walk through London. Entering the main artery of this mighty city, we passed on through Aldgate and Cornhill, to St. Paul's, with still increasing wonder. Further on, through Fleet street and the Strand—what a world! Here come the ever-thronging, ever-rolling waves of life, pressing and whirling on in their tumultuous career. Here day and night pours the stream of human beings, seeming, amid the roar and din and clatter of the passing vehicles, like the tide of some great combat. How lonely it makes one to stand still and feel that of all the mighty throng which divides itself around him, not a being knows or cares for him! What knows he too of the thousands who pass him by! How many who bear the impress of godlike virtue, or hide beneath a goodly countenance a heart black with crime! How many fiery spirits, all glowing with hope for the yet unclouded future, or brooding over a darkened and desolate past in the agony of despair! There is a sublimity in this

human Niagara that makes one look on his own race with something of awe.

St. Paul's is on a scale of grandeur excelling every thing I have yet seen. The dome seems to stand in the sky, as you look up to it; the distance from which you view it, combined with the atmosphere of London, gives it a dim, shadowy appearance, that startles one with its immensity. The roof from which the dome springs is itself as high as the spires of most other churches; blackened for two hundred years with the coal-smoke of London, it stands like a relic of the giant architecture of the early world. The interior is what one would expect to behold, after viewing the outside. A maze of grand arches on every side, encompasses the dome, at which you gaze up as at the sky; and from every pillar and wall look down the marble forms of the dead. There is scarcely a vacant niche left in all this mighty hall, so many are the statues that meet one on every side. With the exception of John Howard, Sir Astley Cooper and Wren, whose monument is the church itself, they are all to military men. I thought if they had all been removed except Howard's, it would better have suited such a temple, and the great soul it commemorated.

I never was more impressed with the grandeur of human invention, than when ascending the dome. I could with difficulty conceive the means by which such a mighty edifice had been lifted into the air. The small frame of Sir Christopher Wren must have contained a mind capable of vast conceptions. The dome is like the summit of a mountain; so wide is the prospect, and so great the pile upon which you stand. London lay beneath us, like an ant-hill,

with the black insects swarming to and fro in their long avenues, the sound of their employments coming up like the roar of the sea. A cloud of coal-smoke hung over it, through which many a pointed spire was thrust up; sometimes the wind would blow it aside for a moment, and the thousands of red roofs would shine out clearer. The bridged Thames, covered with craft of all sizes, wound beneath us like a ringed and spotted serpent.

It was a relief to get into St. James's Park, among the trees and flowers again. Here beautiful winding walks led around little lakes, in which were hundreds of water-fowl, swimming Groups of merry children were sporting on the green lawn, enjoying their privilege of roaming every where at will, while the older bipeds were confined to the regular walks. At the western end stood Buckingham Palace, looking over the trees towards St. Paul's; and through the grove on the eminence above, the towers of St. James's could be seen. But there was a dim building with two lofty square towers, decorated with a profusion of pointed Gothic pinnacles, that I looked at with more interest than these appendages of royalty. I could not linger long in its vicinity, but going back again by the Horse Guards, took the road to *Westminster Abbey*.

We approached by the general entrance, Poet's Corner. I hardly stopped to look at the elaborate exterior of Henry VII.'s Chapel, but passed on to the door. On entering, the first thing that met my eyes were the words, "OH RARE BEN JONSON," under his bust. Near by stood the monuments of Spenser and Gay, and a few paces further looked down the sublime countenance of Milton. Never was a spot

so full of intense interest. The light was just dim enough to give it a solemn, religious air, making the marble forms of poets and philosophers so shadowy and impressive, that I felt as if standing in their living presence. Every step called up some mind linked with the associations of my childhood. There was the gentle feminine countenance of Thomson, and the majestic head of Dryden; Addison with his classic features, and Gray, full of the fire of lofty thought. In another chamber, I paused long before the tablet to Shakspeare; and while looking at the monument of Garrick, started to find that I stood upon his grave. What a glorious galaxy of genius is here collected—what a constellation of stars whose light is immortal! The mind is fettered by their spirit, everything is forgotten but the mighty dead, who still "rule us from their urns."

The side-chapels are filled with tombs of knightly families, the husband and wife lying on their backs on the tombs, with their hands clasped, while their children, about the size of dolls, are kneeling around. Numberless are the Barons and Earls and Dukes, whose grim effigies stare from their tombs. In opposite chapels are the tombs of Mary and Elizabeth, and near the former that of Darnley. After having visited many of the scenes of her life, it was with no ordinary emotion that I stood by the sepulchre of Mary. How differently one looks upon it and upon that of the proud Elizabeth!

We descended to the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, within the splendid shrine of which his ashes repose. Here the chair on which the English monarchs have been crowned for several hundred years was exhibited. Under the seat

is the stone, brought from the Abbey of Scone, whereon the Kings of Scotland were crowned. The chair is of oak, carved and hacked over with names, and on the bottom some one has recorded his name with the fact that he once slept in it. We sat down and rested in it without ceremony. Near this is the hall where the Knights of the order of the Bath met. Over each seat their dusty banners are still hanging, each with its crest, and their armor is rusting upon the wall. It resembled a banqueting hall of the olden time, where the knights had left their seats for a moment vacant. Entering the nave, we were lost in the wilderness of sculpture. Here stood the forms of Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan and Watts, from the chisels of Chantry, Bacon and Westmacott. Further down were Sir Isaac Newton and Sir Godfrey Kneller—opposite Andrè, and Paoli, the Italian, who died here in exile. How can I convey an idea of the scene! Notwithstanding all the descriptions I had read, I was totally unprepared for the reality, nor could I have anticipated the hushed and breathless interest with which I paced the dim aisles, gazing, at every step, on the last resting place of some great and familiar name. A place so sacred to all who inherit the English tongue, is worthy of a special pilgrimage across the deep. To those who are unable to visit it, a description may be interesting; but so far does it fall short of the scene itself, that if I thought it would induce a few of our wealthy idlers, or even those who, like myself, must travel with toil and privation, to come hither, I would write till the pen dropped from my hand.

We walked down the Thames, through the narrow streets of Wapping. Over the mouth of the Tunnel is a large

circular building, with a dome to light the entrance below. Paying the fee of a penny, we descended by a winding staircase to the bottom, which is seventy-three feet below the surface. The carriage-way, still unfinished, will extend further into the city. From the bottom the view of the two arches of the Tunnel, brilliantly lighted with gas, is very fine; it has a much less heavy and gloomy appearance than I expected. As we walked along under the bed of the river, two or three girls at one end began playing on the French horn and bugle, and the echoes, when not sufficient to confuse the melody, were remarkably beautiful. Between the arches of the division separating the two passages, are shops, occupied by venders of fancy articles, views of the Tunnel, engravings, &c. In the middle is a small printing press, where a sheet containing a description of the whole work is printed for those who desire it. As I was no stranger to this art, I requested the boy to let me print one myself, but he had such a bad roller I did not succeed in getting a good impression. The air within is somewhat damp, but fresh and agreeably cool, and one can scarcely realize in walking along the light passage, that a river is rolling above his head. The immense solidity and compactness of the structure precludes the danger of accident, each of the sides being arched outwards, so that the heaviest pressure only strengthens the work. It will long remain a noble monument of human daring and ingenuity.

We spent a day in visiting the *lungs of London*, as the two grand parks have been called. From the Strand through Regent Circus, the centre of the fashionable part of the city, we passed to Piccadilly, calling on our way to see

our old friends, the Iowas. They were at the Egyptian Hall, in connexion with Catlin's Indian collection. The old braves knew us at once, particularly Blister-Feet, who used often to walk a line on deck with me, at sea. Further along Piccadilly is Wellington's mansion, Apsley House, and nearly opposite it, in the corner of Hyde Park, stands the colossal statue of Achilles, cast from cannon taken at Salamanca and Vittoria. The Park resembles an open common, with here and there a grove of trees, intersected by carriage roads. It is like getting into the country again to be out on its broad, green field, with the city seen dimly around through the smoky atmosphere. We walked for a mile or two along the shady avenues and over the lawns, having a view of the princely terraces and gardens on one hand, and the gentle outline of Primrose Hill on the other. Regent's Park itself covers a space of nearly four hundred acres!

But if London is unsurpassed in splendor, it has also its corresponding share of crime. Notwithstanding the large and efficient body of police, who do much towards the control of vice, one sees enough of degradation and brutality in a short time, to make his heart sick. Even the public thoroughfares are thronged at night with characters of the lowest description, and it is not expedient to go through many of the narrow bye-haunts of the old city in the day-time. The police, who are ever on the watch, immediately seize and carry off any offender, but from the statements of persons who have had an opportunity of observing, as well as from my own slight experience, I am convinced that there is an untold amount of concealed misery and crime

I have now been six days in London, and by making

good use of my feet and eyes, have managed to become familiar with almost every object of interest within its precincts My whole time has been devoted to sight-seeing, and I have neither made a single acquaintance, nor obtained the least insight into the social life of England. Having a plan mapped out for the day, I started from my humble lodgings at the Aldgate Coffee House, where I slept off fatigue for a shilling a night, and walked up Cheapside or down Whitechapel, as the case might be, hunting out my way to churches, halls and theatres. In this way, at a trifling expense, I have perhaps seen as much as many who spend here double the time and ten times the money Our whole tour from Liverpool hither, by way of Ireland and Scotland, cost us but twenty-five dollars each! although, except in one or two cases, we denied ourselves no necessary comfort. This shows that the glorious privilege of looking on the scenes of the old world need not be confined to people of wealth and leisure. It may be enjoyed by all who can occasionally forego a little bodily comfort for the sake of mental and spiritual gain. We leave this afternoon for Dover. To-morrow I shall dine in Belgium!

CHAPTER VIII

ON THE CONTINENT.

Feelings on Visiting the Continent—Imprisonment at Dover—Arrival at Ostend—A Stroll—The Streets of Bruges—The Cathedral—The Belfry and its Chimes—A Night on the Canal—Ghent—A Rainy Ride—Scenery of the Meuse—Entering Prussia—Aix-la-Chapelle—The Cathedral—The Tomb of Charlemagne—The Cathedral of Cologne—Tradition of its Plan—The Smells of the Streets.

On the Continent at last! How strangely look the century-old towers, antique monuments, and quaint, narrow streets of the Flemish cities! It is an agreeable and yet a painful sense of novelty to stand for the first time in the midst of a people whose language and manners are different from one's own. The old buildings around, linked with many a stirring association of past history, gratify the glowing anticipations with which one has looked forward to seeing them, and the fancy is busy at work reconciling the real scene with the ideal; but the want of a communication with the living world about, walls one up with a sense of loneliness he could not before have conceived. I envied the children in the streets their childish language.

Bidding adieu to our German friend, who took passage

direct to Havre, we left London in the afternoon, and sped through the green wooded lawns and vales of England, to Dover, which we reached at sunset, passing by a long tunnel through the lofty Shakspeare Cliff. We had barely time, before it grew dark, to ascend the cliff. The glorious coast view looked still wilder in the gathering twilight, which soon hid from our sight the dim hills of France. On the cliff opposite frowned the massive battlements of the Castle, guarding the town, which lay in a nook of the rocks below. As the Ostend boat was to leave at four in the morning, my cousin aroused us at three, and we felt our way down stairs in the dark. But the landlord was reluctant to part with us; we stamped and shouted and rang bells, till the whole house was in an uproar, for the door was double-locked, and the steamboat bell began to sound. At last the scamp could stand it no longer; we gave a quick utterance to our overflowing wrath, and rushed down to the boat but a second or two before it sailed.

The water of the Channel was smooth as glass, and as the sun rose, the far chalky cliffs gleamed along the horizon, a belt of fire. I waved a good-bye to Old England and then turned to see the spires of Dunkirk, which were visible in the distance before us. On the low Belgian coast we could see trees and steeples, resembling a mirage over the level surface of the sea; and at length, about ten o'clock, the square tower of Ostend came in sight. The boat passed into a long, muddy basin, in which many unwieldy, red-sailed Dutch craft were lying, and stopped beside a high pier. Here amid the confusion of three languages, an officer came on board and took charge of our passports

and luggage. As we could not get the former for two or three hours, we did not hurry the passing of the latter, and went on shore quite unencumbered, for a stroll about the city, disregarding the cries of the hackney-coachmen on the pier, "*Hotel d'Angleterre*," "*Hotel des Bains!*" and another who called out in English, "I recommend you to the Royal Hotel, sir!"

There is little to be seen in Ostend. We wandered through long rows of plain yellow houses, trying to read the French and Dutch signs, and at last came out on the wall near the sea. A soldier waved us back as we attempted to ascend it, and muttering some unintelligible words, pointed to a narrow street near. Following this out of curiosity, we crossed the moat and found ourselves on the great bathing beach. To get out of the hands of the servants who immediately surrounded us, we jumped into one of the little wagons and were driven out into the surf.

To be certain of fulfilling the railroad regulations, we took our seats a quarter of an hour before the time. The dark walls of Ostend soon vanished and we were whirled rapidly over a country perfectly level, but highly fertile and well cultivated. Occasionally there was a ditch or row of trees, but otherwise there was no division between the fields, and the plain stretched unbroken away into the distance. The twenty miles to Bruges we made in forty minutes. The streets of this antique city are narrow and crooked, and the pointed, ornamented gables of the houses, produce a novel impression on one who has been accustomed to the green American forests. Then there was the endless sound of wooden shoes clattering over the rough pavements, and

people talking in that most unmusical of all languages, Dutch. Walking at random through the streets, we came by chance upon the Cathedral of Notre Dame. I shall long remember my first impression of the scene within. The lofty gothic ceiling arched far above my head and through the stained windows the light came but dimly—it was all still, solemn and religious. A few worshippers were kneeling in silence before some of the shrines, and the echo of my tread was like a profaning sound. On every side were pictures, saints and gilded shrines. A few steps removed one from the bustle and din of the crowd to the stillness and solemnity of the holy retreat.

We learned from a guide, whom we had engaged because he spoke a few words of English, that there was still a *t'eckshuyt* line on the canals, and that a boat was to leave at ten o'clock that night for Ghent. Wishing to try this old Dutch method of travelling, we walked along the Ghent road to the canal, where a moderate sized boat was lying. Our baggage deposited in the plainly furnished cabin, I ran back to Bruges, although it was beginning to grow dark, to get a sight of the belfry; for Longfellow's lines had been chiming through my head all day:

"In the market-place of Bruges, stands the belfry old and brown,
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilded, still it watches o'er the town."

And having found the square, brown tower in one corner of the open market place, we waited to hear the chimes, which are said to be the finest in Europe. They rang out at last with a clear silvery tone, most beautifully musical indeed. We then returned to the boat in the twilight. We

were to leave in about an hour, according to the arrangement, but as yet there was no sound to be heard, and we were the only tenants. However, trusting to Dutch regularity, we went to sleep in the full confidence of awakening in Ghent.

I awoke once in the night and saw the dark branches of trees passing before the window, but there was no perceptible sound nor motion the boat glided along like a dream, and we were awakened next morning by its striking against the pier at Ghent. After paying three francs for the whole night journey, the captain gave us a guide to the railroad station, and as we had nearly an hour before the train left, I went to see the Cathedral of St. Bavon. After leaving Ghent, the road passes through a beautiful country, cultivated like a garden. The Dutch passion for flowers is displayed in the gardens around the cottages; even every vacant foot of ground along the railway is planted with roses and dahlias. At Ghent, the morning being fair, we took seats in the open cars. About noon it commenced raining and our situation was soon anything but comfortable. My cousin had fortunately a waterproof Indian blanket with him, which he had purchased in the Far West, and by wrapping this around all three of us, we kept partly dry. I was much amused at the plight of a party of young Englishmen, who were in the same car; one of them held a little parasol which just covered his hat, and sent the water in streams down on his back and shoulders.

We had a misty view of Liege, through the torrents of rain, and then dashed away into the wild mountain scenery of the Meuse. Steep, rocky hills, covered with pine and

crowned with ruined towers, hemmed in the winding and swollen river, and the wet, cloudy sky rested like a canopy on their summits. Instead of threading their mazy defiles, we plunged directly into the mountain's heart, flew over the narrow valley on lofty and light-sprung arches, and went again into the darkness. At Verviers, our baggage was weighed, examined and transferred, with ourselves, to a Prussian train. There was a great deal of disputing on the occasion. A lady, who had a dog in a large willow basket, was not allowed to retain it, nor would they take it as baggage. The matter was finally compromised by their sending the basket, obliging her to carry the dog, which was none of the smallest, in her arms! The next station bore the sign of the black eagle, and here we were obliged to give up our passports. Advancing through long ranges of wooded hills, we saw at length, in the dull twilight of a rainy day, the old kingly city of Aix la Chapelle on a plain below us. After a scene at the custom-house, where our baggage was reclaimed with tickets given at Verviers, we drove to the *Hotel du Rhin*, and while warming our shivering limbs and drying our damp garments, felt tempted to exclaim with the old Italian author: "O! holy and miraculous tavern!"

The Cathedral, with its lofty Gothic tower, was built by the emperor Otho in the tenth century. It seems at present to be undergoing repairs, for a large scaffold shut out the dome. The long hall was dim with incense smoke as we entered, and the organ sounded through the high arches with an effect that startled me. The windows glowed with the forms of kings and saints, and the dusty and mouldering shrines which rose around were colored with the light that

came through The music pealed out like a triumphal march, sinking at times into a mournful strain, as if it celebrated and lamented the heroes who slept below. In the stone pavement nearly under my feet was a large square marble slab, with the words "CAROLO MAGNO." It was like a dream, to stand there on the tomb of the mighty warrior, with the lofty arches of the Cathedral above, filled with the sound of the divine anthem. I mused above his ashes till the music ceased and then left the Cathedral, that nothing might break the romantic spell associated with that crumbling pile and the dead it covered. I have always revered the memory of Charlemagne. He lived in a stern age, but he was in mind and heart a man, and like Napoleon, who placed the iron crown which had lain with him centuries in the tomb, upon his own brow, he possessed a breadth and grandeur of mind, which the world was forced to acknowledge.

At noon we took the *chars-à-banc*, or second-class carriages, for fear of rain; and continued our journey over a plain dotted with villages and old chateaux. Two or three miles from Cologne we saw the spires of the different churches, conspicuous among which were the unfinished towers of the Cathedral with the enormous crane standing as it did when they left off building, two hundred years ago or more. On arriving, we drove to the Bonn railway, where, finding the last train did not leave for four hours, we left our baggage and set out for the Cathedral. Of all Gothic buildings, the plan of this is certainly the most stupendous; even ruin as it is, it cannot fail to excite surprise and admiration. The King of Prussia has undertaken to complete it according to the original plan, which was lately found in the pos

session of a poor man, of whom it was purchased for 40,000 florins, but the workmen have not yet finished repairing what is already built. The legend concerning this plan may not be known to every one. It is related of the inventor of it, that in despair of finding any sufficiently great, he was walking one day by the river, sketching with his stick upon the sand, when he finally hit upon one which pleased him so much that he exclaimed, "This shall be the plan!" "I will show you a better one than that!" said a voice suddenly behind him, and a certain black gentleman who figures in many German legends stood by him, and pulled from his pocket a roll containing the present plan of the Cathedral. The architect, amazed at its grandeur, asked an explanation of every part. As he knew his soul was to be the price of it, he occupied himself, while the devil was explaining, in committing its proportions carefully to memory. Having done this, he remarked that it did not please him and he would not take it. The devil, seeing through the cheat, exclaimed in his rage: "You may build your Cathedral according to this plan, but you shall never finish it!" This prediction seems likely to be verified, for though it was commenced in 1248, and continued for 250 years, only the choir and nave and one tower to half its proposed height, are finished.

We visited the chapel of the Eleven Thousand Virgins, the walls of which are full of curious grated cells containing their bones, and then threaded the narrow streets of Cologne, which are quite dirty enough to justify Coleridge's lines:

"The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash the city of Cologne;
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE RHINE TO HEIDELBERG.

In Heidelberg—The Star Hotel at Bonn—Passing the Drachenfels—Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein—The Charms of the Rhine—Lurlei Rock and its Echo—A Rainbow at Oberwesel—Mayence—Ride to Frankfort—Hunting an Address—Mr. Richard S. Willis—The Festival at Darmstadt—Scenery of the Bergstrasse—German Peasants—Fellow Passengers—Heidelberg at Sunset—A Resting Place.

HEIDELBERG, *August* 30, 1844.

HERE at last! and a charming place it is. This is our first morning in our new rooms, and the sun streams warmly in the eastern windows, as I write, while the old castle rises through the blue vapor on the side of the Kaiserstuhl. The Neckar rushes on below; and the Odenwald, before me, rejoices with its vineyards in the morning light. The bells of the old chapel near us are sounding most musically, and a confused sound of voices and the rolling of vehicles comes up from the street. It is a place to live in!

I must go back five or six days and take up the record of our journeyings at Bonn. We had been looking over Murray's infallible Handbook, and observed that he recommended the "Star" hotel in that city, as "the most mode-

rate in its prices of any on the Rhine;" so when the train from Cologne arrived and we were surrounded, in the darkness and confusion, by porters and valets, I called out: "*Hotel de l'Etoile d'Or!*" our baggage and ourselves were transferred to a stylish omnibus, and in five minutes we stopped under a brilliantly-lighted archway, where Mr. Joseph Schmidt received us with the usual number of smiles and bows bestowed upon untitled guests. We were furnished with neat rooms at the summit of the house, and then descended to the *salle à manger*. I found a folded note by my plate, which I opened. It contained an engraving of the front of the hotel, a plan of the city and catalogue of its lions, together with a list of the titled personages who have, from time to time, honored the "Golden Star" with their custom. Among this number were "Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, Prince Albert," etc. Had it not been for fatigue, I should have spent an uneasy night, thinking of the heavy bill which was to be presented on the morrow. We escaped, however, for seven francs apiece, three of which were undoubtedly for the honor of breathing an aristocratic atmosphere.

I was glad when we were really in motion on the swift Rhine, the next morning, and nearing the chain of mountains that arose before us. We passed Godesberg on the right, while on our left was the group of the Seven Mountains which extend back from the Drachenfels to the Wolkenberg, or Castle of the Clouds. Here we begin to enter the enchanted land. The Rhine sweeps around the foot of the Drachenfels, while the precipitous rock of Rolandseck opposite, crowned with the castle of the faithful knight, looks

down upon the beautiful island of Nonnenwerth, the white walls of the convent still gleaming through the trees, as they gleamed when the warrior's weary eyes looked upon them for the last time. I shall never forget the enthusiasm with which I saw this scene in the bright, warm sunlight, the rough crags softened in the haze which filled the atmosphere, and the wild mountains springing up in the midst of vineyards, and crowned with crumbling towers, haunted with the memories of a thousand years.

After passing Andernach, we saw in the distance the highlands of the middle Rhine, which rise above Coblentz, guarding the entrance to its wild scenery, and the mountains of the Moselle. They parted as we approached; from the foot shot up the spires of Coblentz, and the battlements of Ehrenbreitstein crowning the mountain opposite, grew larger and broader. The air was slightly hazy, and the clouds were laboring among the distant mountains to raise a storm. As we came opposite the mouth of the Moselle and under the shadow of the mighty fortress, I gazed up with awe at its massive walls. Apart from its magnitude and almost impregnable situation on a perpendicular rock, it is filled with the recollections of history and hallowed by the voice of poetry. The scene went past like a panorama, the bridge of boats opened, the city glided behind us and we entered the highlands again.

Above Coblentz almost every mountain has a ruin and a legend. One feels everywhere the spirit of the Past, and its stirring recollections come back upon the mind with irresistible force. I sat upon the deck the whole afternoon, as mountains, towns and castles passed by on either side, watch

ing them with a feeling of the most enthusiastic enjoyment. Every place was familiar to me in memory, and they seemed like friends I had long communed with in spirit and now met face to face. The English tourists, with whom the deck was covered, seemed interested too, but in a different manner. With Murray's Handbook open in their hands, they sat and read about the very towns and towers they were passing, scarcely lifting their eyes to the real scenes, except now and then, to observe that it was "*very nice.*"

As we passed Boppart, I sought out the Inn of the "Star," mentioned in "Hyperion;" there was a maiden sitting on the steps who might have been Paul Flemming's fair boat-woman. The clouds which had here gathered among the hills, now came over the river, and the rain cleared the deck of its crowd of admiring tourists. As we were approaching Lurlei Berg, I did not go below, and so enjoyed some of the finest scenery on the Rhine alone. The mountains approach each other at this point, and the Lurlei Rock rises up for six hundred feet from the water. This is the haunt of the water nymph, Lurlei, or Loreley, whose song charmed the ear of the boatman while his barque was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. It is also celebrated for its remarkable echo. As we passed between the rocks, a guard, who has a little house built on the road-side, blew a flourish on his bugle, which was instantly answered by a blast from the rocky battlements of Lurlei. The German students have a witty trick with this echo: they call out, "Who is the Burgomaster of Oberwesel?" a town just above. The echo answers with the last syllable "Esel!" which is the German for *ass.*

The sun came out of the clouds as we passed Oberwesel, with its tall round tower, and the light shining through the ruined arches of Schönberg castle, made broad bars of light and shade in the still misty air. A rainbow sprang up out of the Rhine, and lay brightly on the mountain side, coloring vineyard and crag, in the most singular beauty, while its second reflection faintly arched like a glory above the high summits. In the bed of the river were the seven countesses of Schönberg, turned into seven rocks for their cruelty and hard-heartedness towards the knights whom their beauty had made captive. In front, at a little distance was the castle of Pfalz, in the middle of the river, and from the heights above Caub frowned the crumbling citadel of Gutenfels. Imagine all this, and tell me if it is not a picture whose memory should last a life-time!

We came at last to Bingen, the southern gate of the Highlands. Here on an island in the middle of the stream, is the old Mouse Tower where Bishop Hatto of Mayence was eaten up by the rats for his wicked deeds. Passing Rüdesheim and Geissenheim, celebrated for their wines, at sunset, we watched the varied shore in the growing darkness, till, like a line of stars across the water, we saw before us the bridge of Mayence

The next morning I parted from my friends, who were going to Heidelberg by way of Mannheim, and set out alone for Frankfort. The cars passed through Hochheim, whose wines are celebrated all over the world; but there is little to interest the traveller until he arrives at Frankfort, whose spires are seen rising from the groves of trees as he approaches. I left the cars unchallenged for my passport

greatly to my surprise, as it had cost me a long walk and five shillings in London, to get the signature of the Frankfort Consul I learned afterwards that it was not at all necessary. Before leaving America, Mr. N. P. Willis had kindly given me a letter to his brother, Richard S. Willis, who is now cultivating a naturally fine taste for music in Frankfort, and my first care was to find the American Consul, in order to learn his residence. I discovered at last from a gentleman who spoke a little French, that the Consul's office was in the street *Bellevue*, which street I not only looked for through the city, but crossed over the bridge to the suburb of Sachsenhausen, and traversed its narrow, dirty alleys three several times, but in vain. I was about giving up the search, when I stumbled upon the office accidentally. The name of the street had been given to me in French, and very naturally it was not to be found. Mr. Willis received me very kindly, and introduced me to the amiable German family with whom he resides.

After spending a delightful evening with my newly-found friends, I left the next morning in the omnibus for Heidelberg. Four hours' driving over the monotonous plain brought me to Darmstadt. The city wore a gay look, left by the recent *fêtes*. The monument of the old Duke Ludwig had just been erected in the centre of the great square, and the festival attendant upon the unveiling of it, which lasted three days, had just closed. The city was hung with garlands, and the square filled with the pavilions of the royal family and the musicians, of whom there were a thousand present, while every where were seen red and white flags—the colors of Darmstadt. We met wagons decorated

with garlands, full of peasant girls in the odd dress which they have worn for three hundred years.

After leaving Darmstadt we entered upon the Bergstrasse, or Mountain-way, leading along the foot of the mountain chain which extends all the way to Heidelberg on the left, while on the right stretches far away the Rhine-plain, across which we saw the dim outline of the Donnersberg, in France. The hills are crowned with castles and their sides loaded with vines; along the road the rich green foliage of the walnut trees arched and nearly met above us. The sun shone warm and bright, and every body appeared busy and contented and happy. All whom we met had smiling countenances. In some places we saw whole families sitting under the trees shelling the nuts they had beaten down, while others were returning from the vineyards, laden with baskets of purple and white grapes. The scene realized all I had read of the happiness of the German peasantry, and the pastoral beauty of the German plains. With the passengers in the omnibus I could hold little conversation. One, who knew about as much French as I did, asked me where I came from, and I shall not forget the expression of incredulity, as I mentioned America. "Why," said he, "you are white—the Americans are all black!"

We passed the ruined castles of Auerbach and Starkenburg, and Burg Windeck, formerly one of the royal residences of Charlemagne, and finally came to the Heiligenberg or Holy Mountain, guarding the entrance to the valley of the Neckar. The sun was just setting as the ponderous vehicle rounded the foot of the mountain, and Heidelberg—the brave, romantic, beautiful old electoral city—lay spread out

before me on the opposite side of the river. Far above it rose the wooded Kaiserstuhl, midway down whose side hung the massive bastions, terraces and roofless halls of the famous Castle. Heavy masses of ivy hung from its arches, and overran the quaint sculpture of its walls, while the foliage of its gardens was visible behind, deep in the shadow of the mountain. A faint yellow glow trembled over the pines and birches on the top of the Kaiserstuhl, and kept the clear blue on the distant hills up the Neckar. Down the steep paths of the Holy Mountain, on our left, came the peasant-girls, with baskets on their heads, laden with the purple clusters of the Muscatel, and talking to each other gaily over garden walls. Careless students, pipe in hand, sauntered along the river bank, listening to the sweet evening chimes, rung first in the belfries of the town, and taken up like an echo, from village to village among the hills.

Looking forward to Heidelberg as a place for rest and quiet study, there was something peculiarly grateful and tranquillizing in the scene. To my eyes the scenery presented a mingling of the wild with the cultivated—of the pastoral with the grand—a combination so inspiring that I found it difficult to keep my enthusiasm within proper bounds. From the river-bank, above the bridge, cannon were firing a closing salute for the Grand Duke's birth-day, the sound crashing from hill to hill, far away into the Odenwald. The German passengers in the omnibus were highly gratified by my delight, for they were proud of Heidelberg. By good luck, my friends, who had arrived the day before,

happened to be passing up the main street, when the vehicle stopped and took me at once to their temporary quarters at the Badischer Hof.

CHAPTER X.

A MONTH AT HEIDELBERG.

Rooms in Heidelberg—The Landlady—View from our Window—The Valley of the Neckar—Heidelberg Castle—The Towers—The Great Tun—The Wolfsbrunnen—An Afternoon Party—Ascent of the Heiligenberg—The Pastor of Zeigelhausen—The University Library—A Wedding—Conscripts—German Cookery and Customs—The Melibochus—The Sea of Rocks—The Giant's Column—Return.

HEIDELBERG, *September* 30, 1844.

THE day after my arrival here, by the help of a *valet de place*, who spoke a few words of English, we obtained three rooms in a large house overhanging the Neckar. We pay for them, with attendance, thirty florins—about twelve dollars—a month, and Frau Dr. Grosch, our polite and talkative landlady, gives us a student's breakfast—coffee and biscuit—for about seven cents apiece. We are often much amused to hear her endeavors to make us understand. As if to convey her meaning better, she raises both thumbs and forefingers to her mouth and pulls out the words like a long string; while her tongue goes so fast that it keeps my mind always on a painful stretch to comprehend an expression here and there. Dr. S——, from whom we take lessons in

German, has kindly consented to our dining with his family for the sake of practice in speaking. The language is fast growing familiar, since women are the principal teachers.

Opposite to my window rises the Heiligenberg, on the other side of the Neckar. The lower part of it is rich with vineyards, and many cottages are embosomed in shrubbery among them. Sometimes we see groups of maidens standing under the grape arbors, and every morning the peasant women go toiling up the steep paths with baskets on their heads, to labor among the vines. On the Neckar below us, the fishermen glide about in their boats, sink their square nets fastened to long poles, and haul them up with the glit tering fish, of which the stream is full. I often lean out of the window late at night, when the mountains above are wrapped in dusky obscurity, and listen to the low, musical ripple of the river. It tells to my excited fancy a knightly legend of the old German time. Then comes the bell, rung for closing the inns, breaking the spell with its deep clang, which vibrates far away on the night air, and wakes all the echoes of the Odenwald. I then shut the window, turn into the narrow box which the Germans call a bed, and in a few minutes am wandering in America. Half way up the Heiligenberg runs a beautiful walk, dividing the vineyards from the forest above. This is called the Philosopher's Way, because it was the favorite ramble of the old Profes- sors of the University. It can be reached by a toilsome, winding path among the vines, called the Snake-way, and when one has ascended to it he is well rewarded by the lovely view. In the evening, when the sun is behind the mountain, it is delightful to sit on the stone steps and watch

the golden light creeping up the side of the Kaiserstuhl, until at last twilight begins to darken in the valley and a mantle of mist gathers above the river.

The valley of the Neckar is narrow, and only the little slopes which here and there lie between the feet of its wooded mountains are capable of cultivation. Higher up, there are glens and meadows of luxuriant grass, to which the peasants drive their cattle; further still, it is barren and rocky, and upon the summits rests a solitude as complete as upon the unsettled prairies of the West. An hour's walk takes one from the busy streets of the little city to this beautiful and lonely region, and the stranger may explore the paths he finds leading far away among the hills, for weeks together. The people of Heidelberg are rich in places of pleasure and amusement. From the Carl Platz, an open square at the upper end of the city, two paths lead directly up to the castle. By the first walk we ascend a flight of steps to the western gate, passing through which, we enter a delightful garden, between the outer walls of the Castle, and the huge moat which surrounds it. Great linden, oak and beech trees shadow the walks, and in secluded nooks, little mountain streams spring from the side of the wall into stone basins. There is a tower over the moat on the south side, next the mountain, where the portcullis still hangs with its sharp teeth as it was last drawn up; on each side two grim knights guard the entrance. In one of the wooded walks is an old tree brought from America in the year 1618. It is an *arbor vitæ*, uncommonly tall and slender for one of this species; yet it does not seem to thrive well in a foreign soil. In the curve of the mountain is a handsome

pavilion, surrounded with beds of flowers and fountains: here all classes meet together in the afternoon to take refreshment in the shade, while frequently a fine band of music gives them their invariable recreation. The Germans enjoy life under all circumstances, and are a much happier people than we, who have far greater means of being so.

At the end of the terrace built for the Princess Elizabeth of England, is one of the round towers which was split in twain by the French. Half has fallen entirely away, and the other semicircular shell which joins the terrace and part of the Castle buildings, clings firmly together, although part of its foundation is gone, so that its outer ends actually hang in the air. Some idea of the strength of the castle may be obtained when I state that the walls of this tower are twenty-two feet thick, and that a staircase has been made through them to the top, where one can sit under the lindens growing upon it, or look down from the end on the city below, with the pleasant consciousness that the great mass upon which he stands is only prevented from crashing down with him by the solidity of its masonry. On one side, joining the garden, the statue of the Archduke Louis, in his breastplate and flowing beard, looks out from among the ivy.

There is little to be seen about the Castle, except the walls themselves. The guide conducted us through passages, in which were heaped many of the enormous cannon balls received in sieges, to some chambers in the foundation. This was the oldest part of the Castle, built in the thirteenth century. We also visited the chapel, which is in a tolerable state of preservation. A kind of narrow bridge crosses it, over which we walked, looking down on the empty pulpit

and deserted shrines. We then went into the cellar to see the celebrated Tun. In a large vault are kept several enormous hogsheads, one of which is three hundred years old, but they are nothing in comparison with the tun, which itself fills a whole vault. It is as high as a common two-story house ; on the top is a platform upon which the people used to dance after it was filled. It will contain 800 barrels of wine, but has been empty for fifty years.

Then there is the Wolfsbrunnen, which one reaches by a beautiful walk up the bank of the Neckar, to a quiet dell in the side of the mountain. Here a path wanders off by rustic mills, always in motion, and orchards laden with ripening fruit, to the commencement of the forest, where a quaint stone fountain stands, commemorating the abode of a sorceress of the olden time, who was torn in pieces by a wolf. There is a handsome rustic inn here, where every Sunday afternoon a band plays in the portico, while hundreds of people are scattered around in the cool shadow of the trees, or feeding the splendid trout in the basin formed by the little stream. They generally return to the city by a path along the mountain side, to the eastern terrace of the castle, where they have fine views of the great Rhine plain, terminated by the Alsatian hills, stretching along the western horizon like the long crested swells on the ocean. We can even see these from the windows of our room on the bank of the Neckar ; and I often look with interest on one sharp peak, for on its side stands the Castle of Trifels, where Cœur de Lion was imprisoned by the Duke of Austria.

A few days ago a party was formed by our German friends, and we spent an afternoon at the Wolfsbrunnen. Frau Dr

S——, who was always ready for any social undertaking had the management of the excursion, and directed us with the skill of a general. Fraülein Elise, her niece, a blooming maiden of sixteen, and Madame ———, a sprightly little widow from Mannheim, with Dr. S——, one or two students, and we Americans, were her subjects. The books, the cards, the guitar and music were distributed among those best able to carry them, and we finally started, without any particular order of march. German etiquette forbids a lady to take the arm of a male friend, unless she is betrothed to him : talking is allowed, fortunately.

As we climbed to the terraces of the castle, we could see the thread of the Rhine, in the distance, sparkling through the haze. The light air which came down the Neckar was fragrant with pine and the first falling leaves of summer trees. The vineyards below us were beginning to look crisp and brown, but hanging from stake to stake the vines were bent down by blue clusters, with the bloom still upon them. Troops of light-hearted students, children, blue-eyed and blond-haired, and contented citizens, were taking the same path, and like them, we forgot every thing but the sense of present happiness. We had a table spread upon the upper balcony of the inn, after our scattered forces returned from many a long ramble up the glen and out on the meadows. Frau Dr. S—— ordered a repast, and the "landlady's daughter"—not the sweet maid of Uhland's song, but a stout-armed and stout-waisted damsel—brought us a jar of curds, dripping with the cool water in which it had stood. A loaf of brown bread next made its appearance, followed by a stone jug of foaming beer, and two or three dishes of

those prune-tarts peculiar to Germany completed the fare. On the porch below us, two or three musicians played waltzes, and the tables around the fountain were filled with students, laughing, clinking their beer-glasses, or trolling some burschen chorus. Our own table did not lack the heartiest spirit of mirth; this could not be otherwise so long as Frau Dr. S—— sat at the head of it. The students were gay and full of life, and even Dr. S——, the most correct and studious of the party, was so far influenced by the spirit of the time, that he sang the "King of Thule" with more warmth than I had thought possible.

We ascended the Heiligenberg a few days ago. There is a path which leads through the forest, but we took the shortest way, directly up the side, although it was at an angle of nearly fifty degrees. It was hard work enough, scrambling through the thick broom and heather, and over stumps and stones. In one of the stone-heaps I dislodged a large orange-colored salamander, seven or eight inches long. They are sometimes found on these mountains, as well as a very large kind of lizard, which the Germans say is perfectly harmless, and if one whistles or plays a pipe, will come and play around him. The view from the top is similar to that from the Kaiserstuhl opposite, but on a smaller scale. Nestled at the base below us, was the little village of Handschuhheim, one of the oldest in this part of Germany. The castle of its former lords has nearly all fallen down, but the massive solidity of the walls which yet stand, proves its antiqnity. A few years ago, a part of the outer wall which was remarked to have a hollow sound was taken down, when a skeleton, clad in a suit of the old German

armor, fell from a deep niche built therein. We followed a road through the woods to the peak on which stand the ruins of St. Michael's chapel, which was built in the tenth century and inhabited for a long time by a sect of white monks. It had a wild and romantic look, and I sat on a rock and sketched at it, until night came on, when we got down the mountain the best way we could.

The village of Ziegelhausen, up the Neckar, with its grim old convent, gardens and cascades, and the delightful arbors of vine, reaching down to the very brink of the river, is another favorite place of resort. The pastor of its church, who is familiar with our German friends, frequently joins us in an afternoon walk, followed by a cup of tea in the garden of the inn, or a share in the games of the village children. The pastor is a most jovial, genial character; he sings very finely—indeed he is brother to the *primo tenore* in the Opera at Brunswick—and his wit is inexhaustible. His religion is as genuine as his cheerfulness; it is no gloomy asceticism, which looks on mirth as sin, but a joyous, affectionate, and abounding spirit, bright as God's sunshine, and as unconscious of its blessing. How happily pass our September afternoons, warmed by such true social feeling, and refreshed by all the kindly influences of nature! If a return like this to the simple joys of the child's heart be but obtained by the mature age of a nation, I could almost wish our own country might grow old speedily. The restless energy of Youth is still upon us. The nation overflows with active impulses, which fear nothing, and yield to nothing. We have not yet felt the need of Rest.

We lately visited the great University Library. You

walk through hall after hall, filled with books of all kinds, from the monkish manuscript of the middle ages, to the most elegant print of the present day. There is something to me more impressive in a library like this than a solemn Cathedral. I think involuntarily of the hundreds of mighty spirits who speak from these three hundred thousand volumes—of the toils and privations with which Genius has ever struggled, and of his glorious reward. As in a church, one feels as it were the presence of God; not because the place has been hallowed by His worship, but because all around stand the inspirations of His spirit, breathed through the mind of genius, to men.

A few nights ago there was a wedding of peasants across the river. The guests assembled at the house where it was given, by torchlight. The night was quite dark, and the bright red torches glowed on the surface of the Neckar, as the two couriers galloped along the banks to the bridegroom's house. Here, after much shouting and confusion, the procession was arranged, the two riders started back again with their torches, and the wagons containing the guests followed after, with their flickering lights glancing on the water, until they disappeared around the foot of the mountain. The choosing of conscripts also took place lately. The law requires one person out of every hundred to become a soldier, and this, in the city of Heidelberg, amounts to nearly 150 recruits. It was a sad spectacle. The young men, or rather boys, who were chosen, went about the city with cockades fastened on their hats, shouting and singing, many of them quite intoxicated. Many were rough, ignorant peasants, to whom nearly any kind of life

would be agreeable; but there were some whose countenances spoke otherwise, and I thought involuntarily that their drunken gaiety was only affected to conceal their repugnance to the lot which had fallen upon them.

We are gradually becoming accustomed to the German style of living, which is very different from our own. Their cookery is new to us, but is nevertheless palatable. We have every day a different kind of soup, so that I have supposed they keep a regular list of three hundred and sixty-five, one for every day in the year! Then we have potato salad, veal flavored with orange peel, barley pudding, boiled artichokes, and rye bread, in loaves a yard long. Nevertheless, we thrive on such diet, and I have rarely enjoyed more sound and refreshing sleep than in the narrow and coffin-like beds, uncomfortable as they seem. Many of the German customs are amusing. We never see oxen working here, but always cows, sometimes a single one in a cart, and sometimes two fastened together by a yoke across their horns. The women labor constantly in the fields, and from our window we can hear the nut-brown maidens singing their cheerful songs among the vineyards on the mountain side. Their costume, too, is odd enough. Below the tight-fitting vest they wear such a number of short skirts, one above another, that it reminds one of an animated hogshead, with a head and shoulders starting out from the top. I have heard it gravely asserted that the wealth of a German damsel may be known by counting the number of her kirtles. An acquaintance of mine remarked, that it would be an excellent costume for falling down a precipice.

We have just returned from a second visit to Frankfort,

where the great annual fair filled the streets with noise and bustle. On our return, we stopped at the village of Zwingenberg, which lies at the foot of the Melibochus, for the purpose of visiting some of the scenery of the Odenwald. Passing the night at the inn there, we slept with one bed under us and two above, and started early in the morning to climb up the side of the Melibochus. After a long walk through the forests, which were beginning to change their summer foliage for a brighter garment, we reached the summit and ascended the stone tower which stands upon it. This view gives one a better idea of the Odenwald, than that from the Kaiserstuhl at Heidelberg. In the soft autumn atmosphere it looked even more beautiful. After an hour in that heaven of uplifted thought, into which we step from the mountain-top, our minds went with the path downward to the earth, and we descended the eastern side into the wild region which contains the *Felsenmeer*, or Sea of Rocks.

We met on the way a student from Fulda—a fine specimen of that free-spirited class, and a man whose smothered aspiration was betrayed in the flashing of his eye, as he spoke of the present painful and oppressed condition of Germany. We talked so busily together that without noticing the path, which had been bringing us on, up hill and down, through forest and over rock, we came at last to a halt in a valley among the mountains. Making inquiries there, we found we had gone wrong, and must ascend again by a different path. Near the summit of the mountain, in a wild pine wood, was the Felsenmeer—a great collection of rocks heaped together like pebbles on the sea shore, and worn and rounded as if by the action of water. So much

do they resemble waves, that one who stands at the bottom and looks up, cannot resist the idea, that they will flow down upon him. It must have been a mighty tide whose receding waves left these masses piled together. The same formation continues at intervals, to the foot of the mountains. A little higher up, lies a massive block of granite called the "Giant's Column." It is thirty-two feet long and three or four feet in diameter, and still bears the mark of the chisel. When or by whom it was made remains a mystery. Some have supposed it was intended to be erected for the worship of the Sun, by the wild Teutonic tribes who inhabited this forest; it is more probably the work of the Romans. A project was once started, to erect it as a monument on the battle-field of Leipsic, but it was found too difficult to carry into execution.

After dining at the little village of Reichelsdorf in the valley below, where the merry landlord charged my friend two kreutzers less than myself because he was not so tall, we visited the Castle of Schönberg, and joined the Bergstrasse again. We returned to Heidelberg on foot the same evening, but long before we arrived, the moon shone down on us over the mountains, and when we turned around the foot of the Heiligenberg, the mist descending in the valley of the Neckar, rested like a light cloud on the church spires.

CHAPTER XI.

A WALK THROUGH THE ODENWALD.

Removal to Frankfort—A German Parting—Twilight on the Mountains—The Inn of Elsbach—A Frosty Morning—A Village Fair—The Castle of Erbach—Historical Armor—An Antiquarian Theft—Curiosity of the Peasants—Castle of the Wild Huntsman—An Old Peasant—The Emigrant Family.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE, *Oct.* 25, 1844.

I AM now comfortably settled for the winter in this stately old city, having emigrated hither from Heidelberg three weeks ago. My friend B—— and I, through the assistance of Mr. Richard Willis, have obtained quarters with the amiable family with whom he has been residing for two years past. We find that the cost of living is somewhat less here than in Heidelberg, and hope to see more of the domestic and social life of Germany. My cousin, who desires to attend the winter course of lectures at the University, remains at the latter place.

Having forwarded our baggage by the omnibus, we came hither on foot, through the heart of the Odenwald, a region full of interest, yet little visited by travellers. Dr. S—— and his family walked with us three or four miles of the

way, and on a hill above Ziegelhausen, with a splendid view behind us, through the mountain-door out of which the Neckar enters on the Rhine-plain, we parted. This was a first, and I must confess, a somewhat embarrassing experience of German leave-taking. After bidding adieu three or four times, we started to go up the mountain and they down it, but at every second step we had to turn around to acknowledge the waving of hands and handkerchiefs which continued as long as we were in sight. We descended on the other side into a wild and romantic valley, whose meadows were of the brightest green; a little brook which wound through them, put now and then its silvery shoulder to the wheel of a rustic mill. By the road-side two or three wild-looking gipsies sat around a fire, with some goats feeding near them.

Passing through this valley and the little village of Schönau, we commenced ascending one of the loftiest ranges of the Odenwald. The side of the mountain was covered with a thick pine forest. There was no wind to wake its solemn anthem; all was calm and majestic, and even awful. The trees rose all around like the pillars of a vast Cathedral, whose long arched aisles vanished far below in the deepening gloom. We went on and up and ever higher; the beech and dwarf oak took the place of the pine, and at last we arrived at a cleared summit whose long brown grass waved desolately in the dim light of evening. A faint glow still lingered over the forest hills, but down in the valley the dusky shades hid every vestige of life, though its sounds came up softened through the long space. When we reached the top, a bright planet stood like a diamond over the

brow of the eastern hill, and the sound of a twilight bell came up clearly and sonorously on the cool, damp air. The white veil of mist slowly descended the mountain side, but the peaks rose above it like the wrecks of a world floating in space. We made our way in the dusk down the long path, to the rude little dorf of Elsbach. I asked at the first inn for lodging, and we were ushered into a great room, in which a number of girls who had been at work in the fields, were assembled. They were all dressed in cloth jackets and short gowns, and some had their hair streaming down their backs. The landlord's daughter, however, was a beautiful girl, whose modest, delicate features contrasted greatly with the coarse faces of the others. I thought of Uhland's beautiful little poem of "The Landlady's Daughter," as I looked on her. In the room hung two or three pair of antlers, and they told us deer were still plenty in the forests.

When we left the village the next morning, we again commenced ascending. Over the whole valley and half way up the mountain, lay a thick white frost, almost like snow, which, contrasted with the green trees and bushes scattered over the meadows, produced the most singular effect. We plucked blackberries ready iced from the bushes by the road-side, and went on in the cold, for the sun shone only on the top of the opposite mountain, into another valley down which rushed the rapid Ulver. At a little village which bears the beautiful name of *Anteschönmattenwag*, we took a foot-path directly over a steep mountain to the village of Finkenbach Near the top I found two wild-looking children, cutting grass with knives, both of whom I prevailed

upon for a few kreutzers to stand and let me sketch them. From the summit the view on the other side was very striking. The hills were covered with wood, and not a dwelling in sight. It reminded me of our forest scenery at home, except that the trees were much smaller.

At length, after scaling another mountain, we reached a wide, elevated plain, in the middle of which stood the old dorf of Beerfelden. It was then crowded with people, on account of a great cattle-fair being held there. All the farmers of the neighborhood were assembled, clad in the ancient country costume—broad cocked hats and blue frocks. An orchard near the town was filled with cattle and horses, and near by, in the shade, a number of pedlars had arranged their wares. The cheerful looking country people touched their hats to us as we passed. This custom of greeting travellers, universal in Germany, is very expressive of their social, friendly manners. Among the mountains, we frequently met groups of children who sang together their simple ballads as we passed by.

From Beerfelden we passed down the valley of the Mimling to Erbach, the principal city in the Odenwald, where we halted a short time to view the Rittersaal in the old family castle of the Counts of Erbach. An officer, who stood at the gates, conducted us to the door, where we were received by a noble-looking, gray-headed steward. He took us into the Rittersaal at once, which was like stepping back three hundred years. The stained windows of the lofty Gothic hall let in a subdued light, which fell on the forms of kings and knights, clad in the armor they wore during life. On the left as we entered, were mail-covered

figures of John and Cosmo de Medici; further on stood the Emperor Maximilian, and by his side the celebrated dwarf who was served up in a pie at one of the imperial feasts. His armor was most delicate and beautiful, but small as it was, Tom Thumb would have room to spare in it. Gustavus Adolphus and Wallenstein looked down from the neighboring pedestals, while at the other end stood Goetz von Berlichingen and Albert of Brunswick. The steward told me that the iron hand of Goetz was in possession of the family, but not shown to strangers; he pointed out, however, the buckles on the armor, by which it was fastened. Adjoining the hall is an antique chapel, filled with rude old tombs, and containing the sarcophagus of Count Eginhard of Denmark, who lived about the tenth century. There were also monkish garments five hundred years old hanging up in it.

The collection of antiquities is large and interesting; but it is said that the old Count obtained some of them in rather a questionable manner. Among other incidents they relate that when in Rome he visited the Pope, taking with him an old servant who accompanied him in all his travels, and was the accomplice in most of his antiquarian thefts. In one of the outer halls, among the curiosities, was an antique shield of great value. The servant was left in this hall while the Count had his audience, and in a short time this shield was missed. The servant, who wore a long cloak, was missed also; orders were given to close the gates and search every body, but it was too late—the thief was gone.

Leaving Erbach we found out the direction of Snellert, the castle of the Wild Huntsman, and took a road that led us for two or three hours along the top of a mountain ridge.

Through the openings in the pine and larch forests, we had glimpses of the hills of Spessart, beyond the Main. When we finally left the by-road we had chosen it was quite dark, and we missed the way altogether among the lanes and meadows. We came at last to a full stop at the house of a farmer, who guided us by a foot-path over the fields to a small village. On entering the only inn, kept by the Burgomaster, the people, on finding we were Americans, regarded us with a curiosity quite uncomfortable. They crowded around the door, watching every motion, and gazed in through the windows. The wild huntsman himself could scarcely have made a greater sensation. The news of our arrival seemed to have spread very fast, for the next morning when we stopped at a prune orchard some distance from the village to buy some fruit, the farmer cried out from a tree, "they are the Americans; give them as many as they want for nothing!"

With the Burgomaster's little son for a guide, we went back a mile or two of our route to Snellert, which we had passed the night before, and after losing ourselves two or three times in the woods, arrived at last at the top of the mountain, where the ruins of the castle stand. The walls are nearly level with the ground. The interest of a visit rests entirely on the romantic legend, and the wild view over the hills around. On the opposite mountain are the ruins of Rodenstein, to which the wild Huntsman was wont to ride at midnight—where he now rides no more. The echoes of Rodenstein are no longer awakened by the sound of his bugle, and the hoofs of his demon steed clanging on the battlements. But the hills around are wild enough, and

the roar of the pine forests deep enough to have inspired the simple peasants with the romantic tradition.

Stopping for dinner at the town of Rheinheim, we met an old man, who, on learning we were Americans, walked with us as far as the next village. He had a daughter in America, and was highly gratified to meet any one from the country of her adoption. He made me promise to visit her, if I ever should go to St. Louis, and say that I had walked with her father from Rheinheim to Zwangenburg. To satisfy his fears lest I might forget it, I took down his name and that of his daughter. He shook me warmly by the hand at parting, and was evidently made happier for that day.

We reached Darmstadt just in time to take a seat in the omnibus for Frankfort. Among the passengers were a Bavarian family, on their way to Bremen, whence they intended sailing for Texas. I endeavored to discourage the man from choosing such a country for his home, by telling him of the climate and the Indians, but he was too full of hope to be shaken in his purpose. I would have added that it was a slave-land, but I thought on our own country's curse, and was silent. The wife was not so sanguine; she seemed to mourn in secret at leaving her beautiful fatherland. It was saddening to think how lonely they would feel in that far home, and how they would long, with true German devotion, to look again on the green vintage-hills of their forsaken country. As night drew on, the little girl crept over to her father for his accustomed evening kiss, and then sank back to sleep in a corner of the wagon. The boy, in the artless confidence of childhood, laid his head on my breast, weary with the day's travel, and soon slept also.

Thus we drove on in the dark, till at length the lights of Frankfort glimmered on the breast of the rapid Main, as we passed over the bridge, and when we stopped near the Cathedral, I delivered up my little charge, and sent my sympathy with the wanderers on their lonely way.

CHAPTER XII.

RESIDENCE IN FRANKFORT.

Frankfort and its Associations—Our Quarters—Mr. Richard S. Willis—The Market-Women—Inauguration of the Statue of Goethe—The Streets of Frankfort—The Main Bridge—The Golden Cock—Weather—Baron Rothschild—The Promenades—Celebration of the Vintage—The Poet Freiligrath.

FRANKFORT, *December* 4, 1844.

THIS is a genuine old German city. Founded by Charlemagne, afterwards a rallying point of the Crusaders, and for a long time the capital of the German Empire, it has no lack of interesting historical recollections, and notwithstanding it is now fast becoming modernized, one is everywhere reminded of the Past. The Cathedral, old as the days of Peter the Hermit, the grotesque street of the Jews, the many quaint, antiquated dwellings and the mouldering watch-towers on the hills around, give it a more interesting character than any German city I have yet seen. The house we dwell in, on the Markt Platz, is more than two hundred years old; directly opposite is a great castellated building, gloomy with the weight of six centuries, and a few steps to the left brings me to the square of the Römerberg, where

the Emperors were crowned, in a corner of which is a curiously ornamented house, formerly the residence of Luther. There are legends innumerable connected with all these buildings, and even yet discoveries of secret chambers and staircases are frequently made in old houses. When you add to all this, the German love of ghost stories, and, indeed, their general belief in spirits, the lover of romance could not desire a more agreeable residence.

We have two rooms on the second floor, overlooking the crowded market, and commanding the top of the Römerberg. As in all old German houses, there are no carpets, and the furniture is of the simplest and plainest character. We take our meals with the family of Herr S——, of which, indeed, we now form a part, conforming in every respect to their habits, and sharing in all their social enjoyments. The difficulties of the language are at last overcome, and all the more familiar phrases of the hearty German tongue come as naturally to my lips as the corresponding English ones. I now read Hauff, and Uhland, and Schiller, without difficulty, and look forward to a winter of rich enjoyment, in the study of the great German authors. I pay Herr S——, twenty-five florins—about ten dollars—monthly, for all the privileges of a home, and thus, in spite of my diminishing funds, I am at least certain of knowing Germany and the Germans, before being obliged to return home.

Mr. Willis, whose society adds another pleasure to our sojourn here, has been in Frankfort since 1842, studying and preparing himself for the higher branches of musical composition. The talent he displayed while at college, and the success following the publication of a set of beautiful

waltzes he there composed, led him to choose this most difficult but lofty path. The result justifies his early promise, and gives the most sanguine anticipation for the future. He studied the first two years here under Schnyder von Wartensee, a distinguished Swiss composer; and his exercises have met with the warmest approval from Mendelssohn, at present the first German composer, and Rinck, the celebrated organist. The enormous labor and application required to go through the preparatory studies alone, would make it seem almost impossible for one with the restless energy of the American character, to undertake it; but as this very energy gives genius its greatest power, we may now trust with confidence that Mr. Willis, since he has nearly completed his studies, will win himself and his country honor in the difficult path he has chosen.

I often look out on the singular scene below my window. On both sides of the street, leaving barely room to enter the houses, sit the market-women, with their baskets of vegetables and fruit. The middle of the street is filled with female purchasers, and every cart or carriage that comes along, has to force its way through the crowd, sometimes rolling against and overturning the baskets at the sides, an occurrence which is always followed by a Babel of unintelligible sounds. The country-women in their jackets and short gowns go backwards and forwards with great loads on their heads, sometimes nearly as high as themselves. The market-women sit here from sunrise till sunset, day after day, for years. They have little furnaces for cooking and for warmth in winter, and when it rains they sit in large wooden boxes. One or two policemen are generally on the

ground in the morning to prevent their disputing about places, which often gives rise to grotesque scenes. Perhaps this kind of life in the open air is conducive to longevity; for certainly there is no country on earth that has as many old women. Many of them resemble walking machines made of leather; and to judge from what I see in the streets here, I should think they work until they die.

On the 21st of October a most interesting fête took place. The magnificent monument of Goethe, modelled by the sculptor Schwanthaler, at Munich, and cast in bronze, was unveiled. It arrived a few days before, and was received with much ceremony and erected in the destined spot, an open square in the western part of the city, planted with acacia trees. I went there at ten o'clock, and found the square already full of people. Seats had been erected around the monument for ladies, the singers and musicians. A company of soldiers was stationed to keep a vacant space for the procession, which at length arrived with music and banners, and entered the enclosure. A song for the occasion was sung by the choir with such perfect harmony and unity, that it seemed like some glorious instrument touched by a single hand. Then a poetical address was delivered, after which four young men took their stand at the corners of the monument; the drums and trumpets gave a flourish, and the mantle fell. The noble figure seemed to rise out of the earth, and thus amid shoutings and the triumphal peal of the band, the form of Goethe greeted the city of his birth. He is represented as leaning on the trunk of a tree, holding in his right hand a roll of parchment, and in his left a wreath. The pedestal, which is also of bronze, contains bas-reliefs,

representing scenes from Faust, Wilhelm Meister and Egmont. In the evening Goethe's house, in an adjoining street, was illuminated by arches of lamps between the windows, and hung with wreaths of flowers. Four pillars of colored lamps lighted the statue. At nine o'clock the choir of singers came again in a procession, with colored lanterns, and after singing two or three songs, the statue was exhibited in the red glare of the Bengal light. The trees and houses around the square were covered with the glow, which streamed in broad sheets up against the dark sky.

Within the walls the greater part of Frankfort is built in the old German style—the houses six or seven stories high, and every story projecting out over the other, so that those living in the attics can nearly shake hands out of the windows. At the corners one sometimes sees grotesque figures, bearing the projecting upper stories on their shoulders and making horrible faces at the weight. When I state that in all these narrow streets which constitute the greater part of the city, there are no sidewalks, while the windows of the lower stories have iron gratings extending a foot or so into the street, which is only wide enough for one cart to pass along, you can have some idea of the facility of walking through them, to say nothing of the piles of wood, and market-women with baskets of vegetables which one is continually stumbling over.

As I walked across the Main, and looked down at the swift stream on its way from the distant Thüringian forest to join the Rhine, I thought of the time when Schiller stood there in the days of his early struggles, an exile from his

native land, and looking over the bridge, said in the loneliness of his heart, "That water flows not so deep as my sufferings!" In the middle, on an iron ornament, stands the golden cock at which Goethe used to marvel when a boy. Perhaps you have not heard the legend connected with this. The bridge was built several hundred years ago with such strength and solidity that it will stand many hundred yet. The architect had contracted to build it within a certain time, but as it drew near, without any prospect of fulfilment, the devil appeared to him and promised to finish it, on condition of having the first soul that passed over it. This was agreed upon, and the devil performed his part of the bargain. The artist, however, on the day appointed, drove a cock across before he suffered any one to pass over it. His majesty stationed himself under the middle arch of the bridge, awaiting his prey; but enraged at the cheat, he tore the unfortunate fowl in pieces, and broke two holes in the arch, saying they should never be built up again. The golden cock was erected on the bridge as a token of the event, but the devil has perhaps lost some of his power in these latter days, for the holes were filled up about thirty years ago.

From the hills on the Darmstadt road, I had a view of the country around—the fields were white and bare, and the dark Taunus, with the broad patches of snow on his sides, looked grim and shadowy through the dim atmosphere. It was like the landscape of a dream—dark, strange, and silent. The whole of last month we saw the sun but two or three days, the sky being almost continually covered with a gloomy fog. England and Germany seem to have ex-

changed climates this year, for in the former country we had delightfully clear weather.

I have seen the banker Rothschild—Anselmo, the most celebrated of the brothers—several times driving about the city. He is a little, bald-headed man, with marked Jewish features, and is said not to deceive his looks. At any rate, his reputation is none of the best, either with Jews or Christians. A caricature was published some time ago, in which he is represented as giving a beggar woman by the wayside a kreutzer—the smallest German coin. She is made to exclaim, "God reward you a thousand fold!" He immediately replies, after reckoning up in his head, "How much have I then?—sixteen florins and forty kreutzers!"

One evening, after sunset, we took a stroll around the promenades. The swans were still floating on the little lake, and the American poplar beside it, was in its full autumn livery. As we made the circuit of the walks, guns were firing far and near, celebrating the opening of the vintage the next day, and rockets went glittering and sparkling up into the dark air. Notwithstanding the late hour and lowering sky, the walks were full of people, and we strolled about with them until it grew quite dark, watching the fireworks which arose from the gardens around. The next day we went into the Frankfort wood. A party of six Americans (all who are now in Frankfort), we walked over the Main and through the dirty suburbs of Sachsenhausen, where we met with many peasants laden with the first day's vintage, and crowds of people coming down from the vineyards. As we ascended the hill, the sound of muskets was heard in every direction, and from many vineyards arose

the smoke of fires, where groups of merry children were collecting and burning the rubbish. We became lost among the winding paths of the pine forest, so that by the time we came out upon the eminence overlooking the valley of the Main, it was quite dark. From every side, far and near, rockets of all sizes and colors darted high up into the sky. We stopped under a garden wall, by which a laughing company were assembled in the smoke and red blaze, and watched several comets go hissing and glancing far above us. The cracking of ammunition still continued, and when we came again upon the bridge, the city opposite was lighted as if illuminated. The full moon had just risen, softening and mellowing the beautiful scene, while beyond, over the towers of Frankfort, rose and fell the meteors that heralded the vintage.

Since I have been in Frankfort, an event has occurred, which shows very distinctly the principles at work in Germany, and gives us some foreboding of the future. Ferdinand Freiligrath, one of the most popular living poets, has within a few weeks published a volume of poems entitled "My Confessions of Faith, or Poems for the Times." It contains some thrilling appeals to the free spirit of the German people, setting forth the injustice under which they labor, in simple but powerful language, and with the most forcible illustrations, adapted to the comprehension of every one. Viewed as a work of genius alone, it is strikingly powerful and original: but when we consider the effect it is producing among the people—the strength it will add to the rising tide of opposition to every form of tyranny, it has a still higher interest. Freiligrath had, three or four years

before, received a pension of three hundred thalers from the King of Prussia, soon after his accession to the throne: he ceased to draw this about a year ago, stating in the preface to his volume that it was accepted in the belief that the King would adhere to his promise of giving the people a new Constitution, but that now, since time has proved there is no dependence to be placed on the King's word, he must speak for his people and for his land.

The book has not only been prohibited, but Freiligrath has exiled himself voluntarily, to escape imprisonment. He is now in Paris, where the poets Heine and Herwegh, both banished for the same reason, are living. The free spirit which characterizes these men, who come from among the people, shows plainly the tendency of the times; and it is only the great strength with which tyranny here has environed itself, combined with the proverbial apathy of the Germans, which has prevented a change ere this.

CHAPTER XIII.

A GLIMPSE OF STUDENT LIFE.

A Walk to Heidelberg—Winter Journey—*A Commers*—The Red Fisherman—The Hall of Assembly—The Students—Songs and Speeches—The Ceremony of the *Landsfather*—Gervinus and Schlosser—A Duel at Neuenheim—Its Result—Character of the Students.

RECEIVING a letter from my cousin one bright December morning, the idea of visiting him struck me, and so, within an hour, B—— and I were on our way to Heidelberg. It was delightful weather; the air was mild as the early days of spring, the pine forests around wore a softer green, and though the sun was but a hand's breadth high, even at noon, it was quite warm on the open road. We stopped for the night at Bensheim; and the next morning was as dark as a cloudy day in the north can be, wearing a heavy gloom I never saw elsewhere. The wind blew the snow down from the summits upon us, but being warm from walking, we did not heed it. The mountains looked higher than in summer, and the old castles more grim and frowning. From the hard roads and freezing wind, my feet became very sore, and

after limping along in excruciating pain for a league or two, I poured some brandy into my boots, which deadened the wounds so much, that I was enabled to go on in a kind of trot, which I kept up, only stopping ten minutes to dinner, until we reached Heidelberg. But I have not yet recovered from the lameness which followed this performance.

The same evening there was to be a general *commers*, or meeting of the societies among the students, and I determined not to omit witnessing one of the most interesting and characteristic features of student-life. So, borrowing a cap and coat, I looked the student well enough to pass for one of them, although the former article was somewhat of the *Philister* form. Baader, a young poet of some note, and president of the "Palatia" Society, having promised to take us to the Commers, we met at eight o'clock at an inn frequented by the students, and went to the rendezvous, near the Markt Platz.

A confused sound of voices came from the inn, as we drew near, and groups of students were standing around the door. In the entrance hall we saw the Red Fisherman, one of the most conspicuous characters about the University. He is a small, stout man, with bare neck and breast, red hair, whence his name, and a strange mixture of roughness and benevolence in his countenance. He has saved many persons at the risk of his own life, from drowning in the Neckar, and on that account is leniently dealt with by the faculty whenever he is arrested for assisting the students in any of their unlawful proceedings. Entering the room I could scarcely see at first, on account of the smoke that ascended from a hundred pipes. All was noise and confu-

sion. Near the door sat some half dozen musicians, who were getting their instruments ready for action, and the long room was filled with tables, all of which seemed to be full, yet the students were still pressing in. The tables were covered with great stone jugs and long beer glasses; the students were talking and shouting and drinking. One who appeared to have the arrangement of the meeting, found seats for us together, and having made a slight acquaintance with those sitting next us, we felt more at liberty to witness their proceedings. They were all talking in a sociable, friendly way, and I saw no one who appeared to be intoxicated. The beer was a weak mixture, which I should think would make one fall over from its weight, rather than its intoxicating properties. Those sitting near me drank but little, and that principally to make or return compliments. One or two at the other end of the table were more boisterous, and more than one glass was overturned upon their legs. Leaves containing the songs for the evening lay at each seat, and at the head, where the President sat, were two swords crossed, with which he occasionally struck upon the table to preserve order. Our President was a fine, romantic-looking young man, dressed in the old German costume,—black beaver and plume, and velvet doublet with slashed sleeves. I never saw in any company of young men, so many handsome, manly countenances. If their faces were any index of their characters, there were many noble, free souls among them. Nearly opposite to me sat a young poet, whose dark eyes flashed with feeling as he spoke to those near him. After some time passed in talking and drinking together, varied by an occasional air from the

musicians, the President beat order with the sword, and the whole company joined in one of their glorious songs, to a melody at the same time joyous and solemn. Swelled by so many manly voices it arose like a hymn of triumph —all other sounds were stilled. Three times during the singing all rose to their feet, clashed their glasses together around the tables and drank to their Fatherland, a health and blessing to the patriot, and honor to those who struggle in the cause of freedom.

After this song, the same order was continued as before, except that students from the different societies made short speeches, accompanied by some toast or sentiment. One spoke of Germany—predicting that all her dissensions would be overcome, and she would arise at last, like a phœnix, among the nations of Europe; and at the close gave "strong, united, regenerated Germany!" Instantly all sprang to their feet, and clashing the glasses together, gave a thundering "*hoch!*" This enthusiasm for their country is one of the strongest characteristics of the German students; they have ever been first in the field for her freedom, and on them mainly depends her future redemption.

Cloths were passed around, the tables wiped off, and preparations made to sing the "*Landsfather*," or consecration song. This is one of the most important and solemn of their ceremonies, since by performing it the new students are made *burschen*, and the bands of brotherhood continually kept fresh and sacred. All became still a moment, then commenced the lofty song:

"Silent bending, each one lending
To the solemn tones his ear,

Hark, the song of songs is sounding—
Back from joyful choir resounding,
Hear it, German brothers, hear!

"German proudly, raise it loudly,
Singing of your fatherland—
Fatherland! thou land of story,
To the altars of thy glory
Consecrate us, sword in hand!

"Take the beaker, pleasure seeker,
With thy country's drink brimmed o'er!
In thy left the sword is blinking,
Pierce it through the cap, while drinking
To thy Fatherland once more!"

With the first line of the last stanza, the Presidents sitting at the head of the table, take their glasses in their right hands, and at the third line, the sword in their left, at the end striking their glasses together and drinking.

"In left hand gleaming, thou art beaming,
Sword from all dishonor free!
Thus I pierce the cap, while swearing,
It in honor ever wearing,
I a valiant Bursch will be!"

They clash their swords together till the third line is sung, when each takes his cap, and piercing the point of the sword through the crown, draws it down to the guard. Leaving their caps on the swords, the Presidents stand behind the two next students, who go through the same ceremony, receiving the swords at the appropriate time, and giving them back loaded with their caps also. This cere-

mony is going on at every table at the same time. These two stanzas are repeated for every pair of students, till all have performed it, and the Presidents have arrived at the bottom of the table, with their swords strung full of caps. Here they exchange swords, while all sing:

"Come, thou bright sword, now made holy,
Of free men the weapon free;
Bring it solemnly and slowly,
Heavy with pierced caps, to me!
From its burden now divest it;
Brothers, be ye covered all,
And till our next festival,
Hallowed and unspotted rest it!

"Up, ye feast companions! ever
Honor ye our holy band!
And with heart and soul endeavor
E'er as high-souled men to stand!
Up to feast, ye men united!
Worthy be your fathers' fame,
And the sword may no one claim,
Who to honor is not plighted!"

Then each President, taking a cap off his sword, reaches it to the student opposite, and they cross their swords, the ends resting on the two students' heads, while they sing the next stanza:

"So take it back; thy head I now will cover
And stretch the bright sword over.
Live also then this Bursche, hoch!
Wherever we may meet him,
Will we, as Brother, greet him—
Live also this, our Brother, hoch!"

This ceremony was repeated till all the caps were given back, and they then concluded with the following:

"Rest, the Burschen-feast is over,
Hallowed sword, and thou art free!
Each one strive a valiant lover
Of his fatherland to be!
Hail to him, who, glory-haunted,
Follows still his fathers bold;
And the sword may no one hold
But the noble and undaunted!"

The Landsfather being over, the students were less orderly; the smoking and drinking began again, and we left, as it was already eleven o'clock, glad to breathe the pure cold air.

In the University I heard Gervinus, who was formerly professor in Göttingen, but was obliged to leave on account of his liberal principles. He is much liked by the students, and his lectures are very well attended. They had this winter a torchlight procession in honor of him. He is a stout, round-faced man, speaks very fast, and makes them laugh continually with his witty remarks. In the room I saw a son of Rückert, the poet, with a face strikingly like his father's. The next evening I went to hear Schlosser, the great historian. Among his pupils are the two princes of Baden, who are now at the University. He came hurriedly in, threw down his portfolio and began instantly to speak. He is an old, gray-headed man, but still active and full of energy. The Germans find him exceedingly difficult to understand, as the construction of his sentences is said to be English rather than German; for this reason, perhaps,

I understood him quite easily. He lectures on the French Revolution, but is engaged in writing a Universal History, the first numbers of which are published.

Two or three days after, we heard that a duel was to take place at Neuenheim, on the opposite side of the Neckar, where the students have a house hired for that purpose. In order to witness the spectacle, we started immediately with two or three students. Along the road were stationed old women, at intervals, as guards, to give notice of the approach of the police, and from these we learned that one duel had already been fought, and they were preparing for the other. The Red Fisherman was busy in an outer room grinding the swords, which are made as sharp as razors. In the large room some forty or fifty students were walking about, while the parties were preparing. This was done by taking off the coat and vest, and binding on a great thick leather garment, which reached from the breast to the knees, completely protecting the body. They then put on a leather glove reaching nearly to the shoulder, tied a thick cravat around the throat, and donned a cap with a large vizor. This done, they were walked about the room a short time, the seconds holding out their arms to strengthen them ; their faces all this time betrayed considerable anxiety.

All being ready, the seconds took their stations immediately behind them, each armed with a sword, and gave the words: "*ready—bind your weapons—loose!*" They instantly sprang at each other, exchanged two or three blows, when the seconds cried "halt!" and struck their swords up. Twenty-four rounds of this kind ended the duel, without either being hurt, though the cap of one of them was

cut through and his forehead grazed. All their duels do not end so fortunately, however, as the frightful scars on the faces of many of those present testified. It is a gratification to know that but a small portion of the students keep up this barbarous custom. In Heidelberg, four societies, comprising more than one half the students, have been formed to discontinue it. A strong desire for such a reform seems to prevail, and the custom will probably be totally discontinued in a short time.

This view of the student-life was very interesting to me; it appeared in a much better light than I had been accustomed to regard it. Their peculiar customs, except duelling and excessive drinking, of course, may be the better tolerated when we consider the stand which they have taken for the liberty of Germany. It is principally through them that a free spirit is kept alive; they have ever been foremost to rise up for their Fatherland, and bravest in its defence. And though many of their customs have so often been held up to ridicule, among no other class can one find warmer, truer, or braver hearts.

CHAPTER XIV.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR IN GERMANY.

Expenses of the First Six Months Abroad—Prospects for the Future—Christmas in Germany—The Christmas Booths—Visit of St. Nicholas—Preparations for Christmas—Excitement among the Children—Christmas Eve—The Christmas Tree—Poetry of the Festival—Welcome to the New Year—Scene in the Streets.

FRANKFORT, *January* 2, 1845.

I have lately been computing how much my travels have cost me up to the present time, and how long I can remain abroad to continue the pilgrimage, with my present expectations. The result has been most encouraging to my plan. Before leaving home, I wrote to several gentlemen who had visited Europe, asking the probable expense of travel and residence abroad. They sent different accounts; one said I must calculate to spend at least $1500 a year; another suggested $1000, and the most moderate of all, said that it was *impossible* to live in Europe a year on less than $500. Now, six months have elapsed since I left home—six months of greater pleasure and profit than any two years of my former life—and my expenses, in full, amount to $130! The sum with which I left home will soon be

exhausted, it is true, but as the letters which I have sent to the *Gazette* and *Post* have proved acceptable, I trust to receive a remittance shortly, in continuance of the engagement. I find that it would be almost useless for me to endeavor to obtain employment as a printer, as the wages are comparatively small, and the trade is overstocked with workmen. Besides, after a tough grapple, I am just beginning to feel at home in German literature, and am so fascinated with the wonderful field it opens to me, that I would rather undergo considerable privation than give up my regular hours of daily study.

We have lately witnessed the most beautiful and interesting of all German festivals—Christmas—which is celebrated in a style truly characteristic of the people. About the commencement of December, the Christmarkt, or fair, was opened in the Römerberg, and has continued to the present time. The booths, decorated with green boughs, were filled with toys of various kinds, among which, during the first days, the figure of St. Nicholas was conspicuous. There were bunches of wax candles to illuminate the Christmas tree, gingerbread with printed mottoes in poetry, beautiful little earthenware, basket-work, and a wilderness of playthings. The fifth of December, being Nicholas evening, the booths were lighted up, and the square was filled with boys, running from one stand to another, all shouting and talking together in the most joyous confusion. Nurses were going around, carrying the smaller children in their arms, and parents bought presents decorated with sprigs of pine and carried them away. Some of the shops exhibited very beautiful toys, as for instance, a whole grocery store in

miniature, with barrels, boxes, and drawers, filled with sweetmeats, a kitchen with a stove and all suitable utensils, which could readily be used, and sets of dishes of the most diminutive patterns.

Many of the tables had bundles of rods with gilded bands, which were to be used that evening by the persons who represented St. Nicholas. In the family with whom we reside, one of our German friends dressed himself very grotesquely, with a mask, fur robe, and long tapering cap He came in with a bunch of rods, a sack, and a broom for a sceptre. After we all had received our share of the beating, he threw the contents of his bag on the table, and while we were scrambling for the nuts and apples, gave us many smart raps over the fingers. In many families the children are made to say, "I thank you, Herr Nicholas," and the rods are hung up in the room until Christmas, to keep them in good behavior. This was only a forerunner of the Christ-kindchen's coming. The Nicolaus is the punishing spirit, the Christ-kindchen the rewarding one.

When this time was over, we all began preparing secretly our presents for Christmas. Every day there were consultations about the things which should be obtained. It was so arranged that all should interchange presents, but nobody must know beforehand what he would receive. What pleasure there was in all these secret purchases and preparations! Scarcely anything was thought or spoken of but Christmas, and every day the consultations became more numerous and secret. The trees were bought some time beforehand, but as we Americans were to witness the festival for the first time, we were not allowed to see them prepared.

in order that the effect might be as great as possible. The market in the Römerberg Square grew constantly larger and more brilliant. Every night it was illuminated with lamps and thronged with people. Quite a forest sprang up in the street before our door. The old stone house opposite, with the traces of so many centuries on its dark face, seemed to stand in the midst of a garden. It was a pleasure to go out every evening and see the children rushing to and fro, shouting and selecting toys from the booths, and talking all the time of the Christmas that was so near. The poor people went by with their little presents hid under their cloaks, lest their children might see them; every heart was glad and every countenance wore a smile of secret pleasure.

Finally, the day before Christmas arrived. The streets were so full I could scarce make my way through, and the sale of trees went on more rapidly than ever. These were usually branches of pine or fir, set upright in a little miniature garden of moss. When the lamps were lighted at night. our street had the appearance of an illuminated garden. We were prohibited from entering the rooms up stairs in which the grand ceremony was to take place, being obliged to take our seats in those arranged for the guests, and wait with impatience the hour when Christ-kindchen should call. Several relatives of the family came, and what was more agreeable, they brought with them five or six children. I was anxious to see how they would view the ceremony. Finally, in the midst of an interesting conversation, we heard the bell ringing at the head of the stairs. We all started up, and made for the door. I ran up the steps with the children at my heels, and at the top met a blaze of dazzling light.

coming from the open door. In each room stood a great table, on which the presents were arranged, amid flowers and wreaths. From the centre rose the beautiful Christmas tree, covered with wax tapers to the very top, which made it nearly as light as day, while every bough was hung with sweetmeats and gilded nuts. The children ran shouting around the table, hunting their presents, while the older persons had theirs pointed out to them. I had a little library of German authors as my share; and many of the others received quite valuable gifts.

But how beautiful was the heartfelt joy that shone on every countenance! As each one discovered his presents he embraced the givers, and it was a scene of unmingled joy. It is a glorious feast, this Christmas time! What a chorus from happy hearts went up on that evening to Heaven! Full of poetry and feeling and glad associations, it is here anticipated with delight, and leaves a pleasant memory behind it. We may laugh at such simple festivals at home, and prefer to shake ourselves loose from every shackle that bears the rust of the Past, but we would certainly be happier if some of these beautiful old customs were better honored. They renew the bond of feeling between families and friends, and strengthen their kindly sympathy; even lifelong associates require occasions of this kind to freshen the tie that binds them together.

New Year's Eve is also favored with a peculiar celebration in Germany. Every body remains up and makes himself merry until midnight. The Christmas trees are again lighted, and while the tapers are burning out the family play for articles which they have purchased and hung on the

boughs. It is so arranged that each one shall win as much as he gives, and the change of articles creates much amusement. One of the ladies rejoiced in the possession of a red silk handkerchief and a cake of soap, while a cup and saucer and a pair of scissors fell to my lot. As midnight drew near, the noise became louder in the streets, and companies of people, some of them singing in chorus, passed by on their way to the Zeil. Finally, three-quarters struck, the windows were opened, and every one waited anxiously for the clock to strike. At the first sound, such a cry arose as one may imagine, when thirty or forty thousand persons all set their lungs going at once. Every body in the house, in the street, over the whole city, shouted, "*Prosst Neu Jahr!*" In families, all the members embrace each other, with wishes of happiness for the new year. Then the windows are thrown open, and they cry to their neighbors or those passing by.

After we had exchanged congratulations, three of us set out for the Zeil. The streets were full of people, shouting to one another and to those standing at the open windows. We failed not to cry "*Prosst Neu Jahr!*" wherever we saw a damsel at the window, and the words came back to us more musically than we sent them. Along the Zeil the spectacle was most singular. The great wide street was filled with companies of men, marching up and down, while from the mass rang up one deafening, unending shout, that seemed to pierce the black sky above. The whole scene looked stranger and wilder in the flickering light of the swinging lamps, and I could not help thinking it must resemble a night in Paris during the French Revolution.

CHAPTER XV.

INCIDENTS OF A WINTER IN FRANKFORT.

Sports on the Ice—Lessing's Picture of Huss—The Eschernheim Tower—Severity of the Winter—Sufferings of Men and Beasts—My Winter Life—Matteus and the Stove—Hopes of Spring—The Fair—Picturesque Crowds—A Vender of Blacking—Rise of the Main—The City Inundated—Sachsenhausen under Water—A Day of Sunshine—Faces in the Streets—German Beauty—The Flood Increases—Devastation—The River Falls—An Explosion—German Fire-Engines and Firemen.

After New Year, the Main, just above the city, and the lakes in the promenades, were frozen over. The ice was tried by the police, and having been found of sufficient thickness, to the great joy of the schoolboys, permission was given to skate. The lakes were soon covered with merry skaters, and every afternoon the banks were crowded with spectators. It was a lively sight to see two or three hundred persons darting about, turning and crossing like a flock of crows, while, by means of arm-chairs mounted on runners, the ladies were enabled to join in the sport, and whirl around among them. Some of the broad meadows near the city, which were covered with ice, were the resort of the

schools. I went there often in my walks, and always found two or three schools, with the teachers, all skating together, and playing their winter games on the ice. I have often seen them on the meadows along the Main, and the teachers were generally quite as boisterous as the scholars in their sports.

In the Art Institute I saw the picture of "Huss before the Council of Constance," by the painter Lessing. It contains upwards of twenty figures. The artist has shown the greatest skill in the expression and grouping of these. Bishops and Cardinals in their splendid robes are seated around a table, covered with parchment folios, and before them stands Huss alone. His face is pale and thin with long imprisonment; he has lain one hand on his breast, while with the other he grasps one of the volumes on the table; there is an air of majesty, of heavenly serenity, on his lofty forehead and in his calm eye. One feels instinctively that he has truth on his side. There can be no deception, no falsehood in those noble features. The three Italian cardinals before him appear to be full of passionate rage; the bishop in front, who holds the imperial pass given to Huss, looks on with an expression of scorn, and the priests around have an air of mingled curiosity and hatred. There is one, however, in whose mild features and tearful eye is expressed sympathy and pity for the prisoner. It is said this picture has had a great effect upon Catholics who have seen it, in softening the bigotry with which they regarded the early reformers; and if so, it is a triumphant proof how much Art can effect in the cause of truth and humanity.

The Eschernheim Tower, at the entrance of one of the

city gates, is universally admired by strangers, on account of its picturesque appearance, overgrown with ivy and terminated by the little pointed turrets, which one sees so often in Germany, on buildings three or four centuries old. There are five other watch-towers of similar form, which stand on different sides of the city, at the distance of a mile or two, and generally upon an eminence overlooking the country. They were erected several centuries ago, to discern from afar the approach of an enemy, and protect the caravans of merchants, which at that time travelled from city to city, from the attacks of robbers. The Eschernheim Tower is interesting from another circumstance, which, whether true or not, is universally believed. When Frankfort was under the sway of a prince, a Swiss hunter, for some civil offence, was condemned to die. He begged his life from the prince, who granted it only on condition that he should fire the figure 9 with his rifle through the vane of this tower. He agreed, and did it; and at the present time, one can distinguish a rude 9 on the vane, as if cut with bullets, while two or three marks at the side appear to be from stray shots.

The promise of spring, which lately visited us, was not destined for fulfilment. Shortly afterwards it grew cold again, with a succession of snows and sharp northerly winds. Such weather at the commencement of spring is not uncommon in America; but here they say there has not been such a winter known for a hundred and fifty years. In the north of Prussia many persons have been starved to death on account of provisions becoming scarce. Among the Hartz also, the suffering is very great. We saw something of the

misery even here. It was painful to walk through the streets and see so many faces bearing plainly the marks of want, so many pale, hollow-eyed creatures, with suffering written on every feature. We were assailed with petitions for help, which could not be relieved, though it pained and saddened the heart to deny. The women, too, labor like brutes, day after day. Many of them appear cheerful and contented, and are, no doubt, tolerably happy, for the Germans have all true, warm hearts, and are faithful to one another, as far as poverty will permit; but one cannot see old, grey-headed women, carrying loads on their heads as heavy as themselves, exposed to all kinds of weather and working from morning till night, without pity and indignation.

So unusually severe has been the weather, that the deer and hares in the mountains near. came nearly starved, and quite tamed by hunger, into the villages to hunt food. The people fed them every day, and also carried grain into the fields for the partridges and pheasants, which flew up to them like domestic fowls. The poor ravens made me really sad; some lay dead in the fields and many came into the city perfectly tame, flying along the Main with wings hardly strong enough to bear up their skeleton bodies. The storks came at the usual time, but went back again. I hope the year's blessing has not departed with them, according to the old German superstition.

I have passed the winter days in an almost unbroken routine of study, relieved by a daily stroll through the city and suburbs, with an occasional visit to the Opera, the Art Institute, the Library and Museum, or a cheerful social even-

ing in the family of Herr S——. Frankfort is now as familiar to me as my own home, and I have so completely adopted the German nature that I have totally lost the consciousness of being a foreigner. I begin to long for the spring, in order to shoulder my knapsack once more, and wander off to the thousand marvels of Europe which yet remain unseen. A letter from home, received not long since, brings me a welcome remittance of one hundred dollars, and I can now look forward confidently to seeing the whole of Germany as well as Switzerland. Of this sum, half was advanced by Mr. Patterson, for a further batch of twelve letters, and the other half by Mr. Graham, for some poems which I forwarded to him. The former gentleman has also agreed to continue his engagement for the remainder of my stay in Europe. Thank God, all my hazards are now over! The experiment is successful; and I only need to exercise strict economy—perhaps endure a little privation—to accomplish all I have undertaken.

We have suffered somewhat from the cold this winter. The room is heated by an immense earthenware stove, which gives out little warmth until it has devoured much fuel, and fuel is very expensive here. Besides, the draught is very imperfect, and sometimes our fire will not burn at all. The *knecht* (man-servant) of Herr S——, a moon-faced, blue-eyed Suabian, named Matteus, exhausts much of his energy upon our stove, and nothing can exceed his grin of triumph when, after an hour's labor, he pops his flaming face in at the door, points to the huge mass of earthenware, and exclaims: "*Da ist's! da ist's!*" (There it is!) Matteus sometimes hears Herr S——'s bony old *schimmel* in his

antiquated carriage, and drives us four Americans—Mr. Willis, his brother-in-law, Mr. Dennet, B—— and myself—around the suburbs. Nothing can exceed his gravity and dignity on such occasions. There is no other *knecht* in Frankfort who can drive four Americans through the streets, and Matteus feels all the responsibility of his position. We are also great favorites with all the old market-women in our street, who call me "the tall American," and Willis "the handsome American," while Herr S——'s house is known as "the American Colony."

March 26.

We have hopes of Spring at last. Three days ago the rain began, and has continued with little intermission until now. The air is warm, the snow melts, and every thing seems to announce that the long winter is breaking up. The Main rises fast, and rushes by the city like an arrow, whirling large masses of ice upon the banks. The hills around are coming out from under the snow, and the lilac-buds in the promenades begin to expand for the second time.

The Fair has now commenced in earnest, and it is a most singular and interesting sight. The open squares are filled with booths, leaving narrow streets between them, across which canvas is spread. Every booth is open, and filled with a dazzling display of wares of all kinds. Merchants assemble from all parts of Europe. The Bohemians come with their gorgeous crystal ware; the Nurembergers with their toys, quaint and fanciful as the old city itself; men from the Thüringian forest, with minerals and canes, and

traders from Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and Switzerland, with dry-goods and wares of all kinds. Near the Exchange are two or three companies of Tyrolese, who attract much of my attention. Their costume is exceedingly picturesque. The men have all splendid manly figures, and honor and bravery are written on their countenances. One of the girls is a charming mountain maiden, and with her pointed, broad-brimmed black hat, as romantic in appearance as one could desire. The musicians have arrived, and we are entertained the whole day long by wandering bands, some of which play very finely. The best, which is also the favorite company, is from Saxony, called "The Mountain Boys." They are now playing in our street, and while I write, one of the beautiful airs of Norma comes up through the din of the crowd. In fact, music is heard all over the city, and the throngs that fill every street with their variety of faces and dresses, somewhat relieve the monotony that was beginning to make Frankfort tiresome.

We have an ever-varied and interesting scene from our window. Besides the motley crowd of passers-by, there are booths and tables stationed thick below. One man in particular is busily engaged in selling his store of blacking in the auction style, in a manner that would do credit to a real Down-easter. He has flaming certificates exhibited, and prefaces his calls to buy with a high-sounding description of its wonderful qualities. He has a bench in front, where he tests it on the shoes of his customers, or if none of these are disposed to try it, on his own, which shine like mirrors. So he rattles on with amazing fluency in French, German, and Italian, and this, with his black beard and moustache, and

his polite, graceful manner, keeps a crowd of customers around him, so that the wonderful blacking goes off as fast as he can supply it.

April 6.

Old Winter's gates are shut close behind us, and the sun looks down with his summer countenance. The air, after the long cold rain, is like that of Paradise. All things are gay and bright, and every body is in motion. Spring commenced with yesterday in earnest, and lo! before night the roads were dry and fine as if there had been no rain for a month; and the gardeners dug and planted in ground which, eight days before, was covered with snow!

After having lived through the longest winter here, for one hundred and fifty years, we were destined to witness the greatest flood for sixty, and little lower than any within the last three hundred years. On the 28th of March, the river overflooded the high pier along the Main, and rising higher and higher, began to come into the gates and alleys. Before night the whole bank was covered, and the water intruded into some of the booths in the Römerberg. When I went there the next morning, it was a sorrowful sight. Persons were inside the gate with boats; so rapidly had it risen, that many of the merchants had no time to move their wares, and must suffer great damage. They were at work rescuing what property could be seized in haste, and constructing passages into the houses which were surrounded. No one seemed to think of buying or selling, but only on the best method of escaping the danger. Along the Main it was still

worse. From the water-gauge, it had risen seventeen feet above its usual level, and the arches of the bridge were filled nearly to the top. At the Upper-Main gate, every thing was flooded—houses, gardens, workshops, &c.; the water had even overrun the meadows above and attacked the city from behind, so that a part of the beautiful promenades lay deep under water. On the other side, we could see houses standing in it up to the roof. It came up through the sewers into the middle of Frankfort; a large body of men were kept at work constructing slight bridges to walk on, and transporting boats to places where they were needed. This was all done at the expense of the city, and the greatest readiness was everywhere manifested to render all possible assistance. In the Fischergasse, I saw them taking provisions to the people in boats; one man even fastened a loaf of bread to the end of a broomstick and reached it across the narrow street from an upper story window, to the neighbor opposite. News came that Hausen, a village towards the Taunus, about two miles distant, was quite under water, and that the people clung to the roofs and cried for help; but it was fortunately false. About noon, cannon shots were heard, and twenty boats were sent out from the city.

In the afternoon I ascended the tower of the Cathedral, which commands a wide view of the valley, up and down. Just above the city the plain resembled a small lake—between two and three miles wide. A row of new-built houses stretched into it like a long promontory, and in the middle, like an island, stood a country-seat with large out-buildings The river sent a long arm out below, that reached up through the meadows behind the city, as if to clasp it all and bear it

away together. A heavy storm was raging along the whole extent of the Taunus; but a rainbow stood in the eastern sky. I thought of its promise, and hoped, for the sake of the hundreds of poor people who were suffering by the waters, that it might herald their fall.

We afterwards went over to Sachsenhausen, which was, if possible, in a still more unfortunate condition. The water had penetrated the passages and sewers, and from these leaped and rushed up into the streets, as out of a fountain. The houses next to the Main, which were first filled, poured torrents out of the doors and windows into the street below. These people were nearly all poor, and could ill afford the loss of time and damage of property. The stream was filled with wood and boards, and even whole roofs, with the tiles on, went floating down. The bridge was crowded with people; one saw everywhere mournful countenances, and heard lamentations over the catastrophe. After sunset, a great cloud, filling half the sky, hung above; the reflection of its glowing crimson tint, joined to the brown hue of the water, made the river seem like a current of fire.

What a difference a little sunshine makes! I could have forgotten the season the next day, but for the bare trees and swelling Main, as I threaded my way through the hundreds of people who thronged its banks. It was that soft warmth that comes with the first spring days, relaxing the body and casting a dreamy hue over the mind. I leaned over the bridge in the full enjoyment of it, and listening to the roaring of the water under the arches, forgot every thing else for a time. It was amusing to walk up and down the pier and look at the countenances passing by, while the fancy was

ever ready, weaving a tale for each. My favorite Tyrolese were there, and I saw a Greek leaning over the stone balustrade, wearing the red cap and white frock, and with the long dark hair and fiery eye of the Orient. I could not but wonder, as he looked at the dim hills of the Odenwald, along the eastern horizon, whether they called up in his mind the purple isles of his native Archipelago.

The general character of a nation is plainly stamped on the countenances of its people. One who notices the faces in the streets, can soon distinguish, by the glance he gives in passing, the Englishman or the Frenchman from the German, and the Christian from the Jew. Not less striking is the difference of expression between the Germans themselves; and in places where all classes of people are drawn together, it is interesting to observe how accurately these distinctions are drawn. The boys have generally handsome, intelligent faces, and like all boys, they are full of life and spirit, for they know nothing of the laws by which their country is chained down, and would not care for them, if they did. But with the exception of the students, who *talk*, at least, of Liberty and Right, the young men lose this spirit, and at last settle down into the calm, cautious, apathetic citizen. One distinguishes an Englishman or an American, also, in this respect, very easily; the former, moreover, by a certain cold stateliness and reserve. There is something, however, about a Jew, whether English or German, which distinguishes him from all others. However different their faces, there is a family character which runs through the whole of them. It lies principally in their high cheek-bones, prominent nose, and thin, compressed lips; which, es-

pecially in elderly men, gives a peculiar miserly expression that is unmistakable.

I regret to say, one looks almost in vain, in Germany, for a handsome female countenance. Here and there, perhaps, is a woman with regular features, but that intellectual expression, which gives such a charm to the most common face, is wanting. I have seen more beautiful women in one night, in a public assembly in America, than during the seven months I have been on the Continent. Some of the young Jewesses, in Frankfort, are considered handsome, but their features soon become too strongly marked. In a public walk the number of positively ugly faces is really astonishing.

About ten o'clock that night, I heard a noise of persons running in the street, and going to the Römerberg, found the water had risen, all at once, much higher, and was still rapidly increasing. People were setting up torches and lengthening the rafts, which had been already formed. The lower part of the city was a real Venice—the streets were full of boats, and people could even row about in their own houses; though it was not quite so bad as the flood in Georgia, where they went *up stairs to bed* in boats! Persons were calling in all directions—"The water! the water! it rises continually!" The river rushed through the arches of the bridge, foaming and dashing with a noise like thunder, and the red light of the torches along the shore cast a flickering glare on the troubled waves. It was then twenty-one feet above its usual level. Men were busy all around, carrying boats and ladders to the places most threatened, or emptying cellars into which it was penetrating. The sudden swelling was

occasioned by the coming down of the floods from the mountains of Spessart.

Part of the upper quay cracked next morning and threatened to fall in, and one of the projecting piers of the bridge sank away three or four inches from the main body. In Sachsenhausen the desolation occasioned by the flood is absolutely frightful; several houses have fallen into total ruin. All business was stopped for the day; the Exchange was even shut up. As the city depends almost entirely on pumps for its supply of water, and these were filled with the flood, we have been drinking the muddy current of the Main ever since. The damage to goods is very great. The fair was stopped at once, and the loss in this respect alone, must be several millions of florins. The water began to fall on the 1st, and has now sunk about ten feet, so that most of the houses are again released, though in a bad condition.

Yesterday afternoon, as I was sitting in my room, writing, I heard all at once an explosion like a cannon in the street, followed by loud and continued screams. Looking out of the window, I saw the people rushing by with goods in their arms, some wringing their hands and crying, others running in all directions. Imagining that it was nothing less than the tumbling down of one of the old houses, we ran down and saw a shop a few doors off, wrapped in flames. The windows were bursting out, and the mingled mass of smoke and red flame reached half way across the street. We learned afterwards that it was occasioned by the explosion of a jar of naphtha, which instantly enveloped the whole room in fire, the people barely escaping in time. The persons who had booths near were standing still in despair

while the flames were beginning to touch their property. A few butchers who first came up, did almost everything. A fire-engine arrived soon, but it was ten minutes before it began to play, and by that time the flames were coming out of the upper stories. Then the supply of water soon failed, and though another engine came up shortly after, it was some time before it could be put in order, so that by the time they got fairly to work, the fire had made its way nearly through the house. The water was first brought in barrels drawn by horses, until some officer came and opened the fire-plug. The police were busy at work seizing those who came by and setting them to work; and as the alarm had drawn a great many together, they at last began to effect something. All the military are obliged to turn out, and the officers appeared eager to use their authority while they could, for every one was ordering and commanding, till it became a scene of perfect confusion and uproar. I could not help laughing heartily, so ludicrous was the spectacle. There were little miserable engines, not much bigger than a hand-cart, and looking as if they had not been used for half a century, the horses running backwards and forwards, dragging barrels which were emptied into tubs, after which the water was finally dipped up in buckets, and emptied into the engines! These machines can only play into the second or third story, after which the hose was taken up into the houses on the opposite side of the street, and made to play across. After four hours the fire was overcome, the house being thoroughly burnt out; it happened to have double fire-walls, which prevented the adjoining buildings from catching easily.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SPEAKING DEAF—MENDELSSOHN.

The Beauty of Spring—The Frankfort Cemetery—Precautions against Burying Alive—Monument by Thorwaldsen—The Speaking Deaf—Manner of Healing them—Story of a Boy—The Hall of the Emperors—Mendelssohn, the Composer—Seeing him in a Crowd—Interview with him—His Personal Appearance and Conversation.

FRANKFORT, *April* 20, 1845.

IT is now a luxury to breathe. These spring days are the perfection of delightful weather. Imagine the delicious temperature of our Indian summer joined to the life and freshness of spring, add to this a sky of the purest azure, and a breeze filled with the odor of violets,—the most exquisite of all perfumes,—and you will have some idea of it. The meadows are beginning to bloom, and I have already heard the larks singing high up in the sky. Those sacred birds, the storks, have returned and taken possession of their old nests on the chimney-tops. They are sometimes seen walking about in the fields, with a very grave and serious air, as if conscious of the estimation in which they are held. Everybody is out in the open air; the woods, although they still look wintry, are filled with

people, and the boatmen on the Main are busy ferrying gay parties across. The spring has been so long in coming, that all are determined to enjoy it well while it lasts.

We visited the Cemetery a few days ago. The dead-house, where corpses are placed in the hope of resuscitation, is an appendage to cemeteries found only in Germany. We were shown into a narrow chamber, on each side of which were six cells, into which one could distinctly see, by means of a large plate of glass. In each of these is a bier for the body, directly above which hangs a cord, having on the end ten thimbles, which are put upon the fingers of the corpse, so that the slightest motion strikes a bell in the watchman's room. Lamps are lighted at night, and in winter the rooms are warmed. In the watchman's chamber stands a clock with a dial of twenty-four hours, and opposite every hour is a little plate, which can only be moved two minutes before it strikes. If then the watchman has slept or neglected his duty at that time, he cannot move it afterwards, and his neglect is seen by the superintendent. In such case, he is severely fined, and for the second or third offence, dismissed. There are other rooms adjoining, containing beds, baths, galvanic battery, &c. Nevertheless, they say there has been no resuscitation during the fifteen years since the Cemetery has been opened.

We afterwards went to the end of the Cemetery to see the bas-reliefs of Thorwaldsen, in the vault of the Bethmann family. They are three in number, representing the death of a son of the present banker, Moritz von Bethmann, who was drowned in the Arno about fourteen years ago. The middle one represents the young man drooping in his chair,

the beautiful Greek Angel of Death standing at his back, with one arm over his shoulder, while his younger brother is sustaining him, and receiving the wreath that drops from his sinking hand. The young woman who showed us these told us of Thorwaldsen's visit to Frankfort, about three years ago. She described him as a beautiful and venerable old man, with long white locks hanging over his shoulder, and still vigorous and active for his years. There seems to have been much resemblance between him and Dannecker—not only in personal appearance and character, but in the simple and classical beauty of their works.

On our return to the city we visited the Institute for the Deaf; for by the new method of teaching they are no longer *dumb*. It is a handsome building in the gardens skirting the city. We applied, and on learning we were strangers, they gave us permission to enter. The instructress took us into a room where about fifteen small children were assembled, and addressing one of the girls, said in a distinct tone: "These gentlemen are from America; the deaf children there speak with their fingers—canst thou speak so?" To which the child answered distinctly, but with some effort: "No, we speak with our mouths." She then spoke to several others with the same success; one of the boys, in particular, articulated with astonishing fluency. It was interesting to watch their countenances, which were alive with eager attention, and to see the apparent efforts they made to utter the words. They spoke in a monotonous tone, slowly and deliberately, but their voices had a strange, sepulchral sound, which was at first unpleasant to the ear. I put one or two questions to a little boy, which he answered

quite readily; as I was a foreigner, this was the best test that could be given of the success of the method. We conversed afterwards with the director, who received us kindly, and appointed a day for us to come and see the system more fully. He spoke of Dr. Howe and Horace Mann, of Boston, and seemed to take a great interest in the introduction of this system into America.

We went again at the appointed time, and as their drawing teacher was there, we had an opportunity of looking over their sketches, which were excellent. The director showed us the manner of teaching them, by means of a looking-glass, in which they were shown the different positions of the organs of the mouth, and afterwards made to feel the vibrations of the throat and breast, produced by the sound. He took one of the youngest scholars, covered her eyes, and placing her hand upon his throat, articulated the second sound of A. She followed him, making the sound softer or louder as he did. All the consonants were recognized and repeated distinctly, by placing her hand before his mouth. Their exercises in reading, speaking with one another, and writing from dictation, succeeded perfectly. He treated them as if they were his own children, and sought by jesting and playing, to make the exercise appear like sport. They call him father, and appear to be much attached to him.

One of the pupils, about fourteen years old, interested me through his history. He and his sister were found in Sachsenhausen, by a Frankfort merchant, in a horrible condition. Their mother had died about two years and a half before, and during all that time their father had neglected them, until they were near dead through privation and filth. The

boy was placed in this Institute, and the girl in that of the Orphans. He soon began to show a talent for modelling figures, and for some time he has been studying under the sculptor Launitz. I saw a beautiful copy of a bas-relief of Thorwaldsen which he made, as well as an original, very interesting, from its illustration of his own history. It was in two parts; the first represented himself and his sister, kneeling in misery before a ruined family altar, by which an angel was standing, who took him by one hand, and pointed to his benefactor, standing near. The other represented the two kneeling in gratitude before a restored altar, on which was the anchor of Hope. From above streamed down a light, where two angels were rejoicing over their happiness. For a boy of fourteen, deprived of one of the most valuable senses, and taken from such a horrible condition of life, it is a surprising work, and gives brilliant hopes for his future.

We went lately into the Römerberg, to see the Kaisersaal and the other rooms formerly used by the old Emperors of Germany, and their Senates. The former is now in the process of restoration. The ceiling is in the gorgeous illuminated style of the middle ages; along each side are rows of niches for the portraits of the Emperors, which have been painted by the best artists in Berlin. Dresden, Vienna and Munich. It is remarkable that the number of the original niches in the old hall should exactly correspond with the number of the German Emperors, so that the portrait of the Emperor Francis of Austria, who was the last, will close the long rank coming down from Charlemagne. The pictures, or at least such of them as are already finished, are kept in

another room ; they give one a good idea of the changing styles of royal costumes, from the steel shirt and helmet to the jewelled diadem and velvet robe. I looked with interest on a painting of Frederic Barbarossa, by Lessing, and mused over the popular tradition that he sits with his paladins in a mountain cave under the Castle of Kyffhäuser, ready to come forth and assist his Fatherland in the hour of need. There was the sturdy form of Maximilian ; the martial Conrad ; and Ottos, Siegfrieds and Sigismunds in plenty—many of whom moved a nation in their day, but are now dust and almost forgotten.

Mendelssohn, one of the greatest living composers, has been spending the winter here, and I have been fortunate enough to see him twice. One sunny day, three weeks ago, when all the population of Frankfort turned out upon the budding promenades and the broad quays along the Main, to enjoy the first spring weather, I went on my usual afternoon stroll, with my friend Willis, whose glowing talk concerning his art is quite as refreshing to me after the day's study in the gloomy Markt-platz, as are the blue hills of Spessart, which we see from the bridge over the river. As we were threading the crowd of boatmen, Tyrolese, Suabians, and Bohemians, on the quay, my eye was caught by a man who came towards us, and whose face and air were in such striking contrast to those about him, that my whole attention was at once fixed upon him. He was simply and rather negligently dressed in dark cloth, with a cravat tied loosely about his neck. His beard had evidently not been touched for two or three days, and his black hair was long and frowzed by the wind. His eyes, which were large

dark, and kindling, were directed forward and lifted in the abstraction of some absorbing thought, and as he passed, I heard him singing to himself in a voice deep but not loud, and yet with a far different tone from that of one who hums a careless air as he walks. But a few notes caught my ear, yet I remember their sound, elevated and with that scarcely perceptible vibration which betrays a feeling below the soul's surface, as distinctly now as at the time. Willis grasped my arm quickly, and said in a low voice, "Mendelssohn!" I turned hastily, and looked after him as he went down the quay, apparently but half conscious of the stirring scenes around him. I could easily imagine how the balmy, indolent sensation in the air, so like a soothing and tranquillizing strain of music, should have led him into the serene and majestic realm of his own creations.

It was something to have seen a man of genius thus alone and in communion with his inspired thoughts, and I could not repress a feeling of pleasure at the idea of having unconsciously acknowledged his character before I knew his name. After this passing glimpse, this flash of him, however, came the natural desire to see his features in repose, and obtain some impression of his personality. An opportunity soon occurred. The performance of his "Walpurgisnacht," by the Cæcilien-Verein, a day or two thereafter, increased the enthusiasm I had before felt for his works, and full of the recollection of its sublime Druid choruses, I wrote a few lines to him, expressive of the delight they had given me, and of my wish to possess his name in autograph, that I might take to America some token connected with their remembrance. The next day I

received a very kind note in reply, enclosing a manuscript score of a chorus from the "Walpurgisnacht."

Summoning up my courage the next morning, I decided on calling upon him in person, feeling certain that he would understand the motive which prompted me to take such a liberty. I had no difficulty in finding his residence in the *Bockenheimer Gasse*, in the western part of the city. The servant ushered me into a handsomely furnished room, with a carpet, an unusual thing in German houses; a grand piano occupied one side of the apartment. These struck my eye on entering, but my observation was cut short by the appearance of Mendelssohn. A few words of introduction served to remove any embarrassment I might have felt on account of my unceremonious call, and I was soon put entirely at ease by his frank and friendly manner. As he sat opposite to me, beside a small table, covered with articles of *vertù*, I was much struck with the high intellectual beauty of his countenance. His forehead is white, unwrinkled, and expanding above, in the region of the ideal faculties. His eyes are large, very dark, and lambent with a light that seemed to come through them—like the phosphorescent gleam on the ocean at midnight. I have observed this peculiar character of the eye only in men of the highest genius. None of the engravings of Mendelssohn which have yet been made give any idea of the kindling effect which is thus given to his face. His nose is slightly prominent, and the traces of his Jewish blood are seen in this, as well as the thin but delicate curve of the upper lip, and the high cheek-bones. Yet it is the Jewish face softened and spiritualized, retaining none of its coarser characteristics.

The faces of Jewish youth are of a rare and remarkable beauty, but this is scarcely ever retained beyond the first period of manhood. In Mendelssohn, the perpetual youth of spirit, which is the gift of genius alone, seems to have kept his features moulded to its expression, while the approach of maturer years but heightens and strengthens its character.

He spoke of German music, and told me I should hear it best performed in Vienna and Berlin. Some remarks on America led him to speak of the proposed Musical Festival in New York. He has received a letter inviting him to assist in it, and said he would gladly attend it, but his duty to his family will not permit of his leaving. He appeared to be much gratified by the invitation, not only for the personal appreciation which it implied, but as a cheering sign of progress in the musical art. Mr. Willis, who met with Mendelssohn last summer, at the baths of Kronthal, said that he expressed much curiosity respecting our native negro melodies—which, after all, form the only peculiarly national music we possess —and that he considers some of them exceedingly beautiful and original.

I did not feel at liberty to intrude long upon the *morning hours* of a composer, and took my leave after a short interview. Mendelssohn, at parting, expressed his warm interest in our country's progress, especially in the refined arts, and gave me a kind invitation to call upon him in whatever German city I should find him.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEY ON FOOT FROM FRANKFORT TO CASSEL.

Leaving Frankfort—Plan of our German Tour—The Country in Spring—A "Fighting" Journeyman—Giessen—The Valley of the Lahn—Foot-travelling in Hesse Cassel—A Village Inn—A Tattling Boy—Mountain Scenery—Meeting with Students—The City of Cassel—Carl, the Student—Walk to the Wilhelmshöhe—The Giant's Castle—Cascades and Fountains.

THE day for leaving Frankfort came at last, and I bade adieu to the gloomy, antique, but still quaint and pleasant city. I felt like leaving a second home, so much had the memories of many delightful hours spent there attached me to it: I shall long retain the recollection of its dark old streets, its massive devil-haunted bridge and the ponderous cathedral, telling of the times of the Crusaders. I toiled up the long hill on the road to Friedberg, and from the tower at the top took a last look at the distant city, with a heart heavier than the knapsack whose unaccustomed weight rested uneasily on my shoulders. Being alone—starting out into the wide world, where as yet I knew no one,—I felt much more deeply what it was to find friends in a strange land. But parting is the wanderer's lot.

We had determined on making the complete tour of Germany on foot, and in order to vary it somewhat, my friend and I proposed taking different routes from Frankfort to Leipsic. He chose a circuitous course, by way of Nuremberg and the Thüringian forests; while I, whose fancy had been running wild with Goethe's witches, preferred looking on the gloom and grandeur of the rugged Hartz. We both left Frankfort on the 23d of April, each bearing a letter of introduction to the same person in Leipsic, where we agreed to meet in fourteen days. As we were obliged to travel as cheaply as possible, I started with but seventy-nine florins (a florin is forty cents American), well knowing that if I took more, I should, in all probability, spend proportionably more also. Thus, armed with my passport, properly *visèd*, a knapsack weighing fifteen pounds and a cane from the Kentucky Mammoth Cave, I began my lonely walk through Northern Germany.

The warm weather of the week previous had brought out the foliage of the willows and other early trees, and the violets and cowslips were springing up in the meadows. Keeping along the foot of the Taunus, I passed over great, broad hills, which were brown with the spring ploughing, and by sunset reached Friedberg—a large city, on the summit of a hill. The next morning, after sketching its old, baronial castle, I crossed the meadows to Nauheim, to see the salt springs there. They are fifteen in number; the water, which is very warm, rushes up with such force as to leap several feet above the earth. The buildings made for evaporation are nearly two miles in length; and a walk along the top gives a delightful view of the surrounding valleys. After

reaching the *chaussée* again, I was hailed by a wandering journeyman or *handwerker*, as they are called, who wanted company. As I had concluded to accept all offers of this kind, we trudged along together very pleasantly. He was from Holstein, on the borders of Denmark, and was just returning home, after an absence of six years, having escaped from Switzerland after the late battle of Luzerne, which he had witnessed. He had his knapsack and tools fastened on wheels, which he drew after him quite conveniently. I could not help laughing at the adroit manner in which he begged his way along, through every village. He would ask me to go on and wait for him at the further end, where he would join me after a short delay, with a handful of small copper money, which he said he had *fought for*,—the handwerker's term for *begged*.

We passed over long ranges of hills, with an occasional view of the Vogelsgebirge, or Bird's Mountains, far to the east. I knew at length, by the pointed summits of the hills, that we were approaching Giessen and the valley of the Lahn. Finally, two sharp peaks appeared in the distance, each crowned with a picturesque fortress, and the spires of Giessen rose from the valley below. Parting from my "fighting" companion, I passed through the city without stopping, for it was the time of the university vacation, and Dr. Liebig, the world-renowned chemist, whom I desired to see, was absent.

Crossing a hill or two, I came down into the valley of the Lahn, which flows through meadows of the brightest green, with red-roofed cottages nestled among gardens and orchards upon its banks. The women here wear a remarkable cos-

tume, consisting of a red boddice with white sleeves, and a dozen skirts, one above another, reaching only to the knees. I slept at a little village among the hills, and started early for Marburg. The meadows were of the purest emerald, through which the stream wound its way, with even borders, covered to the water's edge with grass so smooth and velvety, that a fairy might have danced along on it for miles without stumbling over an uneven tuft. This valley is one of the most charming districts in Germany. I thought, as I saw the peaceful inhabitants at work in their fields, that I had most probably, on the battle-field of Brandywine, walked over the bones of some of their ancestors, whom a despotic prince had torn from their happy homes, to die in a distant land, fighting against the cause of freedom.

I now entered directly into the heart of Hesse Cassel. The country resembled a collection of hills thrown together in confusion—sometimes a wide plain left between them, sometimes a cluster of wooded peaks, and here and there a single pointed summit rising high above the rest. The valleys were green as ever, the hill-sides freshly ploughed, and the forests beginning to be colored by the tender foliage of the larch and birch. My custom was to walk two or three hours at a stretch, and then, when I could find a dry, shady bank, I would rest for half an hour and finish some hastily-sketched landscape, or lie at full length, with my head on my knapsack, and peruse the countenances of those passing by. The observation which every traveller excites, soon ceases to be embarrassing. It was at first extremely unpleasant; but I am now so hardened, that the strange, magnetic influence of the human eye, which we

cannot avoid feeling, fails to penetrate my acquired indifference.

During the day several showers came by, but as none of them struck quite to the skin, I kept on, and reached about sunset a little village in the valley. I chose a small inn, which had an air of neatness about it, and on going in, the tidy landlady's "be you welcome," as she brought a pair of slippers for my swollen feet, made me feel quite at home. After being furnished with eggs, milk, butter, and bread, for supper, which I ate while listening to an animated discussion between the village schoolmaster and some farmers, I was ushered into a clean, sanded bedroom, and soon forgot all fatigue. For this, with breakfast in the morning, the bill was six and a half groschen—about sixteen cents! The air was freshened by the rain, and I journeyed over the hills at a rapid rate. Stopping for dinner at the large village of Wabern, a boy at the inn asked me if I was going to America? I said no, I came from there. He then addressed to me many silly questions, after which he ran out and told the people of the village. When I set out again, the children pointed at me and cried: "see there! he is from America!" and the men took off their hats and bowed!

The sky was stormy, which added to the gloom of the hills around, although some of the distant ranges lay in mingled light and shade—the softest alternation of purple and brown. There were many isolated, rocky hills, two of which interested me, through their attendant legends. One is said to have been the scene of a battle between the Romans and Germans, where, after a long conflict, the rock opened and swallowed up the former. The other,

which is crowned with a rocky wall, so like a ruined fortress, as at a distance to be universally mistaken for one, tradition says is the death-place of Charlemagne, who still walks around its summit every night, clad in complete armor. On ascending a hill late in the afternoon, I saw at a great distance the statue of Hercules, which stands on the Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel. Night set in with a dreary rain, and I stopped at an inn about five miles short of the city. While tea was preparing, a company of students came in and asked for a separate room. Seeing I was alone, they invited me to join them. They seemed much interested in America, and leaving the table gradually, formed a ring around me, where I had enough to do to talk with them all at once. When the omnibus came along, the most of them went with it to Cassel; but five remained and persuaded me to set out with them on foot. They insisted on carrying my knapsack the whole way, through the rain and darkness, and when I had passed the city gate with them, unchallenged, conducted me to the comfortable hotel, "*Zur Krone.*"

It is a pleasant thing to wake up in the morning in a strange city. Every thing is new; you walk around it for the first time in the full enjoyment of the novelty, or the not less agreeable feeling of surprise, if it is different from your anticipations. Two of my friends of the previous night called for me in the morning, to pilot me around the city, and the first impression, made in such agreeable company, prepossessed me very favorably. I shall not, however, take up time in describing its many sights, particularly the Frederick's Platz, where the statue of Frederick the Second, who sold ten thousand of his subjects to England,

has been re-erected, after having lain for years in a stable where it was thrown by the French.

I was much interested in young Carl K——, one of my new acquaintances. His generous and unceasing kindness first won my esteem, and I found, on nearer acquaintance, the qualities of his mind equal those of his heart. He read to me many beautiful poems of his which were of remarkable merit, considering his youth, and I thought I could read in his dark, dreamy eye, the unconscious presentiment of a power he does not yet possess. He seemed as one I had known for years.

He, with a brother student, accompanied me in the afternoon to Wilhelmshöhe, the summer residence of the Prince, on the side of a range of mountains three miles west of the city. The road leads in a direct line to the summit of the mountain, which is thirteen hundred feet in height, surmounted by a great structure, called the Giant's Castle, on the summit of which is a pyramid ninety-six feet high, supporting a statue of Hercules, copied after the Farnese, and thirty-one feet in height. By a gradual ascent through beautiful woods, we reached the princely residence, a magnificent mansion standing on a natural terrace of the mountain. Near it is a little theatre built by Jerome Buonaparte, in which he used to perform occasionally. We looked into the green-house in passing, where the floral splendor of every zone was combined. There were lofty halls, with glass roofs, where the orange grew to a great tree, and one could sit in myrtle bowers, with the brilliant bloom of the tropics around him. It was the only thing there I was guilty of coveting.

The greatest curiosity is the water-works, which are perhaps unequalled in the world. The Giant's Castle on the summit contains an immense tank in which water is kept for the purpose, but unfortunately, at the time I was there, the pipes, which had been frozen through the winter, were not in condition to play. From the summit an inclined plane of masonry descends the mountain nine hundred feet, broken every one hundred and fifty feet by perpendicular descents. These are the Cascades, down which the water first rushes from the tank. After being again collected in a great basin at the bottom, it passes into an aqueduct, built like a Roman ruin, and goes over beautiful arches through the forest, where it falls in one sheet down a deep precipice. When it has descended several other beautiful falls, made in exact imitation of nature, it is finally collected and forms the great fountain, which rises twelve inches in diameter from the middle of a lake to the height of one hundred and ninety feet! We descended by lovely walks through the forest to the Löwenburg, built as the ruin of a knightly castle, and fitted out in every respect to correspond with the descriptions of a fortress in the olden time, with moat, draw-bridge, chapel and a garden of clipped trees. Further below, there are a few small houses, inhabited by the descendants of the Hessians who fell in America, supported here at the Prince's expense!

CHAPTER XVIII.

ADVENTURES AMONG THE HARTZ.

Parting from Carl—The Town of Münden—Illness—Göttingen, and a Physician—Approach to the Hartz—Osterode—Entering the Mountains—Wild Scenery—A Stormy Night—Climbing the Brocken—A Snow Storm—Perilous Travelling—The Brocken House—The Spectre—Peeps through the Clouds—Descent of the Brocken—Valleys of the Hartz—The Rosstrappe—The Landlady's Legend—Walk to Halberstadt—A Suspicious Inn—The Sleeping Chamber—Anticipation of Murder—Relief.

On taking leave of Carl at the gate over the Göttingen road, I felt tempted to bestow a malediction upon travelling, from its merciless breaking of all links, as soon as formed. It was painful to think we should meet no more. The tears started into his eyes, and feeling a mist gathering over mine, I gave his hand a parting pressure, turned my back upon Cassel, and started up the long mountain, at a desperate rate. On the summit I passed out of Hesse into Hanover, and began to descend the remaining six miles. The road went down by many windings, but I shortened the way considerably by a foot-path through a mossy old forest. The hills bordering the Weser are covered with wood, through which I saw the little red-roofed city of

Münden, at the bottom. I stopped there for the night, and next morning walked around the place. It is one of the old German cities that have not yet felt the effect of the changing spirit of the age. It is still walled, though the towers are falling to ruin. The streets are narrow, crooked, and full of ugly old houses, and while standing in the little square before the public buildings, one would think himself born in the sixteenth century. Just below the city, the Werra and Fulda unite and form the Weser. The triangular point has been made into a public walk, and the little steamboat was lying at anchor near, waiting to start for Bremen.

In the afternoon I got into the omnibus for Göttingen. The ride over the wild, dreary, monotonous hills was not at all interesting. There were two other passengers inside, one of whom, a grave, elderly man, took a great interest in America, but the conversation was principally on his side; for I had been taken with a fever in Münden. I lay crouched up in the corner of the vehicle, trying to keep off the chills which constantly came over me, and wishing only for Göttingen, that I might obtain medicine and a bed. We reached the city at last, and I got out with my knapsack and walked wearily through half a dozen streets until I saw an inn. But on entering, I found it so dark and dirty and unfriendly, that I immediately went out again and hired the first pleasant looking boy I met, to take me to a good hotel. He conducted me to the best in the city. I felt a trepidation of pocket, but my throbbing head pleaded more powerfully, so I ordered a comfortable room and a physician. The host, Herr Wilhelm, sent for Professor Trefurt, of the Uni

versity, who told me I had over-exerted myself in walking. He made a second call the next day, when, as he was retiring, I inquired the amount of his fee. He begged to be excused, and politely bowed himself out. I asked the meaning of this of Herr Wilhelm, who said it was customary for travellers to leave what they chose for the physician, as there was no regular fee. He added, moreover, that twenty groschen, or about sixty cents, was sufficient for the two visits!

I stayed in Göttingen two dull, dreary, miserable days, without getting much better. I took but one short walk through the city, in which I saw the outsides of a few old churches and got a hard fall on the pavement. Thinking that the cause of my illness might perhaps become its cure, I resolved to resume my walk rather than remain in the melancholy—in spite of its black-eyed maidens, melancholy—Göttingen. On the afternoon of the second day, I took the post to Nordheim, about twelve miles distant. The Göttingen valley, down which we drove, was green and beautiful, and the trees seemed to have come into leaf all at once. We were not within sight of the Hartz, but the mountains along the Weser were visible on the left. The roads were extremely muddy from the late rains, so that I proceeded but slowly.

A blue range along the horizon told me of the Hartz, as I advanced, but although there were some fine side-glimpses through the hills, I did not see much of them until I reached Osterode, about twelve miles further. Here the country begins to assume a different aspect. The city lies in a narrow valley, and as the road goes down a steep hill

towards it, one sees on each side many quarries of gypsum, and in front the gloomy pine mountains are piled one above another in real Alpine style. But alas! the city, though it looks exceedingly romantic from above, is one of the dirtiest places I ever saw. I stopped at Herzberg, six miles farther, for the night. The scenery was very striking; and its effect was much heightened by a sky full of black clouds, which sent down a hail-storm as they passed over. The hills are covered with pine, fir, and larch. The latter tree, in its first foliage, is most delicate and beautiful. Every bough is like a long ostrich plume, and when one of them stands among the dark pines, it seems as light and airy as if the wind might carry it away. Just opposite Herzberg, the Hartz lowers in its gloomy and mysterious grandeur, and I went to sleep with the pleasant thought that an hour's walk on the morrow would shut me up in its deep recesses.

The next morning I entered them. The road led up a narrow mountain valley, down which a stream was rushing —on all sides magnificent forests of pine. It was glorious to look down their long aisles, dim and silent, with a floor of thick green moss. There was just room enough for the road and the wild stream which wound its way zigzag between the hills, affording the most picturesque mountain scenery along the whole route. As I ascended, the mountains became rougher and wilder, and in the shady hollows were still drifts of snow. Enjoying every thing very much, I walked on without taking notice of the road, and on reaching a wild, rocky chasm called the "Schlucht," was obliged to turn aside and take a footpath over a high mountain to Andreasberg, a town built on a summit two thousand feet above the

sea. It is inhabited almost entirely by the workmen from the mines.

The path from Andreasberg to the Brocken leads along the Rehberger Ditches, which carry water about six miles for the ore-works. After going through a thick pine wood, I came out on the mountain-side, where rough crags overhung the way, and through the tops of the trees I had glimpses into the gorge below. It was scenery of the wildest character. Directly opposite rose a mountain wall, dark and stern through the gloomy sky ; far below the little stream of the Oder foamed over the rocks with a continual roar, and one or two white cloud-wreaths were curling up from the forests.

I followed the water-ditch around every projection of the mountain, still ascending higher amid the same wild scenery, until at length I reached the Oderteich, a great dam, in a kind of basin formed by some mountain peaks on the side of the Brocken. It has a breastwork of granite, very firm, and furnishes a continual supply of water for the works. The rain soon began to fall, and I took a footpath which went winding up through the pine wood. The storm still increased, and finally became so thick and dark that I was obliged to stop about five o'clock at Oderbruch, a toll-house and tavern on the side of the Brocken, on the boundary between Brunswick and Hanover—the second highest inhabited house in the Hartz. The Brocken was invisible through the storm, and the weather foreboded a difficult ascent. The night was cold, but by a warm fire I let the winds howl and the rain beat. When I awoke the next morning, we were in clouds. They were thick on every side, hiding what little

view there was through the openings of the forest. After breakfast, however, they appeared to be somewhat thinner, and I decided to start for the Brocken. This is not the usual road for travellers who ascend, being not only rough but difficult to find, as I soon discovered. The clouds gathered around again after I set out, and I was obliged to walk in a storm of mingled rain and snow. The snow lay several feet deep in the forests, and the path was in many places quite drifted over. The white cloud-masses were whirled past by the wind, continually enveloping me and shutting out every view. During the winter the path had become, in many places, the bed of a mountain torrent, so that sometimes I waded knee-deep in snow, and sometimes I walked over the wet, spongy moss, crawling under the long, dripping branches of the stunted pines. After a long time of such dreary travelling, I came to two rocks called the Stag Horns, standing on a little peak. The storm, now all snow, blew more violently than ever, and the path was lost under the deep drifts.

Comforting myself with the assurance that if I could not find my way, I could at least return, I began searching, and after some time, came upon the path again. Here the forest ceased; the way led on large stones over a marshy, ascending plain, but what was above, or on either side, I could not see. It was solitude of the most awful kind. There was nothing but the storm, which had already wet me through, and the bleak gray waste of rocks. The mountain grew steeper and steeper; I could barely trace the path by the rocks which were worn, and the snow threatened soon to cover these. Added to this, although the walking and the

fresh mountain air had removed my illness, I was still weak from the effects of it, and the consequences of a much longer exposure to the storm were greatly to be feared. After two or three hours spent in this way, I found myself growing chill in spite of the labor of climbing; the path was wholly lost, the snow was blinding, and the wind increased at such a rate, that I began to think I should be carried away bodily, when suddenly something dark loomed up above me through the storm. A few steps more and I stood beside the Brocken House, on the very summit of the mountain! The mariner, who has been floating for days on a wreck at sea, could scarcely be more rejoiced at a friendly sail, than I was on entering the low building. Two large Alpine dogs in the passage, gave notice to the inmates, as I walked in, dripping with wet, and I was soon ushered into a warm room, where I changed my soaked garments for dry ones, and sat down by the fire with feelings of comfort not easily imagined. The old landlord was quite surprised, on learning the path by which I came, that I had succeeded in finding the way at all. The summit was wrapped in the thickest cloud, and he gave me no hope of any prospect for several hours, so I sat down and looked over the Stranger's Album.

There were a great many long-winded German poems—among them, one by Schelling, the philosopher. Some of the visitors spoke of having seen the Spectre of the Brocken. I inquired of the landlord about the phenomenon; he says it is frequently seen in winter, but in summer more seldom. It always occurs at sunrise, when the eastern side of the Brocken is free from clouds, and at the same time, the mist rises from the valley on the opposite side. The shadow of

every thing on the Brocken is then projected in grand proportions upon the mist, and sometimes surrounded with a luminous halo. It is somewhat singular that such a spectacle is peculiar to the Brocken alone, but this is probably accounted for by the formation of the mountain, which collects the mist at just such a distance from the summit as to render the shadow visible.

Soon after dinner the storm subsided and the clouds separated a little. I could see down through the rifts on the plains of Brunswick, and sometimes, when they opened a little more, the mountains below us to the east and the adjoining plains, as far as Magdeburg. It was like looking on the earth from another planet, or from some point in the air which had no connection with it; our station was completely surrounded by clouds, rolling in great masses around us, now and then giving glimpses through their openings of the blue plains, dotted with cities and villages, far below. At one time when they were tolerably well separated, I ascended the tower, fifty feet high, standing near the Brocken House. The view on three sides was quite clear, and I can easily imagine what a magnificent prospect it must be in fine weather. The Brocken is only about four thousand feet high, nearly the same as the loftiest peak of the Catskill, but being the highest mountain in Northern Germany, it commands a more extensive prospect. Imagine a circle described with a radius of a hundred miles, comprising thirty cities, two or three hundred villages, and one whole mountain district! We could see Brunswick and Magdeburg, and beyond them the great plain which extends to the North Sea in one direction and to Berlin in the other.

while directly below us lay the dark mountains of the Hartz, with little villages in their sequestered valleys. It was only during a few moments that I could look on this scene—in an instant the clouds swept together again and completely hid it. In accordance with a custom of the mountain, one of the girls made me a "Brocken nosegay," of heather, lichens and moss. I gave her a few pfennings and stowed it away carefully in a corner of my knapsack.

I now began descending the eastern side of the mountain, by a good road over fields of gray rock and through large forests of pine. Two or three bare brown peaks rose opposite with an air of the wildest sublimity, and in many places lofty crags towered above the forest. This is the way by which Goethe brings Faust up the Brocken, and the scenery is graphically described in that part of the poem. At the foot of the mountain is the little village of Schiercke, the highest in the Hartz. Here I took a narrow path through the woods, and after following a tediously long road over the hills, reached Elbingerode, where I spent the night. The next morning I started for Blankenburg. I happened to take the wrong road, however, and went through Rübeland, a little village in the valley of the Bode. There are many iron works here, and two celebrated caves, called "Baumann's Höhle," and "Biel's Höhle." I kept on through the gray, rocky hills to Huttenrode, where I inquired the way to the Rosstrappe, but was wrongly directed, and after walking nearly two hours in a heavy rain, arrived at Ludwigshütte, on the Bode, in one of the wildest and loneliest corners of the Hartz. I dried my wet clothes at a little inn, ate a dinner of bread and milk, and learning that

I was just as far from the Rosstrappe as ever, and that it was impossible to find the way alone, I engaged an old peasant woman as a guide. She insisted on carrying my knapsack in a basket which she strapped to her shoulders, and then set off at a pace which I could scarcely keep up with. We went over the mountains through a fine old forest, for about two hours, and came out on the brow of a hill near the end of the Hartz, with a beautiful view of the country below and around. Passing the little inn, the path led through thick bushes along the summit, over a narrow ledge of rocks that seemed to stretch out into the air, for on either side the foot of the precipice vanished in the depth below.

Arrived at last at the end, I looked around me. What a spectacle! I was standing on the end of a line of precipice which ran out from the mountain like a wall for several hundred feet—the hills around rising perpendicularly from the gorge below, where the Bode, pressed into a narrow channel, foamed its way through. Sharp masses of gray rock sprang from the main body like pillars, with trees clinging to the clefts, and although the defile was nearly seven hundred feet deep, the summits, in one place, seemed almost to touch. Near the point at which I stood, which was secured by a railing, was an impression in the rock like the hoof of a giant horse, from which the place takes its name. It is very distinct and perfect, and about two feet in length.

I went back to the little inn and sat down to rest and chat awhile with the talkative landlady. Notwithstanding her horrible Prussian dialect, I was much amused with the budget of wonders, which she keeps for the information of travellers. Among other things, she related to me the legend of the

Rosstrappe, which I give in her own words: "A great many hundred years ago, when there were plenty of giants through the world, there was a certain beautiful princess, who was very much loved by one of them. Now, although the parents of this princess were afraid of the giant, and wanted her to marry him, she herself hated him, because she was in love with a brave knight. But, you see, the brave knight could do nothing against the great giant, and so a day was appointed for the wedding of the princess. When they were married, the giant had a great feast, and he and all his servants got drunk. So the princess mounted his black horse and rode away over the mountains, till she reached this valley. She stood on that square rock which you see there opposite to us, and when she saw her knight on this side, where we are, she danced for joy, and the rock is called the *Tanzplatz*, to this very day. But when the giant found she had gone, he followed her as fast as he might; then a holy bishop, who saw the princess, blessed the feet of her horse, and she jumped on it across to this side, where his fore feet made two marks in the rock, though there is only one left now. You should not laugh at this, for if there were giants then, there must have been very big horses too, as one can see from the hoofmark, and the valley was narrower then than it is now. My dear man, who is very old now, (you see him through the bushes, there, digging,) says it was so when he was a child, and that the old people living then, told him there were once four just such hoof-tracks, on the *Tanzplatz*, where the horse stood before he jumped over. And we cannot doubt the words of the good old people, for there were many strange things then, we all know, which the

dear Lord does not let happen now. But I must tell you, lieber Herr, that the giant tried to jump after her and fell away down the valley, where they say he lives yet in the shape of a big black dog, guarding the crown of the princess, which tumbled off as she was going over. But this part of the story is perhaps not true, as nobody, that I ever heard of, has seen either the black dog or the crown!"

After listening to similar gossip for a while, I descended the mountain-side, a short distance to the Bülowshöhe. This is a rocky shaft that shoots upward from the mountain, having from its top a glorious view through the door which the Bode makes in passing out of the Hartz. I could see at a great distance the towers of Magdeburg, and further, the vast plain stretching away like a sea towards Berlin. From Thale, the village below, where the air was warmer than in the Hartz, and the fruit-trees already in blossom, it was four hours' walk to Halberstadt, by a most tiresome road over long ranges of hills, all ploughed and planted, and extending as far as the eye could reach, without a single fence or hedge. It is pleasant to look over scenes where nature is so free and unshackled; but the people, alas! wear the fetters. The setting sun, which lighted up the old Brocken and his snowy top, showed me also Halberstadt, the end of my Hartz journey; but its deceitful towers fled as I approached, and I was half dead with fatigue on arriving there.

The ghostly, dark and echoing castle of an inn (the Black Eagle) where I stopped, was enough to inspire a lonely traveller, like myself, with unpleasant fancies. It looked heavy and massive enough to have been a stout baron's

stronghold in some former century; the taciturn landlord and his wife, who, with a solemn servant girl, were the only tenants, had grown into perfect keeping with its gloomy character. When I groped my way under the heavy arched portal into the guests' room—a large, lofty, cheerless hall—all was dark, and I could barely perceive, by the little light which came through two deep-set windows, the inmates of the house, sitting on opposite sides of the room. After some delay, the hostess brought a light. I entreated her to furnish me something for supper, and in half an hour she placed a mixture on the table, the like of which I never wish to taste again. She called it *beer-soup!* I found, on examination, it was beer, boiled with meat, and seasoned strongly with pepper and salt! My hunger disappeared, and pleading fatigue as an excuse for want of appetite, I left the table. When I was ready to retire, the landlady, who had been sitting silently in a dark corner, called the solemn servant girl, who took up a dim lamp, and bade me follow her to the "sleeping chamber." Taking up my knapsack and staff, I stumbled down the steps into the arched gateway; before me was a long, damp, deserted court-yard, across which the girl took her way. I followed her with some astonishment, imagining where the sleeping chamber could be, when she stopped at a small, one-story building, standing alone in the yard. Opening the door with a rusty key, she led me into a bare room, a few feet square, opening into another, equally bare, with the exception of a rough bed. "Certainly," said I, "I am not to sleep here!" "Yes," she answered, "this is the sleeping chamber," at the same time setting down the light and disappearing. I examined the

place—it smelt mouldy, and the walls were cold and damp; there had been a window at the head of the bed, but it was walled up, and another at the foot of the bed was also closed to within a few inches of the top. The bed was coarse and dirty; and on turning down the ragged covers, I saw with horror, a dark brown stain near the pillow, like that of blood! For a moment I hesitated whether to steal out of the inn, and seek another lodging, late as it was; at last, overcoming my fears, I threw my clothes into a heap, and lay down, placing my heavy staff at the head of the bed. Persons passed up and down the courtyard several times, the light of their lamps streaming through the narrow aperture up against the ceiling, and I distinctly heard voices, which seemed to be near the door. Twice did I sit up in bed, breathless, with my hand on the cane, in the most intense anxiety; but fatigue finally overcame suspicion, and I sank into a deep sleep, from which I was gladly awakened by daylight. In reality, there may have been no cause for my fears—I may have wronged the lonely innkeepers by them; but certainly no place or circumstances ever seemed to me more appropriate to a deed of robbery or crime. I left immediately, and when a turn in the street hid the front of the ill-omened inn, I began to breathe with my usual freedom

CHAPTER XIX.

LEIPSIC AND DRESDEN.

Magdeburg—Suspected Passengers—Leipsic—View of the Battle-Field—The Rosenthal—Schiller's Room—Auerbach's Cellar—Leipsic Publishers—Gerstäcker—Charms of Dresden—The Picture Gallery—The Madonna di San Sisto—Monument to Moreau—The Royal Library—The Green Vaults—Cages of Gems—Royal Playthings.

DRESDEN, *May* 11, 1845.

THE delay occasioned by the bad weather obliged me to take the railroad at Halberstadt, to keep the appointment with my friend, in Leipsic. I left at six in the morning for Magdeburg, and after two hours' ride over a dull, tiresome plain, passed under the mounds and fortifications by the side of the Elbe, and entered the old town. The day was very cold, and the streets were muddy, so I contented myself with looking at the Broadway, (*der breite Weg*,) the Cathedral and one or two curious old churches, and with walking along the parapet leading to the fortress, which has a view of the winding Elbe. The Citadel was interesting from having been the prison in which Baron Trenck was confined, whose narrative I read years ago, when quite a child.

We were soon on the road to Leipsic. The way was over one great, uninterrupted plain—a more monotonous country, even, than Belgium. Two of the passengers with me in the car were much annoyed at being taken by the railway agents for Poles. Their movements were strictly watched by the gensd'armes at every station we passed, and they were not even allowed to sit together! At Kothen a branch track went off to Berlin. We passed by Halle without being able to see anything of it or its University, and reached Leipsic in four hours after leaving Magdeburg.

On my first walk around the city, the next morning, I passed the *Augustus Platz*—a broad green lawn, on which front the University and several other public buildings. A chain of beautiful promenades encircles the city, on the site of its old fortifications. Following their course through walks shaded by large trees and bordered with flowering shrubs, I passed a small but chaste monument to Sebastian Bach, the composer, which was erected almost entirely at the private cost of Mendelssohn, and stands opposite the building in which Bach once directed the choirs. As I was standing beside it, a glorious choral, swelled by a hundred voices, came through the open windows, like a tribute to the genius of the great master.

Having found my friend, who had arrived on the previous day from Weimar and Jena, we went together to the *Stern Warte*, or Observatory, which gives a fine view of the country around the city, and in particular the battle-field. The Castellan who is stationed there, is well acquainted with the localities, and pointed out the position of the hostile armies. It was one of the most bloody and hard-fought

battles which history records. The army of Napoleon stretched like a semicircle around the southern and eastern sides of the city, and the plain beyond was occupied by the allies, whose forces met together here. Schwarzenburg, with his Austrians, came from Dresden; Blucher, from Halle, with the Emperor Alexander. Their forces amounted to three hundred thousand, while those of Napoleon ranked at one hundred and ninety-two thousand men. It must have been a terrific scene. The battle raged four days, and the meeting of half a million of men in deadly conflict was accompanied by the thunder of sixteen hundred cannon. The small rivers which flow through Leipsic were swollen with blood, and the vast plain was covered with upwards of fifty thousand dead. It is difficult to conceive such slaughter, while looking at the quiet and peaceful landscape below. It seemed more like a legend of past ages, when ignorance and passion led men to murder and destroy, than an event which the last half century witnessed. For the sake of humanity it is to be hoped that the world will never see such another.

There are some lovely walks around Leipsic. We went in the afternoon with a few friends to the Rosenthal, a beautiful meadow, bordered by forests of the German oak, very few of whose Druid trunks have been left standing. There are Swiss cottages embowered in the foliage, where every afternoon the social citizens assemble to drink their coffee and enjoy a few hours' escape from the noisy and dusty streets. One can walk for miles along these lovely paths by the side of the velvet meadows, or the banks of some shaded stream. We visited the little village of Golis,

a short distance off, where, on the second story of a little white house, hangs the sign, "Schiller's Room." Some of the Leipsic literati have built a stone arch over the entrance, with the inscription: "Here dwelt Schiller in 1795, and wrote his Hymn to Joy." Everywhere through Germany the remembrances of Schiller are sacred. In every city where he lived, they show his dwelling. They know and reverence the mighty spirit who has been among them.

Another interesting place in Leipsic is Auerbach's Cellar, which, it is said, contains an old manuscript history of Faust, from which Goethe derived the first idea of his poem. He used to frequent this cellar, and one of his scenes in "Faust" is laid in it. We looked down the arched passage; but not wishing to purchase any wine, we could find no pretence for entering. The streets of Leipsic abound with book stores, and one half the business of the inhabitants appears to consist in printing, paper-making and binding. The publishers have a handsome Exchange of their own, and during the Fairs, the amount of business transacted is enormous. The establishment of Brockhaus is contained in an immense building, adjoining which stands his dwelling, in the midst of magnificent gardens. That of Tauchnitz is not less extensive. I became acquainted at the Museum, with Friedrich Gerstäcker, a young German author who has been some time in America, and is well versed in our literature. He is now engaged in translating American works, one of which —Hoffman s "Wild Scenes of the Forest and Prairie"—will soon appear. In no place in Germany have I found more knowledge of our country, her men and her institutions, than in Leipsic, and as yet I have seen few that would be prefer

able as a place of residence. Its attractions do not consist in its scenery, but in the social and intellectual character of its inhabitants.

We are now in the "Florence of the Elbe," as the Saxons have christened Dresden. Exclusive of its galleries of art, which are scarcely surpassed by any in Europe, Dresden charms the traveller by the natural beauty of its environs. It stands in a curve of the Elbe, in the midst of green meadows, gardens, and fine old woods, with the hills of Saxony sweeping around like an amphitheatre, and the craggy peaks of the Highlands looking at it from afar. The domes and spires at a distance give it a rich Italian look, which is heightened by the white villas, embowered in trees, gleaming on the hills around. In the streets there is no bustle of business—nothing of the din and confusion of traffic which mark most cities; it seems like a place for study and quiet enjoyment.

The railroad brought us in three hours from Leipsic, over the eighty miles of plain that intervene. We came from the station through the *Neustadt*, passing the Japanese Palace and the equestrian statue of Augustus the Strong. The magnificent bridge over the Elbe was so much injured by the late inundation as to be impassable, and we were obliged to go some distance up the river bank and cross on a bridge of boats. Next morning my first search was for the Picture Gallery. We set off at random, and after passing the Church of Our Lady, with its lofty dome of solid stone, which withstood the heaviest bombs during the war with Frederick the Great, came to an open square, one side of which was occupied by an old, brown, red-roofed build

ing, which I at once recognized as the object of our search.

I have just taken a last look at the gallery this morning, and left it with real regret; for, during the two visits, Raphael's heavenly picture of the Madonna and Child had so grown into my love and admiration, that it was painful to think I should never see it again. There are many more which clung so strongly to my imagination, gratifying in the highest degree the love for the Beautiful, that I left them with sadness, and the thought that I would now only have the memory. I can see the inspired eye and god-like brow of the Jesus-child, as if I were still standing before the picture, and the sweet, holy countenance of the Madonna still looks upon me. Yet, though this picture is a miracle of art, the first glance filled me with disappointment. It has somewhat faded, during the three hundred years that have rolled away since the hand of Raphael worked on the canvas, and the glass with which it is covered for better preservation, injures the effect. After I had gazed on it a while, every thought of this vanished. The figure of the Virgin seemed to soar in the air, and it was difficult to think the clouds were not in motion. Two divine cherubs look up from below, and in her arms sits the sacred child. Those two faces beam from the picture like those of angels. The dark, prophetic eye and pure brow of the young Jesus chain one like a spell. There is something more than mortal in its expression—something in that infant face which indicates a power mightier than the proudest manhood. There is no glory around the head; but the spirit which shines from those features, marks his divinity. In the

sweet face of the mother a sorrowful foreboding mingles with its tenderness, as if she knew the world into which the Saviour was born, and foresaw the path in which he was to tread. It is a picture which one can scarce look upon without tears.

The plain, south of Dresden, was the scene of the hard-fought battle between Napoleon and the allied armies, in 1813. On the heights above the little village of Räcknitz, Moreau was shot on the second day of the battle. We took a foot path through the meadows, shaded by cherry trees in bloom, and reached the spot after an hour's walk. The monument is simple—a square block of granite, surmounted by a helmet and sword, with the inscription: "*The hero Moreau fell here by the side of Alexander, August 17th*, 1813." I gathered, as a memorial, a few leaves of the oak which shades it.

By applying an hour before the appointed time, we obtained admission to the Royal Library. It contains three hundred thousand volumes—among them the most complete collection of historical works in existence. Each hall is devoted to a history of a separate country, and one large room is filled with that of Saxony alone. There is a large number of rare and curious manuscripts, among which are old Greek works of the seventh and eighth centuries; a Koran which once belonged to the Sultan Bajazet; the autographs of Luther and Melancthon; a manuscript volume with pen and ink sketches, by Albert Dürer, and the earliest specimens of the invention of printing. Among the latter was a book published by Faust and Schaeffer, at Mayence, in 1457.

We were fortunate in seeing the *Grüne Gewölbe*, or Green Vaults, a collection of jewels and costly articles, unsurpassed

in Europe. Admittance is only granted to six persons at a time, who pay a fee of two thalers. The customary way is to employ a *Lohnbedienter*, who goes around from one hotel to another, until he has collected the required number, when he brings them together and conducts them to the keeper, who has charge of the treasures. As our visit happened to be during the Pentecost holidays, when every body in Dresden goes to the mountains, there was some difficulty in effecting this, but after two mornings spent in hunting up curious travellers, the servant finally conducted us in triumph to the palace. The first hall into which we were ushered, contained works in bronze. They were all small, and chosen with regard to their artistical value. The next room contained statues, and vases covered with reliefs, in ivory. The most remarkable work was the fall of Lucifer and his angels, containing ninety-two figures in all, carved out of a single piece of ivory sixteen inches high! It was the work of an Italian monk, and cost him many years of hard labor.

However costly the contents of these halls, they were only an introduction to those which followed. Each one exceeded the other in splendor and costliness. The walls were covered to the ceiling with rows of goblets, vases, &c., of polished jasper, agate, and lapis lazuli. We saw two goblets, each prized at six thousand thalers, made of gold and precious stones; also the great pearl called the Spanish Dwarf, nearly as large as a pullet's egg; globes and vases cut entirely out of the mountain crystal; magnificent Nuremberg watches and clocks, and a great number of figures, made ingeniously of rough pearls and diamonds. The seventh hall contains the coronation robes of Augustus II. of Poland, and many

costly specimens of carving in wood. A cherry-stone is shown in a glass case, which has one hundred and twenty-five faces, all perfectly finished, carved upon it! The next room we entered sent back a glare of splendor that perfectly dazzled us. It was all gold, diamond, ruby, and sapphire Every case sent out such a glow and glitter that it seemed like a cage of imprisoned lightnings. Wherever the eye turned it was met by a blaze of broken rainbows. They were there by hundreds, and every gem was a fortune. We here saw the largest known onyx, nearly seven inches long and four inches broad! One of the most remarkable works is the throne and court of Aurungzebe, the Indian king, by Dinglinger, a celebrated goldsmith of the last century. It contains one hundred and thirty-two figures, all of enamelled gold, and each one most perfectly and elaborately finished. It was purchased by Prince Augustus for fifty-eight thousand thalers,* which was not an exorbitant sum, considering that the making of it occupied Dinglinger and thirteen workmen for seven years!

It is almost impossible to estimate the value of the treasures these halls contain. That of the gold and jewels alone must be many millions of dollars, and the amount of labor expended on these toys of royalty is incredible. As monuments of patient and untiring toil, they are interesting: but it is sad to think how much labor and skill and energy have been wasted, in producing things which are useless to the world, and only of secondary importance as works of art. Perhaps, however, if men could be diverted by such play-things from more dangerous games, it would be all the better

* A Prussian or Saxon thaler is about 70 cts

CHAPTER XX

RAMBLES IN THE SAXON SWITZERLAND.

Farewell to Dresden—The King of Saxony—Beauty of the Country—Sunken Glens—The Uttewalder Grund—Precipice of the Bastei—Effects of the Inundation—The Fortress of Königstein—Anecdote of a Baron—A Mountain Valley—A Cascade Show—The Kuhstall—The Little Winterberg—Cloudy Landscapes—The Prebischthor—Entering Austria—Bohemian Scenery—The Battle-Field of Kulm—The Baths of Teplitz—Plains of the Elbe—Distant View of Prague.

AFTER four days' sojourn in Dresden we shouldered our knapsacks, not to be laid down again until we reached Prague. We were elated with the prospect of getting among the hills again, and we heeded not the frequent showers which had dampened the enjoyment of the Pentecost holidays for the good citizens of Dresden, and might spoil our own. So we trudged gaily along the road to Pillnitz, and waved an adieu to the domes behind us as the forest shut them out from view. After two hours' walk the road led down to the Elbe, where we crossed in a ferry-boat to Pillnitz, the seat of a handsome palace and gardens, belonging to the King of Saxony. He happened to be there at the time, on an afternoon excursion from Dresden; but

as we had seen him before, in the latter place, we passed directly on, only pausing to admire the flower-beds in the palace court. The King is a tall, benevolent looking man, and is apparently much liked by his people. As far as I have yet seen, Saxony is a prosperous and happy country The people are noted all over Germany for their honest, social character, which is written on their cheerful, open countenances. On our entrance into the Saxon Switzerland, at Pillnitz, we were delighted with the neatness and home-like appearance of the villages. Every body greeted us; if we asked for information, they gave it cheerfully. I felt willing to say, in the words of an old ballad, which I believe Longfellow has translated:

"The fairest kingdom on this earth,
It is the Saxon land!"

Keeping the left bank of the Elbe, we passed over meadows purple with the tri-colored violet, and every little bank was bright with cowslips. At length the path led down into a cleft or ravine filled with trees, whose tops were on a level with the country around. This is a peculiar feature of Saxon scenery. There are many of these clefts, some of which are several hundred feet deep, having walls of perpendicular rock, in the crevices of which the mountain pine roots itself and grows to a tolerable height without any apparent soil to keep it alive. We descended by a foot-path into this ravine, called the Liebethaler Grund. It is wider than many of the others, having room enough for a consider able stream and several mills. The sides are of sandstone rock, quite perpendicular. As we proceeded, it grew nar

rower and deeper, while the trees covering its sides and edges nearly shut out the sky. An hour's walk brought us to the end, where we ascended gradually to the upper level again.

After passing the night at the little village of Uttewalde, a short distance further, we set out early in the morning for the Bastei, a lofty precipice on the Elbe. The way led us directly through the Uttewalder Grund, the most remarkable of all these chasms. We went down by rocky steps into its depths, which in the early morning were very cold. Water dripped from the rocks, which, but a few feet apart, rose far above us, and a little rill made its way along the bottom, into which the sun has never shone. Heavy masses of rock, which had tumbled down from the sides, encumbered the way, and tall pine trees sprang from every cleft. In one place the defile is only four feet wide, and a large mass of rock, fallen from above, has lodged near the bottom, making a low arch, under which the traveller has to creep. After going under two or three arches of this kind, the defile widened, and an arrow cut upon a rock directed us to a side path, which branched off into the mountains. Here the masses of stone immediately assumed another form. They projected like shelves sometimes as much as twenty feet from the perpendicular walls, and hung over the way, threatening to break off every moment. I felt glad when we had passed under them. Then, as we ascended further, we saw pillars of rock separated entirely from the side of the mountain, and rising a hundred feet in height, with trees growing on their summits. They stood there gray and time-worn, like the ruins of a Titan temple.

The path finally led us out into the forest and through the clustering pine trees, to the summit of the Bastei. An inn has been erected in the woods, and an iron balustrade placed around the rock. Protected by this, we advanced to the end of the precipice and looked down on the swift Elbe, more than seven hundred feet below! Opposite, through the blue mists of morning, rose Königstein, crowned with an impregnable fortress, and the crags of Lilienstein, with a fine forest around their base, frowned from the left bank. On both sides were horrible precipices of gray rock, with rugged trees hanging from the crevices. A hill rising on one side of the Bastei, terminates suddenly a short distance from it, in an abrupt precipice. In the intervening space stand three or four of those rock-columns, several hundred feet high, with their tops nearly on a level with the Bastei. A wooden bridge has been thrown across from one to the other, and the traveller passes over it, looking on the trees and rocks far below him, until he reaches the hill, where a steep zigzag path takes him down to the Elbe.

We crossed the river for the fourth time at the foot of the Bastei, and walked along its right bank towards Königstein. The injury caused by the inundation was everywhere apparent. The receding flood had left a deposit of sand, in many places several feet deep, on the rich meadows, so that the labor of years will be requisite to remove it and restore the land to an arable condition. Even the farm-houses on the hillside, some distance from the river, had been reached, and the long grass hung in the highest branches of the fruit trees. The people were at work trying to repair the injuries, but they will fall heavily upon the poorer classes.

The mountain of Königstein is twelve hundred feet high. A precipice, varying from one to three hundred feet in height, runs entirely round the summit, which is flat, and a mile and a half in circumference. This has been converted into a fortress, whose natural advantages make it entirely impregnable. During the Thirty Years' War and the late war with Napoleon, it was the only place in Saxony unoccupied by the enemy. Hence it is used as a depository for the archives and royal treasures, in times of danger. By giving up our passports at the door, we received permission to enter, and were furnished with a guide around the battlements. There is quite a little village on the summit, with gardens, fields, and a wood of considerable size. The only entrance is by a road cut through the rock, which is strongly guarded. A well seven hundred feet deep supplies the fortress with water, and there are storehouses sufficient to hold supplies for many years. The view from the ramparts is glorious, embracing the whole of the Saxon Highlands, as far as the lofty Schneeberg in Bohemia. On the other side, the eye follows the windings of the Elbe, as far as the spires of Dresden. Lilienstein, a mountain of exactly similar formation, but somewhat higher, stands directly opposite. On walking around the ramparts, the guide pointed out a little square tower standing on the brink of a precipice, with a ledge, about two feet wide, running around it, just below the windows. He said, that during the reign of Augustus the Strong, a baron attached to his court, rose in his sleep after a night of revelry and stepping out of the window, stretched himself at full length along the ledge. A guard fortunately observed his situation and informed Augustus

of it, who had him bound and secured with cords, and then awakened by music. It was a good lesson, and one which no doubt sobered him for the future.

Passing through the little city of Königstein, we walked on to Schandau, the capital of the Saxon Switzerland, situated on the left bank. It had sustained great damage from the flood, the whole place having been literally under water. Here we turned up a narrow valley which led to the Kuhstall, some eight miles distant. The mountain sides, as usual, were of steep gray rock, but wide enough apart to give room to some lovely meadows, with here and there a rustic cottage. The mountain maidens, in their bright red dresses, with a fanciful scarf bound around the head, made a romantic addition to the scene. There were some quiet secluded nooks, where the light of day stole in dimly through the thick foliage above and the wild stream rushed less boisterously over the rocks. We sat down to rest in one of these cool retreats, and made the glen ring with a cheer for America.

As we advanced further into the hills the way became darker and wilder. We heard the sound of falling water in a little dell on one side, and going nearer, saw a picturesque fall of about fifteen feet. Great masses of black rock were piled together, over which the mountain-stream fell in a snowy sheet. The pines above and around grew so thick and close, that not a sunbeam could enter, and a mysterious twilight pervaded the spot. In Greece it would have been chosen for an oracle. I have seen, somewhere, a picture of the Spirit of Poetry, sitting beside just such a cataract, and truly the nymph could choose no more appropriate dwelling. But alas for sentiment! while we were admiring its pic-

turesque beauty, we did not notice a man who came from a near hut and went up behind the rocks. All at once there was a roar of water, and a strong torrent came pouring down. I looked up, and lo! there he stood, with a gate in his hand which had held the water imprisoned, looking down at us to observe our admiration. I ordered him to shut it up again, and he rejoined us in haste, lest he should lose his fee for the sight.

Our road now left the valley and ascended through a forest to the Kuhstall, (Cow's Stable,) which we came upon at once. It is a remarkable natural arch, through a rocky wall or rampart, one hundred and fifty feet thick. Passing through, we came at the other end to the edge of a very deep precipice, while the rock towered abruptly far above. Below us lay a deep circular valley, two miles in diameter, and surrounded on every side by ranges of crags, such as we saw on the Bastei. It was entirely covered with a pine forest, and there only appeared to be two or three narrow defiles which gave it a communication with the world. The top of the Kuhstall can be reached by a path which runs up through a split in the rock, directly to the summit. It is just wide enough for one person to squeeze himself through; pieces of wood have been fastened in as steps, and the rocks in many places close completely above. The place derives its name from having been used by the mountaineers as a hiding-place for their cattle in time of war.

Next morning we descended by another crevice in the rock to the lonely valley, which we crossed, and climbed the Little Winterberg on the opposite side. There is a wide and rugged view from a tower on a precipitous rock near the

summit, erected to commemorate the escape of Prince Augustus of Saxony, who, being pursued by a mad stag rescued himself by a lucky blow when on the very brink. Among the many wild valleys that lay between the hills, we saw scarcely one without the peculiar rocky formation which gives to Saxon scenery its most interesting character. They resemble the remains of some mighty work of art, rather than one of the thousand varied forms in which Nature delights to clothe herself

The Great Winterberg, which is reached by another hour's walk along an elevated ridge, is the highest of the mountains, celebrated for the grand view from its summit. We found the handsome Swiss hotel recently built there, full of tourists who had come to enjoy the scene, but the morning clouds hid every thing. We ascended the tower, and looking between them as they rolled by, caught glimpses of the broad landscape below. The Giant's Mountains in Silesia were hidden by the mist, but sometimes when the wind freshened, we could see beyond the Elbe into Bohemian Switzerland, where the long Schneeberg rose conspicuous above the smaller mountains. Leaving the other travellers to wait at their leisure for clearer weather, we set off for the Prebischthor, in company with two or three students from the Polytechnic School in Dresden. An hour's walk over high hills, whose forest clothing had been swept off by fire a few years before, brought us to the spot.

The Prebischthor is a natural arch, ninety feet high, in a wall of rock which projects at right angles from the precipitous side of the mountain. A narrow path leads over the top of the arch to the end of the rock, where, protected by

a railing, the traveller seems to hang in the air. The valley is far below him—mountains rise up on either side—and only the narrow bridge connects him with the earth. We descended by a wooden staircase to the bottom of the arch, near which a rustic inn is built against the rock, and thence into the valley below, which we followed through rude and lonely scenery, to Hirnischkretschen (!) on the Elbe.

Crossing the river again for the sixth and last time, we followed the right bank to Neidergrund, the first Austrian village. Here our passports were visèd for Prague, and we were allowed to proceed without any examination of baggage. I noticed a manifest change in our fellow travellers the moment we crossed the border. They appeared anxious and careful; if we happened to speak of the state of the country, they always looked around to see if anybody was near, and if we even passed a workman on the road, quickly changed to some other subject. They spoke much of the jealous strictness of the government, and from what I heard from Austrians themselves, there may have been ground for their cautiousness. We walked seven or eight miles along the bank of the Elbe, to Tetschen, there left our companions and took the road to Teplitz. I was pleasantly disappointed on entering Bohemia. Instead of a dull, uninteresting country, as I expected, it is a land full of the most lovely scenery. There is every thing which can gratify the eye—high blue mountains, valleys of the sweetest pastoral aspect, and romantic old ruins. The very name of Bohemia is associated with wild and wonderful legends, of the rude barbaric ages. Even the chivalric tales of the feudal times of Germany grow tame beside these earlier and

darker histories. The fallen fortresses of the Rhine, or the robber-castles of the Odenwald, had not for me so exciting an interest as the shapeless ruins cumbering these lonely mountains. The civilized Saxon race was left behind; I saw around me the features and heard the language of one of those rude Sclavonic tribes, whose original home was on the vast steppes of Central Asia. I have rarely enjoyed travelling more than our first two days' journey towards Prague. The range of the Erzgebirge ran along on our right; the snow still lay in patches upon it, but the valleys between, with their little clusters of white cottages, were green and beautiful.

About six miles before reaching Teplitz, we passed Kulm, the great battle-field, which in a measure decided the fate of Napoleon. He sent Vandamme with 40,000 men to attack the allies before they could unite their forces, and thus effect their complete destruction. Only the almost despairing bravery of the Russian guards under Ostermann, who held him in check until the allied troops united, defeated Napoleon's design. At the junction of the roads, where the fighting was hottest, the Austrians have erected a monument to one of their generals. Not far from it is that of Prussia, simple and tasteful. A woody hill near, with the little village of Kulm at its foot, was the station occupied by Vandamme at the commencement of the battle. There is now a beautiful chapel on its summit, which can be seen far and wide. A little distance further, the Emperor of Russia has erected a third monument to the memory of the Russians who fell. Four lions rest on the base of the pedestal, and on the top of the shaft, forty-five feet high, Victory is

represented as engraving the date, "Aug. 30, 1813," on a shield. The dark, pine-covered mountains on the right, overlook the whole field and the valley of Teplitz; Napoleon rode along their crests several days after the battle, to witness the scene of his defeat.

Teplitz lies in a lovely valley, several miles wide, bounded by the Bohemian mountains on one side, and the Erzgebirge on the other. One straggling peak is crowned with a picturesque ruin, at whose foot the spacious bath-buildings lie half hidden in foliage. As we walked down the principal street, I noticed that nearly every house was a hotel; in summer the usual average of visitors is five thousand. The waters resemble those of the celebrated Carlsbad; they are warm, and particularly efficacious in rheumatism and diseases of like character. After leaving Teplitz, the road turned to the east, towards a lofty mountain, which we had seen the morning before. The peasants, as they passed by, saluted us with "Christ greet you!"

We stopped for the night at the foot of the peak called the Milleschauer, and must have ascended nearly 2,000 feet, for we had a wide view the next morning, although the mists and clouds hid the half of it. The weather being so unfavorable, we decided not to ascend, and taking leave of the Jena student who came there for that purpose, descended through green fields and orchards snowy with blossoms, to Lobositz, on the Elbe. Here we reached the plains again, where every thing wore the luxuriance of summer, and it was a pleasant change from the dark and rough scenery we had left. The road passed through Theresienstadt, the fortress of Northern Bohemia. The little city is surrounded

by a double wall and moat, which can be filled with water, rendering it almost impregnable. In the morning we were ferried over the Moldau, and after journeying nearly all day across barren, elevated plains, saw late in the afternoon the sixty-seven spires of Prague below us! The dark clouds which hung over the hills, gave us little time to look upon the singular scene; and we were soon comfortably settled in the half-barbaric, half-Asiatic city, with a pleasant prospect of seeing its wonders on the morrow.

CHAPTER XXI.

SCENES IN PRAGUE.

Impressions of Prague—Past and Present—The Moldau Bridge—Johannes of Nepomuck—A Day Dream—The Cathedral—The Shrine of Nepomuck—Jesuitical Music—An Attack of Jews—The Old Hebrew Cemetery.

PRAGUE, *May*, 1845.

I FEEL as if out of the world in this strange, fantastic, yet beautiful old city. We have been rambling all morning through its winding streets, stopping sometimes at a church to see the dusty tombs and shrines, or to hear the fine music which accompanies the morning mass. I have seen no city yet which so forcibly reminds me of the Past. The language adds to the illusion. Three-fourths of the people in the streets speak Bohemian, and many of the signs are written in the same tongue, which has no resemblance to German. The palace of the Bohemian kings still looks down on the city from the western heights, and their tombs stand in the Cathedral of the holy Johannes. When one has climbed the stone steps leading to the fortress, there is a glorious prospect before him. Prague with her spires and

towers, lies in the valley below, through which curves the Moldau around its green islands until it disappears among the northern hills. The fantastic Byzantine architecture of many of the churches and towers, gives the place a peculiar oriental appearance. They seem to have been transported hither from Persia or Tartary. Its streets are full of palaces, fallen and inhabited now by the poorer classes. Its famous University, which once boasted forty thousand students, has long since ceased to exist. In a word, it is, like Venice, a fallen city; though, as in Venice, the improving spirit of the age is beginning to give it a little life, and to send a quicker stream through its narrow and winding arteries. The railroad which, joining that to Brunn, connects it with Vienna, will be finished this year; and in anticipation of the increased business which will follow, speculators are building enormous hotels in the suburbs and tearing down the old buildings to give place to more splendid edifices. These operations, and the chain bridge which spans the Moldau towards the southern end of the city, are the only things which are modern—everything else is old, strange and solemn.

Having first determined a few of the principal points, we wandered through its difficult labyrinths, seeking every place of note or interest. Reaching the bridge at last, we decided to cross and ascend to the Hradschin—the palace of the Bohemian kings. The bridge was commenced in 1357, and was not finished for a hundred and fifty years. Such was the way the old Germans did their work, and they made a structure which will last a thousand years longer. Every pier is surmounted with groups of saints and martyrs, all so worn and

weather-beaten, that there is little left of their beauty, if they ever had any. The most important of them, at least to Bohemians, is that of the holy "Johannes of Nepomuck," now considered as the patron-saint of the land. Many centuries ago he was a priest whom one of the kings threw from the bridge into the Moldau, because he refused to reveal to him what the queen confessed. The legend says the body swam for some time on the river, with five stars around its head. The 16th of May, the day before our arrival, was that set apart for his particular honor; the statue on the bridge was covered with an arch of green boughs and flowers, and the shrine lighted with burning tapers. A railing was erected around it, near which numbers of the believers were kneeling. The bridge was covered with passers-by, who all took their hats off until they had passed. Had it been a place of worship, the act would have been natural and appropriate, but to uncover before a statue seemed to us too much like idolatry, and we ventured over without doing it. A few years ago it might have been dangerous, but now we only met with scowling looks. There are many such shrines and statues through the city, and I noticed that the people always removed their hats and crossed themselves in passing. On the hill above the western end of the city, stands a chapel on the spot where the Bavarians put an end to Protestantism in Bohemia *by the sword*, and the deluded peasantry of the land make pilgrimages to this spot, as if it were rendered holy by an act over which Religion weeps!

Ascending the broad flight of steps to the Hradschin, I paused a moment to gaze upon the scene below. A slight blue haze hung over the clustering towers, and the city glim-

mered through it, like a city seen in a dream. It was well that it should so appear, for not less dim and misty are the memories that haunt its walls. There was no need of a magician's wand to bid that light cloud shadow forth the forms of other times. They came uncalled for, even by fancy. Far, far back in the past, I saw the warrior-princess who founded the kingly city—the renowned Libussa, whose prowess and talent inspired the women of Bohemia to rise at her death and storm the land, that their sex might rule where it obeyed before. On the mountain opposite once stood the palace of the bloody Wlaska, who reigned with her Amazon band for seven years over half Bohemia. Those streets below had echoed with the fiery words of Huss, the castle of whose follower—the blind Ziska, who met and defeated the armies of the German Empire—moulders on the mountain above. Many a year of war and tempest has passed over the scene. The hills around have borne the armies of Wallenstein and Frederick the Great; the war-cries of Bavaria, Sweden and Poland have echoed in the valley, and the glare of the midnight cannon or the flames of burning palaces have often reddened the blood-dyed waters of the Moldau!

But this was a day-dream. The throng of people coming up the steps awaked me. We turned and followed the crowd through several spacious courts, until we reached the Cathedral, which is magnificent in the extreme. The dark Gothic pillars, whose arches unite high above, are surrounded with gilded monuments and shrines, and the side chapels are rich in elaborate decorations. A priest was speaking from a pulpit in the centre, in the Bohemian language,

which not being the most intelligible, I went to the other end to see the shrine of the holy Johannes of Nepomuck. It stands at the end of one of the side aisles, and is composed of a mass of gorgeous silver ornaments. At a little distance, on each side, hang four massive lamps of silver, constantly burning. The pyramid of statues, of the same precious metal, has at each corner a richly carved urn, three feet high, with a crimson lamp burning at the top. Above, four silver angels, the size of life, are suspended in the air, holding up the corners of a splendid drapery of crimson and gold. If these figures were melted down and distributed among the poor and miserable people who inhabit Bohemia, they would then be angels indeed, bringing happiness and blessing to many a ruined home-altar. In the same chapel is the splendid burial-place of the Bohemian kings, of gilded marble and alabaster. On our return to the bridge, we stepped into the St. Nicholas Church, which was built by the Jesuits. The interior has a rich effect, its colors being only brown and gold. The music chained me there a long time. There was a grand organ, assisted by a full orchestra and large choir of singers. At every sound of the priest's bell, the flourish of trumpets and deep roll of the drums filled the dome with a burst of quivering sound, while the giant pipes of the organ breathed out their full harmony and the very air shook under the peal. It was a triumphal strain; the soul became filled with thoughts of power and glory, and the senses were merged into one dim, indistinct emotion of rapture. I could almost forgive the Jesuits the superstition and bigotry they have planted in the minds of men, for the indescribable enjoyment that music gave.

When it ceased, we went out to the world again, and the recollection of it is now but a dream — dream whose influence will last longer than many more palpable reality.

There is another part of Prague which is not less interesting, though much less poetical—the Jews' City. In our rambles we got into it before we were aware, but hurried immediately out of it again, perfectly satisfied with one visit. We entered first a dark, narrow street, whose sides were lined with booths of old clothes and second-hand articles. A sharp-featured old woman thrust a coat before my face, exclaiming, "Herr, buy a fine coat!" Instantly a man assailed me on the other side, "Here are vests! pantaloons! shirts!" I broke loose from them and ran on, but it only became worse. One seized me by the arm, crying, "*Lieber* Herr, buy some stockings!" and another grasped my coat; "Hats, Herr! hats! *buy something, or sell me something!*" I rushed desperately on, shouting "no! no!" with all my might, and finally got safely through. My friend having escaped their clutches also, we found our way to the old Jewish Cemetery. It stands in the middle of the city, and has not been used for a hundred years. We could find no entrance, but by climbing upon the ruins of an old house near, I looked over the wall. A cold shudder crept over me, to think that warm, joyous Life, as I then felt it, should grow chill and pass back to clay in such a foul charnel-house. Large mounds of earth, covered with black, decaying grave-stones, which were almost hidden under the weeds and rank grass, filled the enclosure. A few dark, crooked alder-trees grew among the crumbling tombs, and

gave the scene an air of gloom and desolation, almost fearful. The dust of many a generation lies under these mouldering stones; they now scarcely occupy a thought in the minds of the living; and yet the present race toils and seeks for wealth alone, that it may pass away and leave nothing behind—not even a memory for that which will follow!

CHAPTER XXII.

JOURNEY THROUGH BOHEMIA AND MORAVIA.

The Scenery of Bohemia—The Inhabitants—Wayside Shrines—Disgusting Images—Devotion of the People—Iglau—The Peasant Girls—Bohemian Teams—A Religious Pageant—A New Companion—His Astonishment—Lodging with the Lancers—The City of Znaim—Talk with the Handwerker—Rain—A Drunken Baron—Summer Scenery—First View of the Alps—The Valley of the Danube—Arrival at Vienna.

Our road for the first two days after leaving Prague led across broad, elevated plains, over which a cold wind came direct from the summits of the Riesengebirge, far to our left. Were it not for the pleasant view of the rich valley of the Upper Elbe, which afforded a delightful relief to the monotony of the hills around us, the journey would have been exceedingly tiresome. The snow still glistened on the distant mountains; but when the sun shone out, the broad valley below, clad in the luxuriance of summer, and extending for at least fifty miles with its woods, meadows, and white villages, was like a glimpse of Paradise. The long ridges over which we travelled extended for nearly a hundred and fifty miles—from the Elbe almost to the Danube. The soil is not fertile, the inhabitants are exceedingly poor, and

from our own experience, the climate must be unhealthy. In winter the country is exposed to the full sweep of the northern winds, and in summer the sun shines down on it with unbroken force. There are few streams running through it: and the highest part, which divides the waters of the Baltic from those of the Black Sea, is filled for a long distance with marshes and standing pools, whose exhalations must inevitably subject the inhabitants to disease. This was perceptible in their sallow, sickly countenances; many of the women are afflicted with the *goître*, or swelling of the throat; and I noticed that towards evening they always carefully muffled up their faces. According to their own statements, the people suffer much from the cold in winter, as the few forests the country affords are in possession of the noblemen to whom the land belongs, and who are not willing the trees should be cut. The dominions of these petty despots are marked along the road with as much precision as the boundaries of an empire. We saw sometimes their stately castles at a distance, forming quite a contrast to the poor scattering villages of the peasants.

At Kollin, the road, which had been leading eastward in the direction of Olmütz, turned to the south, and we took leave of the Elbe after tracing back his course from Magdeburg nearly to his home in the mountains of Silesia. The country was barren and monotonous, but a bright sunshine made it look somewhat cheerful We passed, every few paces, some shrine or statue by the roadside. This had struck me, immediately on crossing the border, in the Saxon Switzerland—the boundary of Saxony was that of Protestantism. But here in the heart of Bohemia, the extent to

which this image worship is carried, exceeds anything I had imagined. There is something pleasing as well as poetical in the idea of a shrine by the wayside, where the weary traveller may rest, and lift his heart in thankfulness to the Power which protects him; it was no doubt a pious spirit which placed them there; but the people appear to pay the reverence to the picture which they should give to its spiritual image, and the pictures themselves are so shocking and ghastly, that they seem better calculated to excite horror than reverence. It is truly repulsive to look on images of the Saviour covered with blood, and generally with swords sticking in different parts of the body. The Almighty is represented as an old man, wearing a Bishop's mitre, and the Virgin always wears a gay silk robe, with beads and other ornaments. From the miserable painting, the faces often have an expression that would have been exceedingly ludicrous, if the shock given to our feelings of reverence were not predominant. The poor degraded peasants always uncovered or crossed themselves when passing by these shrines, but it appeared to be rather the effect of habit than any good impulse, for the Bohemians are noted all over Germany for their dishonesty, and we learned by experience that they deserve it. It is not to be wondered at, either; for a people so poor and miserable and oppressed will soon learn to take advantage of all who appear better off than themselves. They had one custom which was touching and beautiful. At the sound of the church bell, as it rang the morning, noon and evening chimes, every one uncovered, and repeated to himself a prayer. Often, as we rested at noon on a bank by the roadside, that voice spoke

out from the house of worship, and every one heeded its tone. Would that to this innate spirit of reverence were added the light of Knowledge, which a tyrannical government denies them!

On the third night of our journey we stopped at the little village of Stecken, and the next morning, after three hours' walk over the ridgy heights, reached the old Moravian city of Iglau, built on a hill. It happened to be *Corpus Christi* day, and the peasants of the neighborhood were hastening there in their gayest dresses. The young women wore a crimson scarf around the head, with long fringed and em broidered ends hanging over the shoulders, or falling in one smooth fold from the crown. They were attired in black velvet vests, with full white sleeves, and skirts of some gay color, which were short enough to show to advantage their red stockings and polished shoe-buckles. Many of them were not deficient in personal beauty, and there was a gipsy-like wildness in their eyes, which, combined with their rich hair and graceful costume, reminded me of the Italian maidens. The towns, too, with their open squares and arched passages, have quite a southern look; but the damp, gloomy weather was enough to dispel any illusion of this kind.

In the neighborhood of Iglau, and, in fact, through the whole of Bohemia, we saw some of the strangest teams that could well be imagined. I thought the Frankfort milk-women, with their donkeys and hearse-like carts, comical objects enough, but they bear no comparison with these Bohemian turn-outs. Dogs—for economy's sake, perhaps—generally supply the place of oxen or horses, and it is no

uncommon thing to see three large mastiffs abreast, harnessed to a country-cart. A donkey and a cow together, are sometimes met with: and one man, going to the festival of Iglau, had his wife and children in a little wagon, drawn by a dog and a donkey. These two, however, did not work well together; the dog would bite his lazy companion, and the man's time was constantly employed in whipping him off the donkey, and in whipping the donkey away from the side of the road. Once I saw a wagon drawn by a dog, with a woman pushing behind, while a man, doubtless her lord and master, sat comfortably within, smoking his pipe with the greatest complacency! The very climax of all was a woman and a dog harnessed *together*, taking a load of country produce to market! I hope, for the honor of the country, it was not emblematic of woman's condition there. But as we saw hundreds of them breaking stone along the road, and occupied at other laborious and not less menial labor, there is too much reason to fear that it is so.

As we approached Iglau, we heard the sound of cannon; the crowd increased, and following the road, we came to an open square, where a large number were already assembled; shrines were erected around it, hung with pictures and pine boughs, and a long procession of children was passing down the side as we entered. We went towards the centre, where Neptune and his Tritons poured the water from their urns into two fountains, and stopped to observe the scene. The procession came on, headed by a large body of priests, in white robes, with banners and crosses. They stopped before the principal shrine, in front of the Rathhaus, and began a solemn religious ceremony. The whole crowd

of not less than ten thousand persons, stood silent and uncovered, and the deep voice of the officiating priest was heard over the whole square. At times the multitude sang responses, the sound swelling and rolling up like a mighty wave, until it broke and slowly sank down again to the deepest stillness. The effect was marred by the rough voices of the officers commanding the soldiery, and the volleys of musketry which were occasionally discharged, degrading the solemnity of the pageant to the level of a military parade.

In the afternoon we were overtaken by a travelling *handwerke* , on his way to Vienna, who joined company with us. We walked several miles together, talking on various matters, without his having the least suspicion that we were not Germans. He had been at Trieste, and at length began speaking of the great beauty of the American vessels there. "Yes," said I, "our vessels are admired all over the world." He stared at me without comprehending ;—"*your* vessels ?" "Our country's," I replied ; "we are Americans !" I can still see his look of incredulous astonishment, and hear the amazed tone with which he cried, "*You* Americans—it is impossible !" We convinced him nevertheless, to his great joy, for all through Germany there is a curiosity to see our countrymen and a kindly feeling towards them. "I shall write down in my book," said he, "so that I shall never forget it, that I once travelled with two Americans !" We stopped together for the night at the only inn in a large, beggarly village, where we obtained a frugal supper with difficulty ; for a regiment of Polish lancers was quartered there for the night, and the pretty *Kellnerin* was so busy in

waiting on the officers that she had no eye for wandering journeymen, as she took us to be. She even told us the beds were all occupied and we must sleep on the floor. Just then the landlord came by. "Is it possible, Herr Landlord," asked our new companion, "that there is no bed here for us? Have the goodness to look again, for we are not in the habit of sleeping on the floor, like dogs!" This speech had its effect, for the *Kellnerin* was commanded to find us beds. She came back unwillingly after a time, and reported that *two* only were vacant. As a German bed is only a yard wide, we pushed these two together, but they were still too small for three persons, and I had a severe cold in the morning, from sleeping crouched up against the damp wall.

The next day we passed the dividing ridge which separates the waters of the Elbe from the Danube, and in the evening arrived at Znaim, the capital of Moravia. The city is built on a steep hill looking down on the valley of the Thaya, whose waters mingle with the Danube near Pressburg. The old castle on the height was formerly the residence of the Moravian monarchs, and traces of the ancient walls and battlements of the city are still to be seen. The handwerker took us to the inn frequented by his craft—the leather-curriers—and we conversed together until bed-time. While telling me of the oppressive laws of Austria, the degrading vassalage of the peasants, and the horrors of the conscription system, he paused as in deep thought, and looking at me with a suppressed sigh, said, "Is it not true, America is free?" I told him of our country and her institutions, adding that though we were not yet as free as we

hoped and wished to be, we enjoyed far more liberty than any country in the world. "Ah!" said he, "it is hard to leave one's fatherland, oppressed as it is, but I wish I could go to America!"

We left next morning at eight o'clock, after having done full justice to the beds of the "Golden Stag," and taken leave of Florian Francke, the honest and hearty old landlord. Znaim appears to great advantage from the Vienna road; but the wind which blew with fury against our backs, would not permit us to look long at it, but pushed us on towards the Austrian border. In the course of three hours we were obliged to stop at a little village; it blew a hurricane, and the rain began to soak through our garments. Here we stayed three hours among the wagoners, who had stopped on account of the weather. One miserable, drunken wretch, whose face was disgustingly brutal and repulsive, distinguished himself by insulting those around him, and devouring like a beast, large quantities of food When the reckoning was given him, he declared he had already paid, and on the waiter denying it, said, "Stop, I will show you something!" pulled out his passport and pointed to the name—"Baron von Reitzenstein." It availed nothing; he had fallen so low that his title inspired no respect, and when we left the inn they were still endeavoring to get their money, and threatening him with a summary proceeding if the demand was not complied with.

Next morning the sky was clear, and a glorious day opened before us. The country became more beautiful as we approached the Danube; the hills were covered with vineyards, just in the tender green of their first leaves, and the

rich valleys lay in Sabbath stillness in the warm sunshine. Sometimes from an eminence we could see far and wide over the garden-like slopes, where little white villages shone among the blossoming fruit-trees. A chain of blue hills arose in front, and I knew almost instinctively that they stood by the Danube; but when we climbed to the last height and began to descend to the valley, where the river was still hidden by luxuriant groves, I saw far to the southwest, a range of faint, silvery summits, rising through the dim ether like an airy vision. There was no mistaking those snowy mountains. My heart bounded with a sudden thrill of rapturous excitement at this first view of *the Alps!* They were at a great distance, and their outline was almost blended with the blue drapery of air which clothed them. I gazed until my vision became dim, and I could no longer trace their airy lines. They called up images blended with the grandest events in the world's history. I thought of the glorious spirits who have looked upon them and trodden their rugged sides—of the storms in which they veil their countenances, and the avalanches they hurl thundering to the valleys—of the voices of great deeds, which have echoed from their crags over the wide earth—and of the ages which have broken, like the waves of a mighty sea, upon their everlasting summits!

As we descended, the hills and forests shut out this sublime vision, and I looked to the wood-clothed mountains opposite and tried to catch a glimpse of the current that rolled at their feet. We here entered upon a rich plain, about ten miles in diameter, which lay between a backward sweep of the hills and a curve of the Danube. It was covered

with the richest grain, every thing wore the luxuriance of summer, and we seem to have changed seasons since leaving the dreary hills of Bohemia. Continuing over the plain, we had on our left the fields of Wagram and Essling, the scene of two of Napoleon's splendid victories. The outposts of the Carpathians skirted the horizon—that great mountain range which stretches through Hungary to the borders of Russia.

At length the road came to the river's side, and we crossed on wooden bridges over two or three arms of the Danube, all of which together were little wider than the Schuylkill at Philadelphia. When we crossed the last bridge, we came to an island covered with groves of the silver ash. Crowds of people filled the cool walks; booths of refreshment stood by the roadside, and music was everywhere heard. The road finally terminated in a circle, where beautiful alleys radiated into the groves; from the opposite side a broad street lined with stately buildings extended into the heart of the city, and through this avenue, filled with crowds of carriages and people on their way to those delightful walks, we entered Vienna!

CHAPTER XXIII.

VIENNA.

Vienna—The Ferdinand's Bridge—The Streets—The Old City—The Suburbs—Beauty of the Prater—St. Stephen's Cathedral—The Belvidere Gallery—The Lower Belvidere—Historical Relics—The Respectful Custode—The Iron Stick—Strauss and his Band—The Tomb of Beethoven—Galleries of Art—The Imperial Library—Cabinet of Natural History—State Carriages of Austria—Prince Liechtenstein's Gallery—Correggio's Venus and Cupid—The Imperial Armory—The Crusty Custode—A Pole—Relics of the Past—Banners of the Crusaders—A Scene at the Police Office—Light Hearts and Empty Purses.

VIENNA, *May* 31, 1845.

I HAVE at last seen the thousand wonders of this great capital—this German Paris—this connecting link between the civilization of Europe and the barbaric magnificence of the East. It is pleasant to be again in a city whose streets are thronged with people, and resound with the din and bustle of business. Although the end may be sordid for which so many are laboring, yet the very sight of so much activity is gratifying. It is peculiarly so to an American. After residing in a foreign land for some time, the peculiarities of our nation are more easily noticed; I find in my countrymen abroad a vein of restless energy—a love for exciting action

—which to many of our good German friends is perfectly incomprehensible. It may have been this activity which gave me at once a favorable impression of Vienna.

The morning of our arrival we sallied out from our lodgings in the Leopoldstadt, to explore the world before us. Entering the broad Praterstrasse, we passed down to the little arm of the Danube, which separates this part of the new city from the old. A row of magnificent coffee-houses occupies the bank, and numbers of persons were taking their breakfasts in the shady porticoes. The Ferdinand's Bridge, which crosses the stream, was filled with people; and in the motley crowd we saw the dark-eyed Greek, and Turks in their turbans and flowing robes Little brown Hungarian boys were selling bunches of lilies, and Italians with baskets of oranges stood by the sidewalk. The throng became greater as we penetrated into the old city. The streets were filled with carts and carriages, and as there are no side-walks, it required constant attention to keep out of their way. Splendid shops, fitted up with great taste, occupied the whole of the lower stories, and goods of all kinds hung beneath the canvas awnings in front of them. Almost every store or shop was dedicated to some particular person or place, which was represented on a large panel by the door. The number of these paintings added much to the brilliancy of the scene; and I was gratified to find, among the images of kings and dukes, one dedicated "*to the American*," with an Indian chief in full costume.

The *Altstadt*, or old city, which contains about sixty thousand inhabitants, is completely separated from the suburbs, the population of which, taking the whole extent within

the outer barrier, numbers nearly half a million. The old city is situated on a small arm of the Danube, and is encompassed by a series of public promenades, gardens and walks, varying from a quarter to half a mile in length, called the Glacis. This once formed part of the fortifications of the city, but as the suburbs grew up so rapidly on all sides, it was appropriately changed to a public walk. It is a beautiful sight, to stand on the summit of the wall and look over the broad Glacis, with its shady roads branching in every direction, and filled with inexhaustible streams of people. The Vorstaedte, or new cities, stretch in a circle around. beyond this; all the finest buildings front on the Glacis, among which the splendid Vienna Theatre and the church of San Carlo Borromeo are conspicuous. The mountains of the Vienna Forest bound the view, with here and there a stately castle on their woody summits.

There is no lack of places for pleasure and amusement. Besides the numberless walks of the Glacis, there are the Imperial Gardens, with their cool shades and flowers and fountains; the Augarten, laid out and opened to the public by the Emperor Joseph: and the Prater, the largest and most beautiful of all. It lies on an island formed by the arms of the Danube, and is between two and three miles square. From the circle at the end of the Praterstrasse, broad carriage-ways extend through its forests of oak and silver ash, and over its verdant lawns to the principal stream, which bounds it on the north. These roads are lined with stately horse-chestnuts, whose branches unite and form a dense canopy, completely shutting out the sun. Every afternoon the beauty and nobility of Vienna whirl through

the cool groves in their gay equipages, while the sidewalks are thronged with pedestrians, and the numberless tables and seats with which every house of refreshment is surrounded, are filled with merry guests. Here, on Sundays and holidays, the people repair in thousands The woods are full of tame deer, which run perfectly free over the whole Prater. I saw several in one of the lawns, lying down in the grass, with a number of children playing around or sitting beside them. It is delightful to walk there in the cool of the evening, when the paths are crowded, and everybody is enjoying the release from the dusty city. It is this free, social life which renders Vienna so attractive to foreigners, and yearly draws thousands of visitors from all parts of Europe.

St. Stephen's Cathedral, in the centre of the old city, is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Germany. Its unrivalled tower, which rises to the height of four hundred and twenty-eight feet, is visible from every part of Vienna. It is entirely of stone, most elaborately ornamented, and is supposed to be the strongest in Europe. The inside is solemn and grand; but the effect is injured by the number of small chapels and shrines. In one of these rest the remains of Prince Eugene of Savoy, "*der edle Ritter*," known in a ballad to every man, woman and child in Germany.

The Belvidere Gallery fills thirty-five halls, and contains three thousand pictures. It is absolutely bewildering to walk through such vast collections; you can do no more than glance at each painting, and hurry by face after face, and figure after figure, on which you would willingly gaze

for hours and inhale the atmosphere of beauty that surrounds them. Then after you leave, the brain is filled with their forms—radiant faces look upon you, and you see constantly in fancy, the calm brow of a Madonna, the sweet young face of a child, or the blending of divine with mortal beauty in an angel's countenance. I endeavor, if possible, always to make several visits—to study those pictures which cling *first* to the memory, and pass over those which make little or no impression. It is better to have a few images fresh and enduring, than a confused and indistinct memory of many.

The Lower Belvidere, separated from the Upper by a large garden, laid out in the style of that at Versailles, contains the celebrated *Ambraser Sammlung*, a collection of armor. In the first hall I noticed the complete armor of the Emperor Maximilian, for man and horse—the armor of Charles V., and Prince Moritz of Saxony, while the walls were filled with figures of German nobles and knights, in the suits they wore in life. There is also the armor of the great "Baver of Trient," trabant of the Archduke Ferdinand. He was nearly nine feet in stature, and his spear, though not equal to Satan's in Paradise Lost, would still make a tree of tolerable dimensions. In the second hall we saw weapons taken from the Turkish army who besieged Vienna, with the horse-tail standards of the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustapha. The most interesting article was the battle-axe of the unfortunate Montezuma, which was probably given to the Emperor Charles V. by Cortez. It is a plain instrument of dark colored stone, about three feet long.

We also visited the *Bürgerliche Zeughaus*, a collection of arms and weapons, belonging to the citizens of Vienna It contains sixteen thousand weapons and suits of armor, including those plundered from the Turks, when John Sobieski conquered them and relieved Vienna from the siege. Besides a great number of sabres, lances and horse-tails, there is the blood-red banner of the Grand Vizier, as well as his skull and shroud, which is covered with sentences from the Koran. On his return to Belgrade, after the defeat at Vienna, the Sultan sent him a bow-string, and he was accordingly strangled. The Austrians having taken Belgrade some time after, they opened his grave and carried off his skull and shroud as well as the bow-string, as relics Another large and richly embroidered banner, which hung in a broad sheet from the ceiling, was far more interesting to me. It had once waved from the vessels of the Knights of Malta, and had, perhaps, on the prow of the Grand Master's ship, led that romantic band to battle against the Infidel.

A large number of peasants and common soldiers were admitted to view the armory at the same time. The grave *custode* who showed us the curiosities, explaining every thing in phrases known by heart for years and making the same starts of admiration whenever he came to any thing peculiarly remarkable, singled us out as the two persons most worthy of attention. Accordingly his remarks were directed entirely to us, and his humble countrymen might as well have been invisible, for the notice he took of them. On passing out, we gave him a coin worth about fifteen cents, which happened to be so much more than the others gave him, that

bowing graciously, he invited us to write our names in the album for strangers. While we were doing this, a poor hand werker lingered behind, apparently for the same object whom he scornfully dismissed, shaking the coin in his hand, and saying: "The album is not for such as you—it is for noble gentlemen!"

On our way through the city, we often noticed a house on the southern side of St. Stephen's Platz, dedicated to "the Iron Stick." In a niche by the window stood what appeared to be the limb of a tree, completely filled with nails, which were driven in so thick that no part of the original wood is visible. We learned afterwards the legend concerning it. The Vienna Forest is said to have extended, several hundred years ago, to this place. A locksmith's apprentice was enabled, by the devil's help, to make the iron bars and padlock which confine the limb in its place; every locksmith's apprentice who came to Vienna after that, drove a nail into it, until finally there was room for no more. It is a singular legend, and whoever may have placed the limb there originally, there it has remained for two or three hundred years at least.

We spent two or three hours delightfully one evening in listening to Strauss's band. We went about sunset to the Odeon, a new building in the Leopoldstadt. It has a refreshment hall nearly five hundred feet long, with a handsome fresco ceiling and glass doors opening into a garden walk of the same length. Both the hall and garden were filled with tables, where the people seated themselves as they came, and conversed sociably over their coffee and wine. The orchestra was placed in a little ornamental temple in the

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garden, in front of which I stationed myself, for I was anxious to see the world's waltz-king, whose magic tones set the heels of half Christendom in motion. After the band finished tuning their instruments, a middle-sized, handsome man stepped forward with long strides, with a violin in one hand and bow in the other, and began waving the latter up and down, like a magician summoning his spirits. As if he had waved the sound out of his bow, the tones leaped forth from the instruments, and guided by his eye and hand, fell into a merry measure. The accuracy with which every instrument performed its part, was truly marvellous. He could not have struck the measure or the harmony more certainly from the keys of his own piano, than from that large band. Sometimes the air was so exquisitely light and bounding, that the feet could scarcely keep on the earth; then it sank into a mournful lament, with a sobbing tremulousness, and died away in a long-breathed sigh. Strauss seemed to feel the music in every limb. He would wave his fiddle-bow awhile, then commence playing with desperate energy, moving his whole body to the measure, until the sweat rolled from his brow. A book was lying on the stand before him, but he made no use of it. He often glanced around with a half-triumphant smile at the restless crowd, whose feet could scarcely be restrained from bounding to the magic measure. It was the horn of Oberon realized.

The company, which consisted of several hundred, appeared to be full of enjoyment. They sat under the trees in the calm, cool twilight, with the stars twinkling above, and talked and laughed together during the pauses of the music, or strolled up and down the lighted alleys. We

walked up and down with them, and thought how much we should enjoy such a scene at home, where the faces around us would be those of friends, and the language our mother tongue!

We went a long way through the suburbs one bright afternoon to a little cemetery about a mile from the city, to find the grave of Beethoven. On ringing at the gate, a girl admitted us into the grounds, in which are many monuments of noble families who have vaults there. I passed up the narrow walk, reading the inscriptions, till I came to the tomb of Franz Clement, a young composer, who died two or three years ago. On turning again, my eye fell instantly on the word "BEETHOVEN," in golden letters, on a tombstone of gray marble. A simple gilded lyre decorated the pedestal, above which was a serpent encircling a butterfly—the emblem of resurrection to eternal life. Here, then, mouldered the remains of that restless spirit, who seemed to have strayed to earth from another clime, from such a height did he draw his glorious conceptions. The perfection he sought for here in vain, he has now attained in a world where the soul is freed from the bars which bind it in this. There were no flowers planted around the tomb by those who revered his genius; only one wreath, withered and dead, lay among the grass, as if left long ago by some solitary pilgrim, and a few wild buttercups hung with their bright blossoms over the slab. I could not resist the temptation to pluck one or two, while the old grave-digger was busy preparing a new tenement. I thought that other buds would open in a few days, but those I took would be treasured many a year as sacred relics. A few paces off is

the grave of Schubert, the composer, whose beautiful songs are heard all over Germany.

It would employ one constantly for a week to visit all the rich collections of art in Vienna. They are all open to the public on certain days, and we have been kept in perpetual motion running from one part of the city to another, in order to arrive at some gallery at the appointed time Tickets, which must often be procured in quite different parts of the city, are necessary for admittance to many: and on applying after much trouble and search, we frequently found that we came at the wrong hour, and must leave without effecting our object. We employed no guide, but preferred finding everything ourselves. We made a list every morning of the collections open during the day, and employed the rest of the time in visiting the churches and public gardens, or rambling through the suburbs.

We visited the Imperial Library a day or two ago. The hall is 245 feet long, with a magnificent dome in the centre, under which stands the statue of Charles V., of Carrara marble, surrounded by twelve other monarchs of the house of Hapsburg. The walls are of variegated marble, richly ornamented with gold, and the ceiling and dome are covered with brilliant fresco paintings. The library numbers 300,000 volumes, and 16,000 manuscripts, which are kept in walnut cases, gilded and adorned with medallions. The rich and harmonious effect of the whole cannot easily be imagined. It is exceedingly appropriate that a hall of such splendor should be used to hold a library. The pomp of a palace may seem hollow and vain, for it is but the dwelling of a man; but no building can be too magnificent for the hun

dreds of great and immortal spirits, who have visited earth during thirty centuries, to inhabit.

We also visited the Cabinet of Natural History, which is open twice a week "to all *respectably dressed* persons," as the notice at the door says. But Heaven forbid that I should attempt to describe what we saw there. The Mineral Cabinet had a greater interest me, inasmuch as it called up the recollections of many a schoolboy ramble over the hills and into all kinds of quarries far and near. It is said to be the most perfect collection in existence. I was pleased to find many old acquaintances there, from the mines of Pennsylvania: Massachusetts and New York were also very well represented. I had no idea before, that the mineral wealth of Austria was so great. Besides the iron and lead mines among the hills of Styria and the quicksilver of Idria, there is no small amount of gold and silver, and the Carpathian mountains are rich in jasper, opal and lapiz lazuli. The largest opal ever found, was in this collection. It weighs thirty-four ounces, and looks like a condensed rainbow.

In passing the palace, we saw several persons entering the basement story under the Library, and had the curiosity to follow them. By so doing, we saw the splendid equipages of the house of Austria. There must have been near a hundred carriages and sleds, of every shape and style, from the heavy, square vehicle of the last century, to the most light and elegant conveyance of the present day. One clumsy but magnificent machine, of crimson and gold, was pointed out as being a hundred and fifty years old. The misery we witnessed in starving Bohemia, formed a striking contrast to all this splendor.

Besides the Imperial Picture Gallery, there are several belonging to princes and noblemen in Vienna, which are scarcely less valuable. The most important of these is that of Prince Liechtenstein, which we visited yesterday. We applied at the porter's lodge for admittance to the gallery, but he refused to open it for two persons. As we did not wish a long walk for nothing, we determined to wait for other visitors. Presently a gentleman and lady came and inquired if the gallery was open. We told them it would probably be opened now, although the porter required a larger number. The gentleman went to seek him, and presently returned, saying: "He will come immediately; I thought best to put the number a little higher, and so I told him there were *six* of us!" Having little artistic knowledge of paintings, I judge of them according to the effect they produce upon me—in proportion as they gratify the natural instinctive love of the Beautiful. I have been therefore disappointed in some painters whose names are widely known, and surprised again to find works of great beauty by others of smaller fame. Judging by such a standard, I should say that "Cupid sleeping in the lap of Venus," by Correggio, is the glory of this collection. The beautiful limbs of the boy-god droop in the repose of slumber, as his head rests on his mother's knee, and there is a smile lingering around his half-parted lips, as if he was dreaming new triumphs. The face is not that of the wicked, mischief-loving child, but rather a sweet cherub, bringing a blessing to all he visits. The figure of the goddess is exquisite. Her countenance, unearthly in its loveliness, expresses the tenderness of a young mother, as she sits

with one finger pressed on her rosy lip, watching his slumber.

One of the most interesting objects in Vienna, is the Imperial Armory. We were admitted by means of tickets previously procured from the Armory Direction. Around the wall on the inside, is suspended the enormous chain which the Turks stretched across the Danube at Buda, in the year 1529, to obstruct the navigation. It has eight thousand links, and is nearly a mile in length The court is filled with cannon of all shapes and sizes, many of which were conquered from other nations. I saw a great many which were cast during the French Revolution, with the words "*Liberté! Egalité!*" upon them, and a number of others bearing the simple letter "N."

Finally, a company which had precedence of us, finished their sight-seeing, and the forty or fifty persons who had collected during the interval were admitted. The Armory is a hollow square, and must be at least a quarter of a mile in length. We were taken into a circular hall, made entirely of weapons, to represent the four quarters of the globe. Here the crusty old guide who admitted us, rapped with his stick on the shield of an old knight who stood near, to keep silence, and then addressed us: "When I speak every one must be silent. No one can write or draw anything. No one shall touch anything, or go to look at anything else, before I have done speaking. Otherwise, they shall be taken immediately into the street again!" Thus in every hall he rapped and scolded, driving the women to one side with his stick and the men to the other, until we had nearly completed the tour of the halls, when the thought

of the coming fee made him a little more polite. He had a regular set of descriptions by heart, which he delivered with a great flourish, pointing particularly to the common military caps of the late Emperors of Prussia and Austria, as "treasures beyond all price to the nation!" Whereupon, the crowd of common people gazed reverently on the shabby beavers, and I verily believe, would have devoutly kissed them, had the glass covering been removed. I happened to be next to a tall, dignified young man, who looked on all this with a displeasure amounting to contempt. Seeing I was a foreigner, he spoke, in a low tone, bitterly of the Austrian government. "You are not then an Austrian?" I asked "No, thank God!" was the reply; "but I have seen enough of Austrian tyranny. I am a Pole!"

Some of the halls represent a fortification, with walls, ditches, and embankments, made of muskets and swords A long room in the second wing contains an encampment, in which twelve or fifteen large tents are formed in like manner. Along the sides are grouped old Austrian banners, standards taken from the French, and horse-tails and flags captured from the Turks. "They make a great boast," said the Pole, "of a half dozen French colors, but let them go to the Hôpital des Invalides, in Paris, and they will find *hundreds* of the best banners of Austria!" They also exhibited the armor of a dwarf king of Bohemia and Hungary, who died, a gray-headed old man, in his twentieth year; the sword of Marlborough; the coat of Gustavus Adolphus, pierced in the breast and back with the bullet which killed him at Lützen; the armor of the old Bohemian princess Libussa and that of the amazon Wlaska, with a

steel vizor made to fit the features of her face. The last wing was the most remarkable. Here we saw the helm and breastplate of Attila, king of the Huns, which once gleamed at the head of his myriads of wild hordes, before the walls of Rome; the armor of Count Stahremberg, who commanded Vienna during the Turkish siege in 1529, and the holy banner of Mahomet, taken at that time from the Grand Vizier, together with the steel harness of John Sobieski, of Poland, who rescued Vienna from the Turkish troops under Kara Mustapha; the hat, sword, and breastplate of Godfrey of Bouillon, the Crusader-king of Jerusalem, with the banners of the cross the Crusaders had borne to Palestine, and the standard they captured from the Turks on the walls of the Holy City! I felt all my boyish enthusiasm for the romantic age of the Crusaders revive, as I looked on the torn and mouldering banners which had once waved on the hills of Judea, or perhaps followed the sword of the Lion Heart through the fight on the field of Ascalon! What tales could they not tell, those old standards, cut and shivered by spear and lance! What brave hands have carried them through the storm of battle, what dying eyes have looked upwards to the cross on their folds, as the last prayer was breathed for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre!

I must now close the catalogue. This morning we shall look upon Vienna for the last time. Our knapsacks are repacked, and the passports (precious documents!) visèd for Munich. The getting of this visè, however, caused a comical scene at the Police Office, yesterday. We entered the Inspector's Hall and took our stand quietly among the

crowd of persons who were gathered around a railing which separated them from the main office. One of the clerks came up, scowling at us, and asked in a rough tone, "What do you want here?" We handed him our tickets of sojourn (for when a traveller spends more than twenty-four hours in a German city, he must take out a permission and pay for it), with the request that he would give us our passports. He glanced over the tickets, came back, and with constrained politeness, asked us to step within the railing. Here we were introduced to the Chief Inspector. "Desire Herr —— to come here," said he to a servant; then turning to us, "I am happy to see the gentlemen in Vienna." An officer immediately came up, who addressed us in fluent English. "You may speak in your native tongue," said the Inspector:—"excuse our neglect; from the facility with which you speak German, we supposed you were natives of Austria!" Our passports were signed at once and given us with a gracious bow, accompanied by the hope that we would visit Vienna again before long. All this, of course, was perfectly unintelligible to the wondering crowd outside the railing. Seeing, however, the honors we were receiving they fell back, and respectfully made room for us to pass out. I kept a grave face until we reached the bottom of the stairs, when I gave way to restrained laughter in a manner that shocked the dignity of the guard, who looked savagely at me over his forest of moustache. I would nevertheless have felt grateful for the attention we received as Americans, were it not for our uncourteous reception as suspected Austrians.

We have just been enjoying a hearty laugh again

though from a very different cause, and one which, according to common custom, ought rather to draw forth tears or at least sighs and groans. This morning B—— suggested an examination of our funds, for we had neglected keeping a strict account, and what with being cheated in Bohemia and tempted by the amusements of Vienna, there was an apparent dwindling away. So we emptied our pockets, counted up the contents, and found we had just ten florins, or four dollars apiece. The thought of our situation, away in the heart of Austria, five hundred miles from our Frankfort home, seems irresistibly laughable. By allowing twenty days for the journey, we shall have half a florin (twenty cents) a day for our travelling expenses. This is a homœopathic allowance, indeed, but there is nothing to be done, except to make the attempt. So now adieu, Vienna! In two hours we shall be among the hills again.

CHAPTER XXIV.

UP THE DANUBE.

A Strong Wind—The Palace of Schönbrunn—The Abbey of Melk—The Luxury of Foot-Travel—American Scenery—Rencontre with Bohemian Gipsies—Danubian Landscapes—The Styrian Alps—Holy Florian—Votive Shrines—Linz and its Towers—More Money Wanted—Lambach—A Mountain Portrait—Falls of the Traun—Battle-Field of the Unknown Student.

We passed out of Vienna in the face of one of the strongest winds it was ever my lot to encounter. It swept across the plain with such force that we found it almost impossible to advance until we got under the lee of a range of hills. About two miles from the barrier we passed Schönbrunn, the Austrian Versailles. It was built by the Empress Maria Theresa, and was the residence of Napoleon in 1809, when Vienna was in the hands of the French. Later, in 1832, the Duke of Reichstadt died in the same room which his father once occupied. Behind the palace is a magnificent garden, at the foot of a hill covered with rich forests and crowned with an open pillared hall, three hundred feet long called the *Gloriette*. The colossal eagle which surmounts it can be seen a great distance.

The lovely valley in which Schönbrunn lies, follows the course of the little river Vienna into the heart of that mountain region lying between the Styrian Alps and the Danube, and called the Vienna Forest. Into this our road led between hills covered with wood, with here and there a lovely green meadow, where herds of cattle were grazing. On the third day we came to the Danube again at Melk, a little city built under the edge of a steep hill, on the summit of which stands the palace-like abbey of the Benedictine Monks. The old friars must have had a merry life of it, for the wine-cellar of the abbey furnished the French army 50,000 measures for several days in succession. The shores of the Danube here are extremely beautiful. Although not so picturesque as the Rhine, the scenery of the Danube is on a grander scale. On the south side the mountains bend down to it with a majestic sweep, and there must be delightful glances into the valleys that lie between, in passing down its current.

But we soon left the river, and journeyed on through the enchanting inland vales. To give an idea of the glorious enjoyment of travelling through such scenes, let me copy a leaf out of my journal, written as we rested at noon on the top of a lofty hill:—"Here, while the delightful mountain breeze that comes fresh from the Alps cools my forehead, and the pines around are sighing their eternal anthem, I seize a few moments to describe the paradise around me. I have felt an elevation of mind and spirit, an unmixed rapture, from morning till night, since we left Vienna. It is the brightest and balmiest June weather; a fresh breeze sings through the trees and waves the ripening grain on the

verdant meadows and hill-slopes. The air is filled with bird-music. The larks sing above us out of sight, the bull-finch wakes his notes in the grove, and at eve the nightingale pours forth her passionate strain. The meadows are literally covered with flowers—beautiful purple salvias, pinks such as we have at home in our gardens, and glowing buttercups, color the banks of every stream. I never saw richer or more luxuriant foliage. Magnificent forests clothe the hills, and the villages are embosomed in fruit trees, shrubbery and flowers Sometimes we go for miles through some enchanting valley, lying like a paradise between the mountains, while the distant, white Alps look on it from afar; sometimes over swelling ranges of hills, where we can see to the right the valley of the Danube, threaded by his silver current and dotted with white cottages and glittering spires, and farther beyond, the blue mountains of the Bohemian Forest. To the left, the range of the Styrian Alps stretches along the sky, summit above summit, the farther ones robed in perpetual snow. I never tire gazing on these glorious hills. They fill the soul with a sense of sublimity, such as one feels when listening to triumphal music They seem like the marble domes of a mighty range of temples, where Earth worships her Maker with an organ-anthem of storms!

"There is an exquisite luxury in travelling here. We walk all day through such scenes, resting often in the shade of the fruit trees which line the road, or on a mossy bank by the side of some cool forest. Sometimes for enjoyment as well as variety, we make our dining-place by a clear spring instead of within a smoky tavern; and our simple

meals have a relish an epicure could never attain. Away with your railroads and steamboats and mail-coaches, or keep them for those who have no eye but for the sordid interests of life! With my knapsack and pilgrim-staff, I ask not their aid. If a mind and soul full of rapture with beauty, a frame in glowing and vigorous health, and slumbers unbroken even by dreams, are blessings any one would attain, let him shoulder his knapsack and walk through Lower Austria!"

I have never been so strongly and constantly reminded of America, as during this journey. Perhaps the balmy season, the same in which I last looked upon the dear scenes of home, may have its effect; but there is also a richness in the forests and waving fields of grain, a wild luxuriance in every landscape, which I have seen nowhere else in Europe. The large farm houses, buried in orchards, scattered over the valleys, add to the effect. Everything seems to speak of happiness and prosperity.

We were met one morning by a band of wandering Bohemian gipsies—the first of the kind I ever saw. A young woman with a small child in her arms came directly up to me, and looking full in my face with her wild black eyes, said, without any preface: "Yes, he too has met with sorrow and trouble already, and will still have more. But he is not false—he is true and sincere, and will also meet with good luck!" She said she could tell me three numbers with which I should buy a lottery ticket and win a great prize. I told her I would have nothing to do with the lottery, and would buy no ticket, but she persisted, saying: Has he a twenty kreutzer piece?—will he give it? Lay

it in his hand and make a cross over it, and I will reveal the numbers!" On my refusal, she became angry, and left me, saying: "Let him take care—on the third day something will happen to him!" An old, wrinkled hag made the same proposition to my companion with no better success. They reminded me strikingly of our Indians; their complexion is a dark brown, and their eyes and hair are black as night. These belonged to a small tribe who wander through the forests of Bohemia, and support themselves by cheating and stealing.

We stopped on the fourth night at Enns, a small city on the river of the same name, which divides Upper from Lower Austria. After leaving the beautiful little village where we passed the previous night, the road ascended one of those long ranges of hills, which stretch off from the Danube towards the Alps. We walked for miles over the broad and uneven summit, enjoying the enchanting view which opened on both sides. If we looked to the right, we could trace the windings of the Danube for twenty miles, his current studded with green, wooded islands; white cities nestled at the foot of the hills, which, covered to the summits with grain-fields and vineyards, extended back one behind another, till the farthest were lost in the distance. I was glad we had taken the way from Vienna to Linz by land, for from the heights we had a view of the whole course of the Danube, enjoying besides the beauty of the inland vales and the far-off Styrian Alps. From the hills we crossed we could see the snowy range as far as the Alps of Salzburg —some of them seemed robed to the very base in their white mantles. In the morning the glaciers on their summit glit-

tered like stars; it was the first time I saw the sun reflected at a hundred miles' distance!

On descending the ridge we came into a garden-like plain, over which rose the towers of Enns, built by the ransom-money paid to Austria for the deliverance of the lion-hearted Richard. The country legends say that St. Florian was thrown into the river by the Romans in the third century, with a millstone around his neck, which, however, held him above the water like cork, until he had finished preaching them a sermon. In the villages we often saw his image painted on the houses, in the act of pouring a pail of water on a burning building, with the inscription beneath—"Oh, holy Florian, pray for us!" This was supposed to be a charm against fire. In Upper Austria, it is customary to erect a shrine on the road, wherever an accident has happened, with a descriptive painting, and an admonition to all travellers to pray for the soul of the unfortunate person. On one of them, for instance, was a cart with a wild ox, which a man was holding by the horns; a woman kneeling by the wheels appeared to be drawing a little girl by the feet from under it, and the inscription stated: "By calling on Jesus, Mary and Joseph, the girl was happily rescued." Many of the shrines had images which the people no doubt, in their ignorance and simplicity, considered holy, but to us they were impious and almost blasphemous.

From Enns a morning's walk brought us to Linz. The peasant girls in their broad straw hats were weeding the young wheat, looking as cheerful and contented as the larks that sang above them. A mile or two from Linz we passed one or two of the round towers belonging to the new fortifi-

cations of the city. As walls have grown out of fashion, Duke Maximilian substituted an invention of his own. The city is surrounded by thirty-two towers, one to three miles distant from it, and so placed that they form a complete line of communication and defence. They are sunk in the earth, surrounded with a ditch and embankments, and each is capable of containing ten cannon and three hundred men. The pointed roofs of these towers are seen on all the hills around. We were obliged to give up our passports at the barrier, the officer telling us to call for them in three hours at the City Police Office; we spent the intervening time very agreeably in rambling through the gay, cheerful-looking town. With its gilded spires and ornamented houses, with their green lattice-blinds, it is strongly suggestive of Italy. Although we had not exceeded our daily allowance by more than a few kreutzers, we found that twenty days would be hardly sufficient to accomplish the journey, and our funds would therefore need to be replenished before we could reach Frankfort. Accordingly I wrote from Linz to a friend at Frankfort, directing a small sum to be forwarded to Munich, which city we hoped to reach in eight days.

We took the horse cars at Linz for Lambach, seventeen miles on the way towards Gmunden. The mountains were covered with clouds as we approached them, and the storms they had been brewing for two or three days began to march down on the plain. They had nearly reached us, when we crossed the Traun and arrived at Lambach, a small city built upon a hill. We left the next day at noon, after the storm had ceased, and on ascending the hill after crossing the Traun, had an opportunity of seeing the portrait on the Traunstein,

of which the old landlord at Lambach told us. I recognized it at the first glance, and certainly it is a most remarkable freak of nature. The rough back of the mountain forms the exact profile of the human countenance, as if regularly hewn out of the rock. What is still more singular, it is said to be a correct portrait of the unfortunate Louis XVI. The landlord said it was immediately recognized by all Frenchmen. The road followed the course of the Traun, whose green waters roared at the bottom of the glen below us, we walked for several miles in a fine forest, through whose openings we caught glimpses of the mountains we longed to reach.

The river roared at last somewhat louder, and on looking down the bank, I saw rocks and rapids, and a few houses built on the edge of the stream. Thinking we must be near the celebrated fall, we went down the path, and lo! on crossing a little wooden bridge, the whole affair burst in sight! Judge of our surprise at finding a cascade of fifteen feet, after we had been led to expect a tremendous leap of forty or fifty, with all the accompaniment of rocks and precipices. Of course the whole descent of the river at the place was much greater, and there were some romantic rapids over the rocks which blocked its course.

The Traunstein grew higher as we approached, presenting the same profile until we had nearly reached Gmunden. From the green upland meadows above the town, the view of the mountain range was glorious, and I could easily conceive the effect of the Unknown Student's appeal to the people to fight for those free hills. I think it is Howitt who relates the incident—one of the most romantic in German history. Count Pappenheim led his forces here in the

year 1626, to suppress a revolution of the people of the whole Salzburg region, who had risen against an invasion of their rights by the Austrian government. The battle which took place on these meadows was about being decided in favor of the oppressors, when a young man, clad as a student, suddenly appeared and addressed the people, pointing to the Alps above them and the sweet lake below, and asking if that land should not be free. The effect was electrical; they returned to the charge and drove back the troops of Pappenheim, who were about taking to flight, when the unknown leader fell, mortally wounded. This struck a sudden panic through his followers, and the Austrians, turning again, gained a complete victory. But the name of the brave student is unknown, his deed unsung by his country's bards, and almost forgotten.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE AUSTRIAN ALPS.

The Lake of Gmunden—Among the Alps—The Lumber Business—The Baths of Ischl—St. Wolfgang—Climbing the Schafberg—Lost—The Track of an Avalanche—Walking over a Forest—Panorama from the Summit—Descent to St. Gilgen—An Alpine Eden—The Shoemaker and his Wife—"Footsteps of Angels"—The Valley of Salzburg—The Alps—The Boy of the Mountain—Sights in Salzburg—Entering Bavaria—People and Scenery—Wasserburg—Field of Hohenlinden—Arrival at Munich—An Enthusiastic Acquaintance.

It was nearly dark when we came to the end of the plain, and looked on the city at our feet and the lovely lake that lost itself in the mountains before us. We were early on board the steamboat next morning, with a cloudless sky above us and a snow-crested Alp beckoning on from the end of the lake. The water was of the loveliest green hue, the morning light colored the peaks around with purple, and a misty veil rolled up the rocks of the Traunstein. We stood on the prow and enjoyed to the fullest extent the enchanting scenery. The white houses of Gmunden sank down to the water's edge like a flock of ducks; half-way we passed castle Ort, on a rock in the lake, whose summit is covered with trees.

As we neared the other extremity, the mountains became steeper and loftier; there was no path along their wild sides, nor even a fisher's hut nestled at their feet, and the snow filled the ravines more than half-way from the summit. An hour and a quarter brought us to Ebensee, at the head of the lake, where we landed and plodded on towards Ischl, following the Traun up a narrow valley, whose mountain-walls shut out more than half the sky. They are covered with forests, and the country is inhabited entirely by the woodmen who fell the mountain pines and float the timber rafts down to the Danube. The steeps are marked with white lines, where the trees have been rolled, or rather tumbled from the summit. Often they descend several miles over rocks and precipices, where the least deviation from the track would dash them in a thousand pieces. This transportation is generally accomplished in the winter when the sides are covered with snow and ice. It must be a dangerous business, for there are many crosses by the way-side, where the pictures represent persons accidentally killed by the trees; an additional painting shows them burning in the flames of purgatory, and the pious traveller is requested to pray an Ave or a Paternoster for the repose of their souls.

On we went, up the valley of the Traun, between mountains five and six thousand feet high, through scenes constantly changing and constantly grand, for three or four hours. Finally the hills opened, disclosing a little triangular valley, whose base was formed by a mighty mountain covered with clouds. Through the two side-angles came the Traun and his tributary the Ischl, while the little town of Ischl lay in the centre. Within a few years this has

become a very fashionable bathing-place, and the influx of rich visitors, which in the summer sometimes amounts to two thousand, has entirely destroyed the primitive simplicity which the inhabitants originally possessed. From Ischl we took a road through the forests to St. Wolfgang, on the lake of the same name. The last part of the way led along the banks of the lake, disclosing some delicious views. These Alpine lakes surpass any scenery I have yet seen. The water is of the most beautiful green, like a sheet of molten beryl, and the cloud-piercing mountains that encompass them shut out the sun for nearly half the day. St. Wolfgang is a lovely village, in a cool and quiet nook at the foot of the Schafberg. The houses are built in the picturesque Swiss style, with flat, projecting roofs, and ornamented balconies, and the people are the very picture of neatness and cheerfulness.

We started next morning to ascend the Schafberg, which is called the Righi of the Austrian Switzerland. It is somewhat higher than its Swiss namesake, and commands a prospect scarcely less extensive and grand. We followed a footpath through the thick forest by the side of a roaring torrent. The morning mist still covered the lake, but the white summits of the Salzburg and Noric Alps opposite us, rose above it, and stood pure and bright in the upper air. We passed a little mill and one or two cottages, and then wound round one of the lesser heights into a deep ravine, down in whose dark shadow we sometimes heard the axe and saw of the mountain woodmen. Finally the path disappeared altogether under a mass of logs and rocks, which appeared to have been whirled together by a sudden flood.

We deliberated what to do; the summit rose several thousand feet above us, almost precipitously steep, but we did not like to turn back, and there was still a hope of meeting with the path again. Clambering over the ruins and rubbish, we pulled ourselves by the limbs of trees up a steep ascent and descended again to the stream. We here saw the ravine was closed by a wall of rock, and our only chance was to cross to the west side of the mountain, where the ascent seemed somewhat easier. A couple of mountain maidens whom we fortunately met, carrying home grass for their goats, told us the mountain could be ascended on that side, by one who could climb *well*—laying a strong emphasis on the word. The very doubt implied in this expression was enough to decide us; so we began the work. And work it was, too! The side was very steep, the trees all leaned downwards, and we slipped at every step on the dry leaves and grass. After making a short distance this way with the greatest labor, we came to the track of an avalanche, which had swept away the trees and earth. Here the rock had been worn rough by torrents, but by using both hands and feet, we climbed the precipitous side of the mountain, sometimes dragging ourselves up by the branches of trees where the rocks were smooth. After half an hour of such work we came above the forests, on the bare side of the mountain. The summit was far above us, and so steep that our limbs involuntarily shrank from the task of climbing. The side sloped at an angle of nearly sixty degrees, and the least slip threw us flat on our faces. We had to use both hand and foot, and were obliged to rest every few minutes to recover breath. Crimson-flowered moss and bright blue

gentians covered the rocks, and I filled my books with blossoms for friends at home.

Up and up, for what seemed an age, we clambered. So steep was it, that the least rocky projection hid my friend from sight, as he was climbing below me. I sometimes started stones, which went down, down, like cannon-balls, till I could see them no more. At length we reached the region of dwarf pines, which was even more difficult to pass through. Although the mountain was not so steep, this forest, centuries old, reached no higher than our breasts, and the trees leaned downwards, so that we were obliged to take hold of the tops of those above us, and drag ourselves over the others. Here and there lay large patches of snow; we sat down in the glowing June sun, and bathed our hands and faces in it. Finally, the sky became bluer and broader, the clouds seemed nearer, and a few more steps through the bushes brought us to the summit of the mountain, on the edge of a precipice a thousand feet deep, whose bottom stood in a vast field of snow!

We lay down on the heather, exhausted by five hours' incessant toil, and drank in, like a refreshing draught, the sublimity of the scene. The green lakes of the Salzburg Alps lay far below us, and the whole southern horizon was filled with the mighty range of the Styrian and Noric Alps, their summits of never-melting snow mingling and blending with the clouds On the other side the mountains of Salzburg lifted their ridgy backs from the plains of Bavaria, and the Chiem lake lay spread out in the blue distance. A line of mist far to the north betrayed the path of the Danube, and beyond it we could barely trace the outline of the Bo

hemian mountains. With a glass the spires of Munich, one hundred and twenty miles distant, can be seen. It was a view whose grandeur I can never forget. In that dome of the cloud we seemed to breathe a purer air than that of earth.

After an hour or two, we began to think of descending, as the path was yet to be found. The summit, which was a mile or more in length, extended farther westward, and by climbing over the dwarf pines for some time, we saw a little wooden house above us. It stood near the highest part of the peak, and two or three men were engaged in repairing it, as a shelter for travellers. They pointed out the path which went down on the side toward St. Gilgen, and we began descending. The mountain on this side is much less steep, but the descent is fatiguing enough. The path led along the side of a glen where mountain goats were grazing, and further down we saw cattle feeding on the little spots of herbage which lay in the forest. My knees became so weak from this continued descent, that they would scarcely sup port me; but we were three hours, partly walking and partly running down, before we reached the bottom. Half an hour's walk around the head of the St. Wolfgang See, brought us to the little village of St. Gilgen.

The valley of St. Gilgen lies like a little paradise between the mountains. Lovely green fields and woods slope gradually from the mountain behind, to the still greener lake spread out before it, in whose bosom the white Alps are mirrored. Its picturesque cottages cluster around the neat church with its lofty spire, and the simple inhabitants have countenances as bright and cheerful as the blue sky above

them. We breathed an air of poetry. The Arcadian simplicity of the people, the pastoral beauty of the fields around and the grandeur of the mountains which shut it out from the world, realized my ideas of a dwelling-place, where, with a few kindred spirits, the bliss of Eden might almost be restored.

We stopped there two or three hours to relieve our hunger and fatigue. My boots had suffered severely in our mountain adventure, and I called at a shoemaker's cottage to get them repaired. I sat down and talked for half an hour with the family. The man and his wife spoke of the delightful scenery around them, and expressed themselves with correctness and even elegance. They were much pleased that I admired their village so greatly, and related every thing which they supposed could interest me. As I rose to go, my head nearly touched the ceiling, which was very low. The man exclaimed: "Ach Gott! how tall!" I told him the people were all tall in our country; he then asked where I came from, and I had no sooner said "America," than he threw up his hands and uttered an ejaculation of the greatest surprise. His wife observed that "it was wonderful how far man was permitted to travel." They wished me a prosperous journey and a safe return home.

St. Gilgen was also interesting to me from that beautiful chapter in "Hyperion"—"Footsteps of Angels,"—and on passing the church on my way back to the inn, I entered the grave-yard mentioned in it. The green turf grows thickly over the rows of mounds, with here and there a rose planted by the hand of affection, and the white crosses were hung with wreaths, some of which had been freshly added

Behind the church, under the shade of a tree, stood a small chapel: I opened the unfastened door, and entered. The afternoon sun shone through the side window, and all was still around. A little shrine, adorned with flowers, stood at the other end, and there were two tablets on the wall, to persons who slumbered beneath. I approached these and read on one of them with feelings not easily described: "Look not mournfully into the past—it comes not again; wisely improve the present—it is thine; and go forward to meet the shadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart!" This then was the spot where Paul Flemming came in loneliness and sorrow to muse over what he had lost, and these were the words whose truth and eloquence strengthened and consoled him, "as if the unknown tenant of the grave had opened his lips of dust and spoken the words of consolation his soul needed."

We reached a little village on the Fuschel See, the same evening, and set off the next morning for Salzburg. The day was hot and we walked slowly, so that it was not until two o'clock that we saw the castellated rocks on the side of the Gaissberg, guarding the entrance to the valley of Salzburg. A short distance further, the whole glorious panorama was spread out below us. From the height on which we stood, we looked directly on the summit of the Capuchin Mountain, which hid part of the city from sight; the double peak of the Staufen rose opposite, and a heavy storm was raging along the Alpine heights around it, while the lovely valley lay in sunshine below, threaded by the bright current of the Salza. As we descended and passed around the foot of the hill, the Untersberg came in sight, whose broad sum-

mits lift themselves seven thousand feet above the plain. The legend says that Charlemagne and his warriors sit in its subterraneous caverns in complete armor, and that they will arise and come forth again, when Germany recovers her former power and glory.

I wish I could convey in words some idea of the elevation of spirit experienced while looking on these eternal mountains. They fill the soul with a sensation of power and grandeur which frees it awhile from the cramps and fetters of common life. It rises and expands to the level of their sublimity, until its thoughts soar solemnly aloft, like their summits, piercing the heart of heaven. Their dazzling and imperishable beauty is to the mind an image of its own enduring existence. When I stand upon some snowy summit —the invisible apex of that mighty pyramid—there seems a majesty in my weak will which might defy the elements. This sense of power, inspired by a silent sympathy with the forms of Nature, is beautifully described—as shown in the free, unconscious instincts of childhood—by the poet Uhland, in his ballad of the "Mountain Boy."

A herd-boy on the mountain's brow,
I see the castles all below.
The sunbeam here is earliest cast
And by my side it lingers last—
I am the boy of the mountain!

The mother-house of streams is here—
I drink them in their cradles clear;
From out the rock they foam below,
I spring to catch them as they go!
I am the boy of the mountain!

To me belongs the mountain's bound,
Where gathering tempests march around;
But though from north and south they shout,
Above them still my song rings out—
"I am the boy of the mountain!'

Below me clouds and thunders move;
I stand amid the blue above.
I shout to them with fearless breast;
"Go leave my father's house in rest!"
I am the boy of the mountain!

And when the loud bell shakes the spires
And flame aloft the signal-fires,
I go below and join the throng,
And swing my sword and sing my song:
"I am the boy of the mountain!"

Salzburg lies on both sides of the Salza, hemmed in on either bend by precipitous mountains. A large fortress overlooks it on the south, from the summit of a perpendicular rock, against which the houses in that part of the city are built. The streets are narrow and crooked, but the newer part contains many open squares adorned with handsome fountains. The variety of costume among the people is very interesting. The inhabitants of the salt district have a peculiar dress; the women wear round fur caps, with little wings of gauze at the side. I saw other women with head-dresses of gold or silver filigree, something in shape like a Roman helmet, with a projection at the back of the head, a foot long. The most interesting objects in Salzburg to us, were the house of Mozart, in which the composer was born, and the monument lately erected to him The St.

Peter's Church, near by, contains the tomb of Haydn, the great composer, and the Church of St. Sebastian that of the renowned Paracelsus, who was also a native of Salzburg.

Two or three hours sufficed to see every thing of interest in the city. We had intended to go further through the Alps, to the beautiful vales of the Tyrol, but our time was getting short; our boots, which are the pedestrian's sole dependence, began to show symptoms of wearing out; and our expenses among the lakes and mountains of Upper Austria, left us but two florins apiece, so we reluctantly turned our backs upon the snowy hills and set out for Munich, ninety miles distant. After passing the night at Saalbruck, on the banks of the stream which separates the two kingdoms, we entered Bavaria next morning. I could not help feeling glad to leave Austria, although within her bounds I had passed scenes whose beauty will long haunt me, and met with many honest, friendly hearts among her people. We noticed a change as soon as we had crossed the border. The roads were neater and handsomer, and the country people greeted us in passing, with a friendly cheerfulness that made us feel half at home. The houses are built in the picturesque Swiss fashion, their balconies often ornamented with curious figures, carved in wood. Many of them, where they are situated remote from a church, have a little bell on the roof which they ring for morning and evening prayers, and we often heard these simple monitors sounding from the cottages as we passed by.

The next night we stopped at the little village of Stein, famous in former times for its robber knight, Hans von Stein. The ruins of his castle stand on the rock above, and the

caverns hewn in the sides of the precipice, where he used to confine his prisoners, are still visible. Walking on through a pleasant, well-cultivated country, we came to Wasserburg on the Inn. The situation of the city is peculiar. The Inn has gradually worn his channel deeper in the sandy soil, so that he now flows at the bottom of a glen, a hundred feet below the plains around. Wasserburg lies in a basin formed by the change of the current, which flows around it like a horse-shoe, leaving only a narrow neck of land which connects it with the country above.

We left the little village where we were quartered for the night and took a foot-path which led across the country to the field of Hohenlinden, about six miles distant. The name had been familiar to me from childhood, and my love for Campbell, with the recollection of the school-exhibitions where "On Linden when the sun was low" had been so often declaimed, induced me to make the excursion to it. We traversed a large forest, belonging to the King of Bavaria, and came out on a plain covered with grain-fields and bounded on the right by a semicircle of low hills. Over the fields, about two miles distant, a tall minaret-like spire rose from a small cluster of houses, and this was Hohenlinden! To tell the truth, I had been expecting something more. The "hills of blood-stained snow" are very small hills indeed, and the "Isar rolling rapidly," is several miles off; it was the spot, however, and we recited Campbell's poem, of course, and brought away a few wild flowers as memorials. There is no monument or any other token of the battle, and the people seem to have already forgotten the scene of Moreau's victory and their defeat.

From a hill twelve miles off we had our first view of the spires of Munich, like distant ships over the sea-like plain They kept in sight until we arrived at eight o'clock in the evening, after a walk of more than thirty miles. We crossed the rapid Isar on three bridges, entered the magnificent Isar Gate, and were soon comfortably quartered in the heart of Munich. Entering the city without knowing a single soul within it, we made within a few minutes an agreeable acquaintance. After we passed the Isar Gate, we began looking for a decent inn, for the day's walk had been fatiguing. Presently a young man, who had been watching us for some time, came up, and said that if we would allow him, he would conduct us to a good lodging-place. Finding we were strangers, he expressed the greatest regret that he had not time to go with us every day around the city. Our surprise and delight at the splendor of Munich, he said, would more than repay him for the trouble. In his anxiety to show us something, he took us some distance out of the way, (although it was growing dark and we were very tired,) to see the Palace and the Theatre, with its front of rich frescoes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MUNICH.

The Splendor of Munich—King Ludwig's Labors—The Ludwigstrasse—The Library—The Church of St. Louis—Monument to Eugene Beauharnois—The Parks on the Isar—The New Residence—Magnificence of its Halls—Hall of the Throne—The King's Apartments—The Royal Chapel—A Picture of Devotion—The Glyptothek—Its Sculptures—The Son of Niobe—The Pinacothek—A Giant—The Basilica—Schwanthaler's Studio—History of an Artisan—Condition of our Finances.

MUNICH, *June* 14, 1845.

I THOUGHT I had seen every thing in Vienna that could excite admiration or gratify fancy; but here I have my former sensations to live over again, in an augmented degree. It is well I was at first somewhat prepared by our previous travel, otherwise the glare and splendor of wealth and art in this German Athens might blind me to the beauties of the cities we shall yet visit. I have been walking in a dream where the fairy tales of boyhood were realized, and the golden and jewelled halls of the Eastern genii rose glittering around me—a vision of the brain no more. All I had conceived of oriental magnificence, all descriptions of the splendor of kingly halls and palaces, fall short of what I here

see. Where shall I begin to describe the crowd of splendid edifices that line its streets, or how give an idea of the profusion of paintings and statues—of marble, jasper and gold?

Art has done every thing for Munich. It lies on a large, flat plain, sixteen hundred feet above the sea, and continually exposed to the cold winds from the Alps. At the beginning of the present century it was but a third-rate city, and was rarely visited by foreigners. Since that time its population and limits have been doubled, and magnificent edifices in every style of architecture erected, rendering it scarcely secondary in this respect to any capital in Europe. Every art that wealth or taste could devise, seems to have been spent in its decoration. Broad, spacious streets and squares have been laid out, churches, halls and colleges erected, and schools of painting and sculpture established, which draw artists from all parts of the world. All this is the result of the taste of the present king, Ludwig I., who began twenty or thirty years ago, when he was Crown Prince, to collect the best German artists around him and form plans for the execution of his grand design. He can boast of having done more for the arts than any other living monarch, and if he had accomplished it all without oppressing his people, he would deserve an immortality of fame.

Let us take a stroll down the Ludwigstrasse. As we pass the Theatiner Church, with its dome and towers, the broad street opens before us, stretching away to the north, between rows of magnificent buildings. Just at this southern end, is the *Schlusshalle*, an open temple of white marble, terminating the avenue. To the right of us extend the arcades, with the trees of the Royal Garden peeping above them;

on the left is the spacious concert building of the Odeon, and the palace of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, son of Eugene Beauharnois. Passing through a row of palace-like private buildings, we come to the Army Department, on the right—a neat and tasteful building of white sandstone. Beside it stands the Library, which possesses the first special claim on our admiration. With its splendid front of five hundred and eighteen feet, the yellowish brown cement with which the body is covered, making an agreeable contrast with the dark red window-arches and cornices, and the statues of Homer, Hippocrates, Thucydides and Aristotle guarding the portal, is it not a worthy receptacle for the treasures of ancient and modern lore which its halls contain?

Nearly opposite stands the Institute for the Blind, a plain but large building of dark red brick, covered with cement, and further, the Ludwig's Kirche, or Church of St. Louis. How lightly the two square towers of gray marble lift their network of sculpture! Over the arched portal stand marble statues by Schwanthaler, and the roof of brilliant tiles worked into mosaic, resembles a rich Turkey carpet covering the whole. We must enter, to get an idea of the splendor of this church. Instead of the pointed arch which one would expect to find above his head, the lofty pillars on each side bear an unbroken semicircular vault, which is painted a brilliant blue, and spangled with silver stars. These pillars, and the little arches above, which spring from them, are illuminated with gold and brilliant colors, and each side-chapel is a casket of richness and elegance. The windows are of silvered glass, through which the light glimmers softly on the splendor within. The end of the chancel behind the

high altar, is taken up with Cornelius's celebrated fresco painting of the "Last Judgment,"—the largest painting in the world—and the circular dome in the centre of the cross contains groups of martyrs, prophets, saints, and kings, painted in fresco on a ground of gold. The work of Cornelius has been greatly praised for sublimity of design and beauty of execution, by many acknowledged judges; I was disappointed in it, but the fault possibly lay in me, and not in the painting. The richness and elegance of the church were so new to me, that I can scarcely decide whether I am impressed by its novelty or charmed by its beauty.

As we leave the church and walk further, the street expands suddenly into a broad square. One side is formed by the new University building, and the other by the Royal Seminary, both displaying in their architecture new forms of the graceful Byzantine school, which the architects of Munich have adapted in a striking manner to so many varied purposes. On each side stands a splendid colossal fountain of bronze, throwing up a great mass of water, which falls in a triple cataract to the marble basin below. A short distance beyond this square the Ludwigstrasse terminates. The end will be closed by a magnificent gate, in a style to correspond with the unequalled avenue to which it will give entrance.

We went one morning to see the collection of paintings formerly belonging to Eugene Beauharnois, who was brother-in-law to the present king of Bavaria, in the palace of his son, the Duke of Leuchtenberg. We have since seen in the St. Michael's Church, the monument to Eugene, from the chisel of Thorwaldsen. The noble figure of the son of Josephine is represented in the Roman mantle, with his

helmet and sword lying on the ground beside him. On one side sits History, writing on a tablet; on the other, stand the two brother-angels, Death and Immortality. They lean lovingly together, with arms around each other, but the sweet countenance of Death has a cast of sorrow, as he stands with inverted torch and a wreath of poppies among his clustering locks. Immortality, crowned with never-fading flowers, looks upwards with a smile of triumph, and holds in one hand his blazing torch. It is a beautiful idea, and Thorwaldsen has made the marble eloquent with feeling.

The inside of the square formed by the Arcades and the New Residence, is filled with noble old trees, which in summer make a leafy roof over the pleasant walks. Passing through the northern Arcade, one comes into the magnificent park, called the English Garden, which extends more than four miles along the bank of the Isar, several branches of whose milky current wander through it, and form one or two pretty cascades. It is a beautiful alternation of forest and meadow, and has all the richness and garden-like luxuriance of English scenery. Winding walks lead along the Isar, or through the wood of venerable oaks, and sometimes a lawn of half a mile in length, with a picturesque temple at its farther end, comes in sight through the trees. I was better pleased with this park than with the Prater in Vienna. Its paths are always filled with persons enjoying the change from the dusty streets to its quiet and cool retirement.

The New Residence is not only one of the wonders of Munich, but of the world. Although commenced in 1826 and carried on constantly since that time by a number of architects, sculptors, and painters, it is not yet finished; and if Art

were not inexhaustible, it would be difficult to imagine what more could be added. The north side of the Max Joseph Platz is taken up by its front of four hundred and thirty feet, which was nine years in building, under the direction of the architect Klenze. The exterior is copied after the Palazzo Pitti, in Florence. The northern front, which faces on the Royal Garden, is now nearly finished. It has the enormous length of eight hundred feet; in the middle is a portico of ten Ionic columns, but instead of supporting a triangular façade, each pillar stands separate, and bears a marble statue from the chisel of Schwanthaler.

The interior of the building does not disappoint the promise of the outside. It is open every afternoon in the absence of the king, for the inspection of visitors; fortunately for us, his majesty is at present on a journey through his provinces on the Rhine. We went early to the waiting hall, where several travellers were already assembled, and at four o'clock, were admitted into the newer part of the palace, containing the throne hall, ball-room, etc. On entering the first hall, designed for the lackeys and royal servants, we were all obliged to thrust our feet into cloth slippers to walk over the polished mosaic floor. The second hall, also for servants, gives tokens of increasing splendor in the richer decorations of the walls and the more elaborate mosaic of the floor. We next entered the receiving saloon, in which the Court Marshal receives the guests. The ceiling is of arabesque sculpture, profusely painted and gilded. Passing through a little cabinet, we entered the great dancing saloon. Its floor is the richest mosaic of wood of different colors, the sides are of polished scagliola, and the ceiling a dazzling blaze of

colors and gold. At one end is a gallery for the orchestra, supported by six columns of variegated marble, above which are six dancing nymphs, painted to represent life.

We next entered two smaller rooms containing the portraits of beautiful women, principally from the German nobility. I gave the preference to the daughter of Marco Bozzaris, now maid of honor to the Queen of Greece. She had a wild dark eye, a beautiful proud lip, and her rich black hair rolled in glossy waves down her neck, from under the red Grecian cap stuck jauntily on the side of her head. She wore a scarf and close-fitting vest embroidered with gold, and there was a free lofty spirit in her countenance worthy the name she bore. These pictures form a gallery of beauty, whose equal cannot easily be found.

Finally we entered the Hall of the Throne. Here the encaustic decoration, so plentifully employed in the other rooms, is dropped, and an effect even more brilliant obtained by the simple use of marble and gold. Picture a long hall with a floor of polished marble, on each side twelve columns of white marble with gilded capitals, between which stand colossal statues of gold. At the other end is the throne of gold and crimson, with gorgeous hangings of crimson velvet. The twelve statues in the hall are called the "Wittelsbach Ancestors," and represent renowned members of the house of Wittelsbach, from which the royal family of Bavaria is descended. They were cast in bronze by Stiglmaier, after the models of Schwanthaler, and then completely covered with a coating of gold, so that they resemble solid golden statues. The value of the precious metal on each one is about $3,000, as they are nine feet in height! What would

the politicians who make such an outcry about the papering of the President's House, say to such a palace as this?

Returning to the starting point, we crossed to the other wing of the edifice and joined the party who came to visit the apartments of the king. Here we were led through two or three rooms, appropriated to the servants, with all the splendor of marble doors, floors of mosaic, and frescoed ceilings. From these we entered the king's apartments The entrance halls are decorated with paintings of the Argonauts and illustrations of the Hymns of Hesiod, after drawings by Schwanthaler. Then came the Service Hall containing frescoes illustrating Homer, by Schnorr, and the Throne Hall, with Schwanthaler's bas-reliefs of the songs of Pindar, on a ground of gold. The throne stands under a splendid crimson canopy. The Dining Room, with its floor of polished wood, is filled with illustrations of the songs of Anacreon. To these follow the Dressing Room, with twenty-seven illustrations of the Comedies of Aristophanes, and the sleeping chamber with frescoes after the poems of Theocritus, and two beautiful bas-reliefs representing angels bearing children to Heaven. It is no wonder the King writes poetry, when he breathes, eats, and sleeps in an atmosphere of it

Adjoining the new residence on the east, is the Royal Chapel, lately finished in the Byzantine style, under the direction of Klenze. To enter it, is like stepping into a casket of jewels. The sides are formed by a double range of arches, the windows being so far back as to be almost out of sight, so that the eye falls on nothing but coloring and gold. The lower row of arches is of alternate green and

purple marble, beautifully polished; but the upper, as well as the small chancel behind the high altar, is entirely covered with fresco paintings on a ground of gold. The richness and splendor of the whole church is absolutely incredible. Even after one has seen the Ludwig's Kirche and the Residence itself, it excites astonishment I was surprised, however, to find at this age a painting on the wall behind the altar, representing the Almighty. It seems as if human presumption has no limit. The simple altar of Athens, with its inscription "*To the Unknown God*," was more truly reverent than this. As I sat down awhile under one of the arches, a poor woman came in, carrying a heavy basket, and going to the steps which led to the altar, knelt down and prayed, spreading her arms out in the form of a cross. Then, after stooping and kissing the first step, she dragged her knees upon it, and commenced praying again with outspread arms. This performance she continued until she had climbed them all, which occupied some time; then, as if she had fulfilled a vow, she turned and departed. She was undoubtedly sincere in her piety, but it made me sad to look upon such deluded superstition.

Yesterday morning we visited the Glyptothek, the finest collection of ancient sculpture, except that in the British Museum, I have yet seen, and perhaps elsewhere unsurpassed, north of the Alps. The building, which was finished by Klenze in 1830, has an Ionic portico of white marble, with a group of allegorical figures, representing Sculpture and the kindred arts. On each side of the portico, there are three niches in the front, containing on one side, Pericles, Phidias and Vulcan; on the other, Hadrian, Prometheus

and Dædalus. The building forms a hollow square, and is lighted entirely from the inner side. There are in all twelve halls, each containing the remains of a particular era in the art, and arranged according to time, so that, beginning with the clumsy productions of the ancient Egyptians, one passes through the different stages of Grecian art, afterwards that of Rome, and finally ends with the works of our own times—the almost Grecian perfection of Thorwaldsen and Canova. These halls are worthy to hold such treasures, and what more could be said of them? The floors are of marble mosaic, the sides of green or purple scagliola, and the vaulted ceilings covered with raised ornaments on a ground of gold. No two are alike in color and decoration, and yet there is a unity of taste and design in the whole, which renders the variety delightful.

From the Egyptian Hall, we enter one containing the oldest remains of Grecian sculpture. Then follow the celebrated Egina marbles, from the temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, on the island of Egina. They formerly stood in the two porticoes, the one group representing the fight for the body of Laomedon, the other the struggle for the dead Patroclus. The parts wanting have been admirably restored by Thorwaldsen. They form almost the only existing specimens of the Eginetan school. Passing through the Apollo Hall, we enter the large hall of Bacchus, in which the progress of the art is distinctly apparent. A satyr, lying asleep on a goat-skin which he has thrown over a rock, is believed to be the work of Praxiteles. The relaxation of the figure and perfect repose of every limb, is wonderful. The countenance has traits of individuality which led me to think it

might have been a portrait, perhaps of some rude country swain.

In the Hall of Niobe, which follows, is one of the most perfect works that ever grew into life under a sculptor's chisel. Mutilated as it is, without head and arms, I never saw a more expressive figure. Ilioneus, the son of Niobe, is represented as kneeling, apparently in the moment in which Apollo draws his bow, and there is an imploring supplication in his attitude which is touching in the highest degree. His beautiful young limbs shrink involuntarily from the deadly shaft; there is an expression of prayer, of agony, in the position of his body. It should be left untouched. No head could be added, which would equal that which one pictures to himself, while gazing upon it.

The Pinacothek is a magnificent building of yellow sandstone, five hundred and thirty feet long, containing thirteen hundred pictures, selected with great care from the private collection of the king, which amounts to nine thousand. Above the cornice on the southern side, stand twenty-five colossal statues of celebrated painters, by Schwanthaler. As we approached, the tall bronze door was opened by a servant in the Bavarian livery, whose size harmonized so well with the giant proportions of the building, that, until I stood beside him and could contrast him with myself, I did not notice his enormous frame. I saw then that he must be near eight feet high, and stout in proportion. He reminded me of the great "Baver of Trient," in Vienna. The Pinacothek contains the most complete collection of works by old German artists, anywhere to be found. There are, in the hall of the Spanish masters, half a dozen of Murillo's

inimitable beggar groups. It was a relief, after looking upon the distressingly stiff figures of the old German school, to view these fresh natural countenances.

One of the most remarkable buildings now in the course of erection is the Basilica, or Church of St. Bonifacius. It represents another form of the Byzantine style, a double edifice, a little like a North River steamboat, with a two-story cabin on deck. The inside is not yet finished, although the artists have been at work on it for six years, but we heard many accounts of its splendor, which is said to exceed anything that has been yet done in Munich. We visited to-day the atelier of Schwanthaler, which is always open to strangers. The sculptor himself was not there, but five or six of his scholars were at work in the rooms, building up clay statues after his models, and working out bas-reliefs in frames. We saw here the original models of the statues on the Pinacothek, and the "Wittelsbach Ancestors," in the Throne Hall of the palace.

Our new-found friend came to visit us last evening and learn our impressions of Munich. In the course of conversation we surprised him by revealing the name of our country, for he had taken us for wandering German students. His countenance brightened up, and he asked us many questions about the state of society in America. In return, he told us something more about himself—his story was simple, but it interested me. His father was a merchant, who, having been ruined by unlucky transactions, died, leaving a numerous family without the means of support. His children were obliged to commence life alone and unaided, which, in a country where labor is so cheap, is difficult and

disheartening. Our friend chose the profession of a machinist, which, after encountering great obstacles, he succeeded in learning, and now supports himself as a common laborer. But his position in this respect, prevents him from occupying that station in society for which he is intellectually fitted. His own words, uttered with a simple pathos which I can never forget, will best describe how painful this must be to a sensitive spirit. "I tell you thus frankly my feelings," said he, "because I know you will understand me. I could not say this to any of my associates, for they would not comprehend it, and they would say I am proud, because I cannot bring my soul down to their level. I am poor and have but little to subsist upon; but the spirit has needs as well as the body, and I feel it a duty and a desire to satisfy them also. When I am with any of my common fellow-laborers, what do I gain from them? Their leisure hours are spent in drinking and idle amusement, and I cannot join them, for I have no sympathy with such things. To mingle with those above me, would be impossible. Therefore I am alone—I have no associate!"

I have gone into minute, and it may be tiresome detail, in describing some of the edifices of Munich, because it seemed the only way in which I could give an idea of their wonderful beauty. It is true that in copying after the manner of the daguerreotype, there is danger of imitating its exaggeration. We leave to-morrow morning, having received the sum written for, twenty florins (eight dollars), which, after paying the expenses of our stay here, will barely enable us to reach Heidelberg. It is a week's journey, and we have even less than twenty kreutzers a day, to travel upon

CHAPTER XXVII.

JOURNEY THROUGH WURTEMBURG AND RETURN TO FRANKFORT.

The Railroad to Angsburg—Traces of Ancient Splendor—Walk to Ulm—Entering Würtemburg—Seeking Lodgings in the Rain—The "Golden Wheel"—Funds—Good-bye to the Alps—The Valley of the Fils—The Suabian Land—Arrival at Stuttgard—Thorwaldsen's Statue of Schiller—The Bewildered Omnibus Driver—Walking in the Rain—Ludwigsburg—Empty Pockets—Beauty of the Zabergau—The Last Night—Approaching Heidelberg—Familiar Scenes—The Castle—An End of Hardship—A Student's Burial—Return to Frankfort—A Midnight Farewell.

We left Munich in the morning train for Augsburg. Between the two cities extends a vast unbroken plain, exceedingly barren and monotonous. Here and there is a little scrubby woodland, and sometimes we passed over a muddy stream which came down from the Alps. The land is not more than half-cultivated, and the villages are small and poor. We saw many of the peasants at the stations, in their gay Sunday dresses, the women wearing short gowns with laced boddices of gay colors, and little caps on the top of their heads, with streamers of ribbons three feet long. After two hours' ride, we saw the tall towers of Augsburg, and alighted on the outside of the wall. The deep moat

which surrounds the city is overgrown with velvet turf, the towers and bastions are empty and desolate, and we passed unchallenged under the gloomy archway. Immediately on entering the city, signs of its ancient splendor are apparent. The houses are old, many of them with quaint, elaborately carved ornaments, and faded fresco paintings. The latter generally represent some scene from the Bible history, encircled with arabesque borders, and pious maxims in illuminated scrolls. We went into the old *Rathhaus*, whose golden hall still speaks of the days of Augsburg's pride. I saw in the basement a bronze eagle, weighing sixteen tons, with an inscription on the pedestal stating that it was cast in 1606, and formerly stood on the top of an old public building, since torn down. In front of the Rathhaus is a fine bronze fountain, with a number of figures of angels and tritons.

The same afternoon we left Augsburg for Ulm. Long, low ranges of hills, running from the Danube, stretched far across the country, and between them lay many rich, green valleys. We passed, occasionally, large villages, perhaps as old as the times of the Crusaders, and appearing quite pastoral and romantic from the outside; but we were always glad when we had gone through their filth and into the clean country again. On the afternoon of the second day we came in sight of the fertile plain of the Danube; far to the right lay the field of Blenheim, where Marlborough and the Prince Eugene conquered the united French and Bavarian forces and decided the war of the Spanish succession.

We determined to reach Ulm the same evening although

a heavy storm was raging along the distant hills of Würtemburg. The dark mass of the mighty Cathedral rose in the distance through the twilight, a mountain in comparison with the little houses clustered around its base. We reached New Ulm, finally, and passed over the heavy wooden bridge into Würtemburg, unchallenged for passport or baggage. The Danube is here a little muddy stream, hardly as large as my native Brandywine, and a traveller who sees it at Ulm for the first time would most probably be disappointed. It is not until below Vienna, where it receives the Drave and Save, that it becomes a river of more than ordinary magnitude.

We entered Ulm, as I have already said. It was after nine o'clock, nearly dark, and beginning to rain; we had walked thirty-three miles, and being of course tired, we entered the first inn we saw. But, to our consternation, it was impossible to get a place—the fair had just commenced and the inn was full to the roof. We must needs hunt another, and then another, and yet another, with like fate at each. It grew quite dark, the rain increased, and we were unacquainted with the city. I became desperate, and at last, when we had stopped at the *eighth* inn in vain, I told the people we *must* have lodgings, for it was impossible we should walk around in the rain all night. Some of the guests interfering in our favor, the hostess finally sent a servant with us to the first hotel in the city. I told him on the way we were Americans, strangers in Ulm, and not accustomed to sleeping in the streets. "Well," said he, "I will go before, and recommend you to the landlord of the Golden Wheel." I knew not what magic he used, but in half an

hour our weary limbs were stretched in delightful repose, and we thanked Heaven more gratefully than ever, for the blessing of a good bed. The night's lodging, however, told severely upon our finances and when we left the city, for our walk of a hundred and twenty miles, to Heidelberg, we had but sixty cents apiece in our pockets.

There is an immense fortification now in progress of erection behind Ulm. It leans on the side of the hill which rises from the Danube, and must be nearly a mile in length Hundreds of laborers are at work, and from the appearance of the foundations, many years will be required to finish it. The lofty mountain-plain which we afterwards traversed for eight or ten miles, divides the waters of the Danube from the Rhine. From the heights above Ulm, we bade adieu to the far, misty Alps, until we shall see them again in Switzerland. Late in the afternoon, we came to a lovely green valley, sunk as it were in the earth Around us, on all sides, stretched the bare, lofty plains; but the valley lay below, its deep sides covered with the richest forest. At the bottom flowed the Fils. Our road led directly down the side; the glen spread out broader as we advanced, and smiling villages stood beside the stream. A short distance before reaching Esslingen, we came upon the banks of the Neckar, whom we hailed as an old acquaintance, although much smaller here in his mountain home than when he sweeps the walls of Heidelberg

Delightful Würtemburg! Shall I ever forget thy lovely green vales, watered by the classic current of the Neckar, or thy lofty hills covered with vineyards and waving forests, and crowned with heavy ruins, that tell many a tale of Bar-

barossa and Duke Ulric and Goetz with the Iron Hand! No—were even the Suabian hills less beautiful—were the Suabian people less faithful and kind and true, still I would love the land for the great spirits it has produced; still would the birth-place of Frederick Schiller, of Uhland and Hauff, be sacred. I do not wonder that Würtemburg can boast such glorious poets. Its lovely landscapes seem to have been made expressly for the cradle of Genius; amid no other scenes could his childhood catch a more benign inspiration. Even the common people are deeply imbued with a poetic feeling. We saw it in their friendly greetings, and open, expressive countenances; it is shown in their love for their beautiful homes, and the rapture and reverence with which they speak of their country's bards. No river in the world, equal to the Neckar in size, flows for its whole course through more delightful scenery, or among kinder and happier people.

After leaving Esslingen, we followed its banks for some time, at the foot of an amphitheatre of hills, covered to the very summit, as far as the eye could reach, with vineyards. The morning was cloudy, and white mist-wreaths hung along the sides. We took a road that led over the top of a range, and on arriving at the summit, saw all at once the city of Stuttgard, lying beneath our feet. It lay in a basin encircled by mountains, with a narrow valley opening to the south-east, and running off between the hills to the Neckar. The situation of the city is one of wonderful beauty, and even after seeing Salzburg, I could not but be charmed with it.

I inquired immediately for the monument of Schiller, for there was little else in the city I cared to see. We had be-

come tired of running about cities, hunting this or that old church or palace, which perhaps was nothing when found. Stuttgard has neither galleries, ruins, nor splendid buildings, to interest the traveller; but it has Thorwaldsen's statue of Schiller, calling up at the same time its shame and its glory For the poet in his youth was obliged to fly from this very same city—from home and friends, to escape the persecution of the government on account of the free sentiments expressed in his early works. We found the statue, without much difficulty. It stands in the Schloss Platz, at the southern end of the city, in an unfavorable situation, surrounded by dark old buildings. It should rather be placed aloft on a mountain summit, in the pure, free air of heaven, braving the storm and the tempest. The figure is fourteen feet high, and stands on a pedestal of bronze, with bas-reliefs on the four sides. The head, crowned with a laurel wreath, is inclined as if in deep thought, and all the earnest soul is seen in the countenance. Thorwaldsen has copied so truly the expression of poetic reverie, that I waited, half-expecting he would lift his head and look around him.

As we passed out the eastern gate, the workmen were busy near the city, making an embankment for the new railroad to Heilbronn, and we were obliged to wade through half a mile of mud. Finally the road turned to the left over a mountain, and we walked on in the rain, regardless of the touching entreaties of an omnibus-driver, who felt a great concern for our health, especially as he had two empty seats. I shall never forget the man's amazement when I gravely assured him that we preferred walking in the rain. "You need only pay me half the fare," he urged. "If it was fair

weather," said I, "I would ride; but I would rather walk when it rains." "You will get sick," he persisted. "No," I answered, "I would get sick if I rode." The man must have thought us insane, for he turned at last with a look of mingled pity and horror, whipped his horses, and drove away from us. There is a peculiarly agreeable sensation in walking in a storm, when the winds sweep by and the rain-drops rattle through the trees, and the dark clouds roll past just above one's head. It gives a dash of sublimity to the most common scene. If the rain did not finally soak through the boots, and if one did not lose every romantic feeling in wet garments, I would prefer storm to sunshine, for visiting some kinds of scenery. We saw the North Coast of Ireland and the Giant's Causeway in stormy weather, at the expense of being completely drenched, it is true; but our recollections of that wild day's journey are as vivid as any event of our lives—and the name of the Giant's Causeway calls up a series of pictures as terribly sublime as any we would wish to behold.

The rain at last came down a little too hard for comfort, and we were quite willing to take shelter when we reached Ludwigsburg. This is here called a new city, having been laid out with broad streets and spacious squares, about a century ago, and is now about the size of our five-year old city of Milwaukie! It is the chief military station of Würtemburg, and has a splendid castle and gardens, belonging to the king. A few miles to the eastward is the little village where Schiller was born. It is said that the house in which his parents lived is still standing

It was not the weather alone which prevented our making a pilgrimage thither, nor was it alone a peculiar fondness for

rain which induced us to persist in walking in the storm. Our feeble pockets, if they could have raised an audible jingle, would have told another tale. Our scanty allowance was dwindling rapidly away, in spite of a desperate system of economy. It was the evening of the third day since leaving Ulm, and our sixty cents were almost exhausted. As soon therefore as the rain slackened a little, we started again, although the roads were very bad. At Betigheim, where we passed the night, the people told us of a much nearer and more beautiful road, passing through the Zabergau, a region famed for its fertility and pastoral beauty. At the inn we were charged higher than usual (five cents) for a bed, so that we had but thirteen kreutzers to start with in the morning. Our fare that day was a little bread and water; we walked steadily on, but, owing to the wet roads, made only thirty miles.

A more delightful region than the Zabergau I have seldom seen. The fields were full of rich, heavy grain, and the trees had a luxuriance of foliage that reminded me of the vale of the Jed, in Scotland. The long hills were covered with waving fields of grain, except where they were steep and rocky, and the vineyard terraces rose one above another. Sometimes a fine old forest grew along the summit, like a mane waving back from the curved neck of a steed, and white villages lay coiled in the valleys between. A line of blue mountains always closed the vista, on looking down one of these long valleys; occasionally a ruined castle with donjon tower, was seen on a mountain at the side, making the picture complete. As we lay sometimes on the hillside and looked on one of those sweet vales, we were astonished at its Arcadian beauty. The meadows were as smooth as a

mirror, and there seemed to be scarcely a grass-blade out of place. The streams wound through with a subdued ripple, as if they feared to displace a pebble; and the great ash trees which stood here and there, had lined each of their leaves as carefully with silver and turned them as gracefully to the wind, as if they were making their toilettes for the gala-day of Nature.

That evening brought us into the dominions of Baden, within five hours' walk of Heidelberg. At the humblest inn in an humble village, we found a bed which we could barely pay for, leaving a kreutzer or two for breakfast. Soon after starting the next morning, the distant Kaiserstuhl suddenly emerged from the mist, with the high tower on its summit, where, nearly ten months before, we sat and looked at the summits of the Vosges in France, with all the excitement one feels on entering a foreign land. Now, the scenery around that same Kaiserstuhl was nearly as familiar to us as that of our own homes. Entering the hills again, we knew by the blue mountains of the Odenwald, that we were approaching the Neckar. At length we reached the last height. The town of Neckargemünd lay before us on the steep hillside, and the mountains on either side were scarred with quarries of the rich red sandstone, so much used in building. The blocks are hewn out, high up on the mountain side, and then sent rolling and sliding down to the river, where they are laden in boats and floated with the current to the distant cities of the Rhine.

We were rejoiced, on turning around the corner of a mountain, to see on the opposite side of the river, the road winding up through the forests, where last September our

Heidelberg friends accompanied us, as we set out to walk to Frankfort, through the Odenwald. Many causes combined to render it a glad scene to us. We were going to meet our friend again, after a separation of months; we were bringing an eventful journey to its close; and finally, we were weak and worn out from fasting and the labor of walking in the rain. A little further we saw Kloster Neuburg, formerly an old convent, and remembered how we used to look at it every day from the windows of our room on the Neckar; but we shouted aloud, when we saw at last the well-known bridge spanning the river, and the glorious old castle lifting its shattered towers from the side of the mountain above us. I always felt a strong attachment to this matchless ruin, and as I beheld it again, with the warm sunshine falling through each broken arch, the wild ivy draping its desolate chambers, it seemed to smile on me like the face of a friend, and I confessed I had seen many a grander scene, but few that would cling to the memory so familiarly.

While we were in Heidelberg, a student was buried by torchlight. His brethren assembled at dusk in the University Square, each with a blazing pine torch three feet long, and formed into a double line. Between the files walked at short distances an officer, who, with his sword, broad lace collar, and the black and white plumes in his cap, looked like a cavalier of the olden time. The thick smoke from the torches filled the air, and a lurid, red light was cast over the hushed crowds in the streets and streamed into the dark alleys. The Hauptstrasse was filled with two lines of flame, as the procession passed down it; but when they reached the extremity of the city, the hearse went on, attended with

torch-bearers, to the Cemetery, some distance further, and the students turned back, running and whirling their torches in mingled confusion. The music struck up a merry march, and in the smoke and glare, they resembled a company of mad demons. The presence of death awed them to silence for awhile, but as soon as it had left them, they turned relieved to revel again, and thought no more of the lesson. They assembled again in the square, and tossing their torches up into the air, cast them blazing into a pile; while the flame and black smoke rose in a column into the air, they sang in solemn chorus, the song "*Gaudeamus igitur*," with which they close all public assemblies.

I shall neglect telling how we left Heidelberg, and walked along the Bergstrasse again, for the sixth time; how we passed the old Melibochus and through the quiet city of Darmstadt; how we watched the blue summits of the Taunus rising higher and higher over the plain, as a new land rises from the sea; and finally, how we reached at last the old watch-tower and looked down on the valley of the Main, clothed in the bloom and verdure of summer, with the houses and spires of Frankfort in the middle of the well known panorama. We again took possession of our old rooms, and having to wait for a remittance from America, we sat down to a month's rest and study. Towards the end of July, Mr. Willis and the family of Herr S—— returned from the baths of Kreuznach, where they had been spending the warm weather, and our happy family circle was restored. I received another remittance of a hundred dollars, which secured me Switzerland and Italy, and immediately began to prepare for my departure.

FRANKFORT, *July* 29 1845

IT would be ingratitude towards the old city in which I have passed so many pleasant and profitable hours, to leave it, perhaps for ever, without a few words of farewell. How often will the old bridge, with its view up the Main, over the houses of Oberrad to the far mountains of the Odenwald, rise freshly and distinctly in memory, when I shall have been long absent from them! How often will I hear in fancy, as I now hear in reality, the heavy tread of passers-by on the rough pavement below, and the deep bell of the Cathedral, chiming the swift hours, with a hollow tone that seems to warn me, rightly to employ them! Even this old room, with its bare walls, little table and chairs, in which I have thought and studied so long, that it seems difficult to think and study anywhere else, will crowd out of memory images of many a loftier scene. May I but preserve for the future the hope and trust which have cheered and sustained me here, through the sorrow of absence and the anxiety of uncertain toil! It is growing towards midnight, and I think of many a night when I sat here at this hour, thinking of the pleasant past, and the doubtful future, and my beloved home across the sea. All this has now an end. I must begin a new wandering, and perhaps in ten days more I shall have a better place for thought, among the valleys of the everlasting Alps. I look forward to the journey with romantic, enthusiastic anticipation, for afar in the golden distance stand the Coliseum and St. Peter's, Vesuvius and the lovely Naples. Farewell, friends who have so long given me a home in a strange land!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FREIBURG AND THE BLACK FOREST.

On the way to Italy—Meeting with a Neighbor—A Talk with the Farmers—Journey to Freiburg—The Minster—Market Day—The New Railroad—The Institute for the Blind—The Grand Duchess Stephanie—The Kingdom of Heaven—The Valley of Hell—Natives of the Black Forest—Climbing the Feldberg—Scenery of the Black Forest—The Alps again—We enter Switzerland—Schaffhausen—The Falls of the Rhine.

Of our walk to Heidelberg over the oft-trodden Bergstrasse, I shall say nothing, nor how we spent two last delightful days with our friends, lingered about the Castle, climbed the Kaiserstuhl again, and danced around on the top of the tower for an hour, amid cloud and mist, while there was sunshine below in the valley of the Neckar. I left Heidelberg on the 8th of August, in the *stehwagen*, for Carlsruhe. The engine whistled, the train started, and although I kept my eyes steadily fixed on the spire of the Hauptkirche, three minutes hid it and all the rest of the city from sight. Carlsruhe, the capital of Baden, which we reached in an hour and a half, is unanimously pronounced by travellers to be a most dull and tiresome city. Even its name, in German, signifies a place of repose.

I stopped at Kork, on the branch road leading to Strasbourg, to meet a German-American about to return to my home in Pennsylvania, where he had lived for some time. I inquired according to the direction he had sent me to Frankfort, but he was not there; however, an old man, finding who I was, said that Herr Otto had directed him to go with me to Hesselhurst, a village four or five miles off, where he would meet me. So we set off immediately over the plain, and reached the village at dusk.

Several of the farmers of the neighborhood were at the little inn, and seemed to consider it as something extraordinary to see a real, live, native-born American. They overwhelmed me with questions about our country, and its government. The hostess brought me a supper of fried eggs and *wurst*, while they gathered around the table and began a long category in the dialect of the country, which is difficult to understand. I gave them the best information I could, about our mode of farming, the different kinds of produce raised, and the prices paid to laborers; and one honest old man cried out, on my saying I had worked on a farm, "Ah! little brother, give me your hand!" which he shook most heartily. I told them also something about our government, and the militia system, so different from the conscription of Europe, when a farmer, becoming quite warm in our favor, said to the others with an air of the greatest decision: "One American is better than twenty Germans!" What particularly amused me, was, that although I spoke German with them, they seemed to think that I did not understand what they said to one another, and therefore commented very freely on my appearance. I suppose they

had the idea that we were a rude, savage race, for I overheard one say: "One sees, nevertheless, that he has been educated!" Their honest, unsophisticated character was very interesting to me, and we talked together until a late hour.

My friend arrived at three o'clock the next morning, and after two or three hours' talk about home, and the friends whom he expected to see so much sooner than I, a young farmer drove me in his wagon to Offenburg, a small city at the foot of the Black Forest, where I took the cars for Freiburg. The scenery between the two places is grand. The broad mountains of the Black Forest rear their fronts on the east, and the blue lines of the French Vosges meet the clouds on the west. The night before, in walking over the plain, I saw distinctly the whole of the Strasburg Minster, the spire of which is the highest in Europe, being four hundred and ninety feet, or but twenty-five feet lower than the Pyramid of Cheops.

The Minster of Freiburg is a grand, gloomy old pile, dating from the eleventh century—one of the few Gothic churches in Germany that have ever been completed. The tower of beautiful fretwork, rises to the height of three hundred and ninety-five feet, and the body of the church, including the choir, is of the same length. The interior is solemn and majestic. The day after my arrival was the great market-day, and the peasantry of the Black Forest came down from the mountains to dispose of their produce. The square around the Minster was filled with them, and the singular costume of the women gave the scene quite a picturesque appearance. Many of them wore bright red

head-dresses and shawls, others had high-crowned hats of yellow oil-cloth; the young girls wore their hair in long plaits, reaching nearly to their feet.

The railroad has only been open to Freiburg within a few days, and is consequently an object of great curiosity to the peasants, many of whom never saw the like before. They throng around the station at the departure of the train, and watch with great interest the operations of getting up the steam and starting. One of the scenes that grated most harshly on my feelings, was seeing one day a company of women employed on the unfinished part of the road. They were digging and shovelling away in the rain, nearly up to their knees in mud and clay!

I called at the Institute for the Blind, under the direction of Mr. Müller. He showed me some beautiful basket and woven work by his pupils, made with astonishing accuracy and skill. They read with great facility from the raised type, and by means of frames are taught to write with ease and distinctness. In music, that great solace of the blind, they most excelled. I was indebted to Mr. Müller, to whom I was introduced by an acquaintance with a friend of his in America, for many kind attentions. He accompanied me to the Jägerhaus, on a mountain near, where we had a very fine view of the city and its great black Minster, with the plain of the Briesgau, broken only by the Kaiserstuhl, a long mountain near the Rhine, whose golden stream glittered in the distance. On climbing the Schlossberg, an eminence near the city, we met the Grand Duchess Stephanie, who is now generally believed to be the mother of Caspar Hauser. Through a work lately published, which has since been sup-

pressed, the whole history has come to light. Caspar Hauser was the lineal descendant of the house of Baden, and heir to the throne. The guilt of his imprisonment and murder rests, therefore, upon the present reigning family.

After two days delightfully spent, we shouldered our knapsacks and left Freiburg. The beautiful valley, at the mouth of which the city lies, runs like an avenue for seven miles directly into the mountains, and presents in its loveliness such a contrast to the horrid defile which follows, that it almost deserves the name which has been given to a little inn at its head—the "Kingdom of Heaven." The mountains of the Black Forest inclose it on each side like walls, covered to the summit with luxuriant woods, and in some places with those forests of gloomy pine which give this region its name. After traversing its whole length, just before plunging into the mountain-depths, the traveller rarely meets with a finer picture than that which, on looking back, he sees framed between the hills at the other end. Freiburg looks around the foot of one of the heights, with the spire of her cathedral peeping above the top, while the French Vosges grow dim in the far perspective.

The road now enters a wild, narrow valley, which grows smaller as we proceed. From Himmelreich, a large rude inn by the side of the green meadows, we enter the Höllenthal—that is, from the "Kingdom of Heaven" to the "Valley of Hell!" The latter place better deserves its appellation than the former. The road winds between precipices of black rock, above which the thick foliage shuts out the brightness of day, and gives a sombre hue to the scene. A torrent foams down the chasm, and in one place two mighty

pillars interpose to prevent all passage. The stream, however, has worn its way through, and the road is hewn in the rock by its side. This cleft is the only entrance to a valley three or four miles long, which lies in the very heart of the mountains. It is inhabited by a few woodmen and their families, and but for the road which passes through, would be as perfect a solitude as the Happy Valley of Rasselas. At the farther end, a winding road called "The Ascent," leads up the steep mountain to an elevated region of country, thinly settled and covered with herds of cattle. The cherries, which in the Rhine-plain below had long gone, were just ripe here. The people spoke a most barbarous dialect, but they were social and friendly, for everybody greeted us, and sometimes, as we sat on a bank by the roadside, those who passed would say "Rest thee!" or "Thrice rest!"

Passing by the Titi Lake, a small body of water which was spread out among the hills like a sheet of ink, so black was its hue, we commenced ascending a mountain. The highest peak of the Schwarzwald, the Feldberg, rose not far off, and on arriving at the top of this mountain, we saw that a half hour's walk would bring us to its summit. This was too great a temptation for my love of climbing heights; so, with a look at the descending sun to calculate how much time we could spare, we set out. There was no path, but we pressed directly up the steep side, through bushes and long grass, and in a short time reached the top, breathless from such exertion in the thin atmosphere. The pine woods shut out the view to the north and east, which is said to be magnificent, as the mountain is about five thousand feet high.

The wild, black peaks of the Black Forest were spread below us, and the sun sank through golden mist towards the Alsatian hills. Afar to the south, through cloud and storm, we could just trace the white outline of the Swiss Alps. The wind swept through the pines around, and bent the long yellow grass among which we sat, with a strange, mournful sound, well suiting the gloomy and mysterious region. It soon grew cold, the golden clouds settled down towards us, and we made haste to descend to the village of Lenzkirch before dark.

Next morning we set out early, without waiting to see the trial of archery which was to take place among the mountain youths. Their booths and targets, gay with banners, stood on a green meadow beside the town. We walked through the Black Forest the whole forenoon. It might be owing to the many wild stories the scenes whereof are laid among these hills, but to me there was a peculiar feeling of solemnity pervading the whole region. The great pine woods are of the very darkest hue of green, and down their hoary, moss-floored aisles, daylight seems never to have shone. The air was pure and clear, and the sunshine bright, but it imparted no gaiety to the scenery: except the little meadows of living emerald which lay occasionally in the lap of a dell, the landscape wore a solemn and serious air. In a storm, it must be sublime.

About noon, from the top of the last range of hills, we had a glorious view. The line of the distant Alps could be faintly traced high in the clouds, and all the heights between were plainly visible, from the Lake of Constance to the misty Jura, which flanked the Vosges on the west. From

our lofty station we overlooked half Switzerland, and had the air been a little clearer, we could have seen Mont Blanc and the mountains of Savoy. I could not help envying the feelings of the Swiss, who, after long absence from their native land, first see the Alps from this road. If to the emotions with which I then looked on them were added the passionate love of home and country which a long absence creates, such excess of rapture would be almost too great to be borne.

In the afternoon we crossed the border, and took leave of Germany with regret, after near a year's residence within its borders. Still it was pleasant to know that we were in a republic once more, and the first step we took made us aware of the change. There was no policeman to call for our passports or search our baggage. It was just dark when we reached the hill overlooking the Rhine, on whose steep banks is perched the antique town of Schaffhausen. It is still walled in, with towers at regular intervals; the streets are wide and spacious, and the houses rendered extremely picturesque by the quaint projecting windows. The buildings are nearly all old, as we learned by the dates above the doors. At the inn, I met with one of the free troopers who marched against Luzerne. He was full of spirit, and ready to undertake another such journey. Indeed it is the universal opinion that the present condition of things cannot last much longer.

We took a walk before breakfast to the falls of the Rhine, about a mile and a half from Schaffhausen. I confess I was somewhat disappointed in them, after the glowing descriptions of travellers. The river at this place is little more

than thirty yards wide, and the body of water, although issuing from the Lake of Constance, is not remarkably strong. For some distance above, the fall of the water is very rapid, and as it finally reaches the spot where, narrowed between rocks, it makes the grand plunge, it has acquired a great velocity. Three rocks stand in the middle of the current, which thunders against and around their bases, but cannot shake them down. These and the rocks in the bed of the stream, break the force of the fall, so that it descends to the bottom, about fifty feet below, not in one sheet, but shivered into a hundred leaps of snowy foam. The precipitous shores, and the tasteful little castle which is perched upon the steep just over the boiling spray, add much to its beauty, taken as a picture. As a specimen of the picturesque, the whole scene is perfect. I should think Trenton Falls, in New York, must excel these in wild, startling effect; but there is such a scarcity of waterfalls in this land, that the Germans go into raptures about them, and will hardly believe that Niagara itself possesses more sublimity.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A WALK THROUGH EASTERN SWITZERLAND.

Canton Zurich—The Country and People—The City of Zurich—Its Promenades—Friendly Greetings—Walk along the Lake Shore—The Alp-Glow—The Grave of Ulrich von Hutten—Freiligrath, the Banished Poet—The Alps in the Rain—Einsiedeln—The Cathedral and Pilgrims—Music—Alpine Scenery—The Slide of the Rossberg—Schwytz—The Lake of the Four Cantons—The Meadow of Grütli—Tell's Chapel—Altorf—Night in the Valley of the Reuss.

We left Schaffhausen for Zurich, in mist and rain, and walked for some time along the northern bank of the Rhine. We could have enjoyed the scenery much better, had it not been for the rain, which not only hid the mountains from sight, but kept us constantly half soaked. We crossed the rapid Rhine at Eglisau, a curious antique village, and then continued our way through the forests of Canton Zurich, to Bülach, with its groves of lindens—"those tall and stately trees, with velvet down upon their shining leaves, and rustic benches placed beneath their overhanging eaves." When we left the little village where the rain obliged us to stop for the night, it was clear and delightful. The farmers were out, busy at work, their long, straight scythe-

glancing through the wet grass, while the thick pines sparkled with thousands of dewy diamonds. The farm-houses were scattered over the country in real American style, and the glorious valley of the Limmat, bordered on the west by a range of woody hills, reminded me of some scenes in my native Pennsylvania. The houses were neatly and tastefully built, with little gardens around them, and the countenances of the people spoke of intelligence and independence. I fancied I could read on the brows of the Swiss a lofty self-respect, a consciousness of the liberties they enjoy, which the Germans of the laboring class never show.

As we approached Zurich, the noise of employment from mills, furnaces and factories, came to us like familiar sounds, reminding us of the bustle of our home towns. The situation of the city is lovely. It lies at the head of the lake, and on both sides of the little river Limmat, whose clear green waters carry the collected meltings of the Alps to the Rhine. Around the lake rise lofty green hills, which, sloping gently back, bear on their sides hundreds of pleasant country-houses and farms, and the snowy Alpine range extends along the southern sky. The Limmat is spanned by a number of bridges, and its swift waters turn many mills which are built above them. From these bridges one can look out over the blue lake and down the thronged streets of the city on each side, whose bright, cheerful houses are prophetic of Italy.

Zurich can boast of finer promenades than any other city in Switzerland. The old battlements are planted with trees and transformed into pleasant walks, which being elevated

above the city, command views of its beautiful environs. A favorite place of resort is the Lindenhof, an elevated court-yard, shaded by immense trees. The fountains of water under them are always surrounded by washerwomen, and in the morning groups of merry school children may be seen tumbling over the grass. The teachers take them there in a body for exercise and recreation. The Swiss children are beautiful, bright-eyed creatures; there is scarcely one who does not exhibit the dawning of an active, energetic spirit. It may be partly attributed to the fresh, healthy climate of Switzerland, but I am republican enough to believe that the influence of the Government under which they live, has also its share in producing the effect.

While enjoying the cool morning breeze on the bastion, and listening to the stir of the streets below us, we were also made aware of the social and friendly politeness of the people. Those who passed us, on their walk around the ramparts, greeted us almost with the familiarity of acquaintances. Simple as was the act, we felt grateful, for it had at least the seeming of a friendly interest and a sympathy with the loneliness which the stranger sometimes feels. A school teacher leading her troop of merry children on their morning walk around the bastion, nodded to us pleasantly, and forthwith the whole company of chubby-cheeked rogues, looking up at us with a pleasant archness, lisped a "*guten morgen*" that made the hearts glad within us. I know of nothing that has given me a more sweet and tender delight than the greeting of a little child, who, leaving his noisy playmates, ran across the street to me, and taking my hand which he could barely clasp in both his own soft little ones,

looked up in my face with an expression so winning and affectionate, that I loved him at once. The happy, honest farmers, too, spoke to us cheerfully everywhere. We learned a lesson from all this—we felt that not a word of kindness is ever wasted, that a simple friendly glance may cheer the spirit and warm the lonely heart, and that the slightest deed, prompted by generous sympathy, becomes a living joy in the memory of the receiver, which blesses unceasingly him who bestowed it.

We left Zurich the same afternoon, for Stafa, where we were told the poet Freiligrath resided. The road led along the bank of the lake, whose shores sloped gently up from the water, covered with gardens and farm-houses, which, with the bolder mountains that rose behind them, made a combination of the lovely and grand, on which the eye rested with rapture. The sweetest cottages were embowered among the orchards, and the whole country bloomed like a garden. The waters of the lake are of a pale, transparent green, and so clear that we could see its bottom of white pebbles, for some distance. Here and there a quiet boat floated on its surface. The opposite hills were covered with a soft blue haze, and white villages sat along the shore, "like swans among the reeds." Behind, we saw the woody range of the Brunig Alp. The people bade us a pleasant good evening; there was a universal air of cheerfulness and content on their countenances.

Towards evening, the clouds, which had hung in the south all day, dispersed a little, and we could see the Dodiberg and the Alps of Glarus. As sunset drew on, the broad summits of snow and the clouds which were rolled around them, as

sumed a soft rosy hue, which increased in brilliancy as the light of day faded. The rough, icy crags and snowy steeps were fused in the warm light and half blended with the bright clouds. This blaze of the mountains at sunset is called the *Alp-glow*, and exceeds all one's highest conceptions of Alpine grandeur. We watched the fading glory until it quite died away, and the summits wore a livid, ashy hue, like the mountains of a world wherein there was no life. In a few minutes more the dusk of twilight spread over the scene, the boatmen glided home over the still lake, and the herdsmen drove their cattle back from pasture on the slopes and meadows.

On inquiring for Freiligrath at Stafa, we found he had removed to Rapperschwyl, some distance further. As it was already late, we waited for the steamboat which leaves Zurich every evening. It came along about eight o'clock, a little boat carried us out through rain and darkness to meet it, and in half an hour we landed on the wharf at Rapperschwyl.

There are two small islands in the lake, one of which, with a little chapel rising from among its green trees, is Ufnau, the grave of Ulrich von Hutten, one of the fathers of the German Reformation. His fiery poems have been the source from which many a German bard has derived his inspiration; and Freiligrath, who now lives in sight of his tomb, has published an indignant poem, because an inn with gaming tables has been established in the ruins of the castle near Creuznach, where Hutten found refuge from his enemies with Franz von Sickingen, brother-in-law of "Goetz with the Iron Hand." The monks of Einsiedeln, to whom Ufnau belongs,

have carefully obliterated all traces of his grave, so that the exact spot is not known, in order that even a tombstone might be denied him who once strove to overturn their order. It matters little to that bold spirit whose motto was—"*The die is cast—I have dared it!*"—the whole island is his monument, if he need one

I spent the whole of the next morning with Freiligrath. the poet, who was lately banished from Germany on account of the liberal principles his last volume contains. He lives in a pleasant country-house on the Meyerberg, an eminence near Rapperschwyl, overlooking a glorious prospect. He received me kindly and conversed much upon American literature. He is a warm admirer of Bryant and Longfellow, and has translated many of their poems into German. He said he had received a warm invitation from a colony of Germans in Wisconsin, to join them and enjoy that freedom which his native land denies, but that his circumstances would not allow it at present. He is perhaps thirty-five years of age. His brow is high and noble, and his eyes, which are large and of a clear gray, beam with serious, saddened thought. His long chestnut hair, uniting with a handsome beard and moustache, gives a lion-like dignity to his energetic countenance. His talented wife, Ida Freiligrath, who shares his literary labors, and an amiable sister, are with him in exile, and he is happier in their faithfulness than wher he enjoyed the favors of a corrupt king.

We crossed the long bridge from Rapperschwyl, and took the road over the mountain opposite, ascending for nearly two hours along the side, with glorious views of the Lake of Zurich and the mountains which inclose it. The upper and

lower ends of the lake were completely hidden by the storms, which, to our regret, veiled the Alps, but that portion below us lay spread out dim and grand, like a vast picture. It rained almost constantly, and we were obliged occasionally to take shelter in the pine forests, whenever a heavier cloud passed over. The road was lined with beggars, who dropped on their knees in the rain before us, or placed bars across the way, and then took them down again, for which they demanded money.

At length we reached the top of the pass, where many pilgrims to Einsiedeln had stopped at a little inn. Some of them had come a long distance to pay their vows, especially as the next day was the Ascension day of the Virgin, whose image at Einsiedeln is noted for performing many miracles. Passing on, we crossed a wild torrent by an arch called the "Devil's Bridge." The lofty, elevated plains were covered with scanty patches of grain and potatoes, and the boys tended their goats on the grassy slopes, sometimes trilling or *yodling* an Alpine melody. An hour's walk brought us to Einsiedeln, a small town, whose only attraction is the Abbey —after Loretto, in Italy, the most celebrated resort for pilgrims in Europe.

We immediately entered the great church. The gorgeous vaulted roof and long aisles were dim with the early evening; hundreds of worshippers sat around the sides, or knelt in groups on the broad stone pavements, repeating their Paternosters and Ave Marias in a shrill, monotonous tone, while the holy image near the entrance was surrounded by persons, many of whom came in the hope of being healed of some disorder under which they suffered. I could not distinctly

make out the image, for it was placed back within the grating, and a crimson lamp behind it threw a strong lustre on all sides, in the form of a glory. Many of the pilgrims came a long distance. I saw some in the costume of the Black Forest, others who appeared to be natives of the Italian Cantons, and a group of young women wearing conical fur caps, from the forests of Bregenz, on the Lake of Constance.

I was astonished at the splendor of this church, situated in a lonely and unproductive Alpine valley. The lofty arches of the ceiling, which are covered with fresco paintings, rest on enormous pillars of granite, and every image and shrine is richly ornamented with gold. Some of the chapels were filled with the remains of martyrs, and these were always surrounded with throngs of believers. The choir was closed by a tall iron grating; but a single lamp, which swung from the roof enabled me to see through the darkness, that though much richer in ornaments than the body of the church, it was less grand and impressive. The frescoes which cover the ceiling are said to be the finest paintings of the kind in Switzerland.

In the morning our departure was delayed by the rain, and we took advantage of it to hear mass in the Abbey and enjoy the heavenly music. The latter was of the loftiest kind; there was one voice among the singers I shall not soon forget. It was like the warble of a bird which sings out of very wantonness. On and on it sounded, making its clear, radiant sweetness heard above the chant of the choir and the thunder of the orchestra. Such a rich, varied, and untiring strain of melody I have rarely listened to.

When the service ceased, we took a small road leading to

Schwytz. We had now fairly entered the Alpine region, and our first task was to cross a mountain. This having been done, we kept along the back of the ridge which bounds the lake of Zug on the south, terminating in the well known Rossberg. The scenery became wilder with every step. The luxuriant fields of herbage on the mountains were spotted with the picturesque *chalets* of the hunters and Alp-herds; cattle and goats were browsing along the declivities, their bells tinkling most musically, and the little streams fell in foam down the steeps. I here began to realize my anticipations of Swiss scenery. Just on the other side of the range, along which we travelled, lay the little lake of Egeri and the valley of Morganten, where Tell and his followers overcame the army of the German Emperor. As we wound around the lake of Löwertz, we saw the valley lying between the Rossberg and the Righi, which latter mountain stood full in view. To our regret, and that of all other travellers, the clouds hung low upon it, as they had done for a week at least, and there was no prospect of a change. The Rossberg, from which we descended, is about four thousand feet in height; a dark brown stripe from its very summit to the valley below, shows the track of the avalanche which, in 1806, overwhelmed Goldau, and laid waste the beautiful vale of Löwertz. Four hundred and fifty persons perished by this catastrophe, which was so sudden that in five minutes the whole lovely valley was transformed into a desolate wilderness.

An hour's walk through a blooming Alpine vale brought us to the little town of Schwytz, the capital of the Canton, which stands at the foot of a tremendous rock-mountain.

The bare and rugged summits hang directly over the town but the people dwell below without fear, although the warning ruins of Goldau are full in sight. A narrow blue line at the end of the valley which stretches westward, marks the lake of the Four Cantons. Down this valley we hurried, that we might not miss the boat which plies daily from Luzerne to Fluelen. I regretted not being able to visit Luzerne, as I had a letter to the distinguished Swiss composer, Schnyder van Wartensee, who resides there at present.

The scenery of the lake is exceedingly grand. Looking towards Luzerne, we could see the dark mass of Mount Pilatus on one side, and on the other the graceful outline of the Righi, still wearing his hood of clouds. We put off in a skiff to meet the boat, with two Capuchin friars in long brown mantles and cowls, carrying rosaries at their girdles.

Nearly opposite Schwytz is the meadow of Grütli, where the union of the Swiss patriots took place, and the bond was sealed that enabled them to cast off their chains. It is a little green slope on the side of the mountain, between the two Cantons of Uri and Unterwalden, surrounded on all sides by precipices. A crystal spring in the centre is believed by the common people to have gushed up on the spot where the three "men of Grütli" joined their hands in the cause of Swiss liberty. It is also a popular belief that they slumber in a rocky cavern near the spot, and that they will arise and come forth when the nation is in danger. Switzerland at present stands greatly in need of a new triad to restore the ancient harmony.

We passed this glorious scene, almost the only green spot on the bleak mountain-side, and swept around the base of

the Axenberg, at the foot of which, in a rocky cave, stands the chapel of William Tell, built on the spot where he leaped from Gessler's boat during the storm. It sits at the base of the rock, on the water's edge, and can be seen far over the waves. The Alps, whose eternal snows are lifted dazzling to the sky, complete the grandeur of a scene so hallowed by the footsteps of Freedom. The grand and lonely solemnity of the landscape impressed me with an awe, like that one feels when standing in a mighty cathedral, when the aisles are dim with twilight. And how full of interest to a citizen of young and free America is a shrine where the votaries of Liberty have turned to gather strength and courage, through the storms and convulsions of five hundred years!

We stopped at the village of Fluelen, at the head of the lake, and walked on to Altorf, a distance of half a league. Here, in the market-place, is a tower, said to be built on the spot where the linden tree stood, under which the child of Tell was placed, while, about a hundred yards distant, is a fountain with Tell's statue, on the spot from whence he shot the apple. If these localities are correct, he must indeed have been master of the cross-bow. The tower is covered with rude paintings of the principal events in the history of Swiss liberty. I viewed these scenes with double interest from having read Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell," just before leaving Germany. The beautiful reply of his boy, when he described to him the condition of the "land where there are no mountains," was sounding in my ears during the whole day's journey:

> "Father, I'd feel oppressed in that broad land,
> I'd rather dwell beneath the avalanche!"

The little village of Burglen, whose spire we saw above the forest, in a glen near by, was the birth-place of Tell, and the place where his dwelling stood, is now marked by a small chapel. In the Schachen, a noisy mountain stream that comes down to join the Reuss, he was drowned, when an old man, in attempting to rescue a child who had fallen in—a death worthy of the hero! We bestowed a blessing on his memory in passing, and then followed the banks of the rapid Reuss. Twilight was gathering in the deep Alpine glen, and the mountains on each side, half-seen through the mist, looked like vast, awful phantoms. Soon they darkened to black, indistinct masses; all was silent except the deepened roar of the falling floods; dark clouds brooded above us like the outspread wings of night, and we were glad when the little village of Amstegg was reached, and the parlor of the inn opened to us a more cheerful, if less romantic scene.

CHAPTER XXX.

PASSAGE OF THE ST. GOTHARD.

An Alpine Day—Chasm of the Reuss—The Devil's Bridge—Andermatt—Climbing the St. Gothard—Summit of the Pass—A Rapid Descent into Italy—Valley of the Ticino—Rugged Scenery—Southern Vegetation—Vineyards—Italian Experiences—Junction with the Splügen Road—Bacchus—On Lago Maggiore—The Borromean Isles—Landing in Lombardy—An Italian Landlord—Arrival at Milan.

LEAVING Amstegg, I passed the whole day among snowy, sky-piercing Alps, torrents, chasms and clouds! The clouds appeared to be breaking up as we set out, and the white top of the Reussberg was now and then visible in the sky. Just above the village are the remains of Zwing Uri, the castle begun by the tyrant Gessler, for the complete subjugation of the canton. Following the Reuss up through a narrow valley, we passed the Bristenstock, which lifts its jagged crags nine thousand feet in the air, while on the other side stand the snowy summits which lean towards the Rhone Glacier and St. Gothard. From the deep glen where the Reuss foamed down towards the Lake of the Forest Cantons, the mountains rose with a majestic sweep so far into the sky that the brain grew dizzy in following

their outlines. Woods, chalets, and slopes of herbage covered their bases, where the mountain cattle and goats were browsing, while the herd-boys sang their native melodies or woke the ringing echoes with the loud, sweet sounds of their wooden horns; higher up, the sides were broken into crags and covered with stunted pines; then succeeded a belt of bare rock with a little snow lying in the crevices, and the summits of dazzling white looked out from the clouds half-way to the zenith. Sometimes when the vale was filled with clouds, it was startling to see them parting around a solitary summit, apparently isolated in the air at an immense height, for the mountain to which it belonged was hidden to the very base!

The road passed from one side of the valley to the other, crossing the Reuss on bridges sometimes ninety feet high. After three or four hours' walking, we reached a frightful pass called the Schöllenen. So narrow is the defile that, before reaching it, the road seemed to enter directly into the mountain. Precipices a thousand feet high tower above, and the stream roars and boils in the black depth below. The road is a wonder of art; it winds around the edge of horrible chasms or is carried on lofty arches across, with sometimes a hold apparently so frail that one involuntarily shudders. At a place called the Devil's Bridge, the Reuss leaps about seventy feet in three or four cascades, sending up a continual cloud of spray, while a wind created by the fall, blows and whirls around, with a force that nearly lifts one from his feet.

Beyond the Devil's Bridge, the mountains which nearly touched before, interlock into each other, and a tunnel three

hundred and seventy-five feet long leads through the rock into the vale of Urseren, surrounded by the Upper Alps The little town of Andermatt lies in the middle of this valley, which, with the peaks around, is covered with short yellowish-brown grass. We met near Amstegg a little Italian boy walking home from Germany, quite alone and without money, for we saw him give his last kreutzer to a blind beggar along the road. We therefore took him with us, as he was afraid to cross the St. Gothard alone.

After refreshing ourselves at Andermatt, we started, five in number, including a German student, for the St. Gothard. Behind the village of Hospiz, which stands at the bottom of the valley leading to Realp and the Furca pass, the way commences winding backwards and forwards, higher and higher, through a valley covered with rocks, with the mighty summits of the Alps around, untenanted save by the chamois and mountain eagle. Not a tree was to be seen. The sides of the mountains were covered with loose rocks waiting for the next rain to wash them down, and the tops were robed in eternal snow. A thick cloud rolled over us as we went on, following the diminishing brooks to their snowy source in the peak of St. Gothard. We cut off the bends of the road by footpaths up the rocks, which we ascended in single file, little Pietro with his staff and bundle bringing up the rear. The rarefied air we breathed, seven thousand feet above the sea, was like exhilarating gas. We felt no fatigue, but ran and shouted and threw snow-balls in the middle of August!

After three hours' walk we reached the two clear and silent lakes which send their waters to the Adriatic and the

North Sea. Here, as we looked down on the Italian side, the sky became clear; we saw the top of St. Gothard many thousand feet above, and stretching to the south, the summits of the mountains which guard the vales of the Ticino and the Adda. The former monastery has been turned into an inn; there is, however, a kind of church attached, attended by a single monk. It was so cold that, although late, we determined to descend to the first village. The Italian side is very steep, and the road, called the Via Trimola, is like a thread dropped down and constantly doubling back upon itself. The deep chasms were filled with snow, although exposed to the full force of the sun, and for a long distance there was scarcely a sign of vegetation.

I thought, as we went down, that every step was bringing me nearer to a sunnier land—that the glories of Italy, which had so long lain in the airy background of the future, would soon spread themselves before me in their real or imagined beauty. Reaching at dusk the last height above the vale of the Ticino, we saw the little village of Airolo, with its musical name, lying in a hollow of the mountains. A few minutes of leaping, sliding, and rolling, took us down the grassy declivity, and we found we had descended from the top in an hour and a half, although the distance by the road is nine miles! I need not say how glad we were to relieve our trembling knees and exhausted limbs. When at night, I looked out of my chamber-window, the silver moon of Italy (for we fancied that her light was softer and that the skies were already bluer) hung trembling above the fields of snow that stretched in their wintry brilliance along the mountains around. I heard the roar of the Ticino and

the deepened sound of falling cascades, and thought, if I were to take those waters for my guide, to what glorious places they would lead me!

We left Airolo early the next morning, to continue our journey down the valley of the Ticino. The mists and clouds of Switzerland were exchanged for a sky of the purest blue, and we felt, for the first time in ten days, uncomfortably warm. The mountains which flank the Alps on this side, are still giants—lofty and bare, and covered with snow in many places. The limit of the German dialect is on the summit of St. Gothard, and the peasants saluted us with a "*buon giorno*," as they passed. This, with the clearness of the skies and the warmth of the air, made us feel that Italy was growing nearer.

On our first day's journey we passed through two terrific mountain gorges, almost equalling in grandeur the defile of the "Devil's Bridge." The Ticino, in its course to Lago Maggiore, has to make a descent of nearly three thousand feet, passing through three valleys, which lie like terraces, one below the other. In passing from one to the other, it forces its way in twenty cataracts through a cleft in the mountains. The road, constructed with the utmost labor, threads these dark chasms, sometimes carried in a tunnel through the rock, sometimes passing on arches above the boiling flood. I here noticed a very beautiful effect of the water, perhaps attributable to some mineral substance it contained. The spray and foam thrown up in the dashing of the vexed current, was of a light, delicate pink, although the stream itself was a soft blue; and the contrast of these two colors was very remarkable.

As we kept on, however, there was a very perceptible change in the scenery. The gloomy pines disappeared, and the mountains were covered, in their stead, with picturesque chestnut trees, with leaves of a shining green. The grass and vegetation were much more luxuriant than on the other side of the Alps, and fields of maize and mulberry orchards covered the valley. We saw the people busy at work reeling silk in the villages. Every mile we advanced made a sensible change in the vegetation. The chestnuts were larger, the maize higher, the few straggling grape-vines increased into bowers and vineyards, while the gardens were filled with plum, pear and fig-trees, and the display of delicious fruit which we saw in the villages, gave us promise of the luxuriance that was to come.

The vineyards are much more beautiful than the German fields of stakes. The vines are not trimmed, but grow from year to year over a frame higher than the head, supported through the whole field on stone pillars. They interlace and form a complete leafy screen, while the clusters hang below. The light came dimly through the green, transparent leaves, and nothing was wanting to make them real bowers of Arcadia. Although we were still in Switzerland, the people began to have that lazy, indolent look which characterizes the Italians; most of the occupations were carried on in the open air, and brown-robed, sandalled friars were going about from house to house, collecting money and provisions for their support.

We passed Faido and Giornico, near which last village are the remains of an old castle, supposed to have been built by the ancient Gauls, and stopped for the night at

Cresciano, which being entirely Italian, we had an opportunity to put in practice the few words we had picked up from Pietro. The little fellow had parted from us with regret a few hours before, at Biasco, where he had relations. The rustic landlord at Cresciano was an honest young fellow, who tried to serve us as well as he could, but we made some ludicrous mistakes through our ignorance of the language.

Three hours' walk brought us to Bellinzona, the capital of the canton. Before reaching it, our road joined that of the Splügen which comes down through the valley of Bernardino. From the bridge where the junction takes place we had a triple view, the grandeur of which took me by surprise, even after coming from Switzerland. We stood at the union of three valleys—that leading to St. Gothard, terminated by the glaciers of the Bernese Oberland, that running off obliquely to the Splügen, and finally the broad vale of the Ticino, extending to Lago Maggiore, whose purple mountains closed the vista. Each valley was perhaps two miles broad and from twenty to thirty long, and the mountains that inclosed them from five to seven thousand feet in height, so you may perhaps form some idea what a view down three such avenues in this Alpine temple would be.

We left Bellinzona at noon, and saw, soon after, from an eminence, the blue line of Lago Maggiore stretched across the bottom of the valley. We saw sunset fade away over the lake, but it was clouded, and did not realize my ideal of such a scene in Italy. A band of wild Italians paraded up and down the village, drawing one of their number in a hand-cart. They made a great noise with a drum and trumpet,

and were received everywhere with shouts of laughter. A great jug of wine was not wanting, and the whole seemed to me a very characteristic scene

We were early awakened at Magadino, at the head of Lago Maggiore, and after swallowing a hasty breakfast, went on board the steamboat "San Carlo," for Sesto Calende. We got under way at six o'clock, and were soon in motion over the crystal mirror. The water is of the loveliest green hue, and so transparent that we seemed to be floating in mid-air. Another heaven arched far below us; other chains of mountains joined their bases to those which surrounded the lake, and the mirrored cascades leaped upward to meet their originals at the surface. It may be because I have seen it more recently, that the water of Lago Maggiore appears to me the most beautiful in the world. I was delighted with the Scotch lakes, and enraptured with the Traunsee and "Zurich's waters," but this last exceeds them both. I am now incapable of any stronger feeling, until I see the Egean from the Grecian Isles.

The morning was cloudy, and the white wreaths hung low on the mountains, whose rocky sides were covered every where with the rank and luxuriant growth of this climate. As we advanced further over this glorious mirror, the houses became more Italian-like; the lower stories rested on arched passages, and the windows were open, without glass, while in the gardens stood the solemn, graceful cypress, and vines, heavy with ripening grapes, hung from bough to bough through the mulberry orchards. Half-way down, in a broad bay, which receives the waters of a stream that descends with the Simplon, are the celebrated Borromean Islands.

They are four in number, and seem to float like fairy creations on the water, while the lofty hills form a background whose grandeur enhances by contrast their exquisite beauty.

On passing by Isola Madre, we could see the roses in its terraced gardens and the broad-leaved aloes clinging to the rocks. Isola Bella, the loveliest of them all, as its name denotes, was farther off; it rose like a pyramid from the water, terrace above terrace to the summit, and its gardens of never fading foliage, with the glorious panorama around, might make it a paradise, if life were to be dreamed away. On the northern side of the bay lies a large town with a lofty Romanesque tower, and noble mountains sweep around as if to shut out the world from such a scene. The lake was perfectly calm, and groves and gardens slept mirrored in the dark green wave, while the Alps rose afar through the dim, cloudy air. Towards the other end the hills sink lower, and slope off into the plains of Lombardy. Near Arona, on the western side, is a large monastery, overlooking the lower part of the lake. Beside it, on a hill, is a colossal statue of San Carlo Borromeo, who gave his name to the lovely islands above.

After a seven hours' passage, we ran into Sesto Calende, at the foot of the lake. Here passengers and baggage were tumbled promiscuously on shore, the latter gathered into the office to be examined, and the former left at liberty to ramble about an hour until their passports could be signed. We employed the time in trying the flavor of the grapes and peaches of Lombardy, and in looking at the groups of travellers who had come down from the Alps with the annual avalanche at this season. The custom-house officers were

extremely civil and obliging, as they did not think necessary to examine our knapsacks, and our passports being soon signed, we were at liberty to enter again into the dominions of his Majesty of Austria. Our companion, the German, whose feet could carry him no further, took a seat on the top of a diligence for Milan; we left Sesto Calende on foot, and plunged into the cloud of dust which was whirling towards the capital of Northern Italy.

We spent the night at the little village of Casina, about sixteen miles from Milan, and here made our first experience of the honesty of Italian inns. We had taken the precaution to inquire beforehand the price of a bed; but it seemed unnecessary and unpleasant, as well as evincing a mistrustful spirit, to do the same with every article we asked for, so we decided to leave it to the host's conscience not to overcharge us Imagine our astonishment, however, when at starting, a bill was presented to us, in which the smallest articles were set down at three or four times their value. We remonstrated, but to little purpose; the fellow knew scarcely any French, and we as little Italian, so rather than lose time and temper, we paid what he demanded and went on, leaving him to laugh at the successful imposition.

About noon, the road turned into a broad and beautiful avenue of poplars, down which we saw at a distance, the triumphal arch terminating the Simplon road, which we had followed from Sesto Calende. Beyond it rose the slight and airy pinnacle of the Duomo. We passed by the exquisite structure, gave up our passports at the gates. traversed the broad Piazza d'Armi, and found ourselves at liberty to choose one of the dozen streets that led into the heart of the city.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MILAN AND THE JOURNEY TO GENOA.

The Streets of Milan—The Duomo—Its Interior—Art based on Nature—Italian Priestcraft—The Arch of Peace—Financial Distress—Relieved by a German Lawyer—Thunder Storms—Lions in Pavia—Crossing the Po—Magnificent View of the Alps—The Second Day's Travel—An Italian Sunset—A *Pinta* of Wine—Morning—Pilgrim Travel—First View of the Mediterranean—The Descent to Genoa.

WHILE seeking our way at random to the "Pension Suisse," whither we had been directed by a German gentleman, we were agreeably impressed with the gaiety and bustle of Milan. The shops and stores are all open to the street, so that the city resembles a great bazaar. It was odd to see blacksmiths, tailors, and shoemakers, working unconcernedly in the open air, with crowds continually passing before them. The streets are filled with venders of fruit, who call out the names with a long, distressing cry, like that of a person in great agony. Organ-grinders parade constantly about, and snatches of song are heard among the gay crowd, on every side.

In this lively, noisy Italian city, nearly all there is to see may be comprised in four things: the Duomo, the triumphal arch over the Simplon, La Scala, and the Picture Gallery. The first alone is more interesting than many an entire city. It stands in an irregular open place, closely hemmed in by houses on two sides, so that it can be seen to advantage from only one point. It is a mixture of the Gothic and Romanesque styles; the body of the structure is entirely covered with statues and richly wrought sculpture, with needle-like spires of white marble rising up from every corner. But of the exquisite, airy look of the whole mass, although so solid and vast, it is impossible to convey an idea. It resembles some fabric of frost-work which winter traces on the window panes.

Ascending the marble steps which lead to the front, I lifted the folds of the heavy curtain and entered. What a glorious aisle! The mighty pillars support a magnificent arched ceiling, painted to resemble fretwork, and the little light that falls through the small windows above, enters tinged with a dim golden hue. A feeling of solemn awe comes over one as he steps with a hushed tread along the colored marble floor, and measures the massive columns until they blend with the gorgeous arches above. There are four rows of these, nearly fifty in all, and when I state that they are eight feet in diameter, and sixty or seventy in height, some idea may be formed of the grandeur of the building. The Duomo is not yet entirely finished, the workmen being still employed in various parts, but it is said that, when completed, there will be four thousand statues on different parts of it.

The design of the Duomo is said to be taken from Monte Rosa, one of the loftiest peaks of the Alps. Its hundreds of sculptured pinnacles, rising from every part of the body of the church, certainly bear a striking resemblance to the splintered ice-crags of Savoy. Thus we see how Art, mighty and endless in her forms though she be, is in everything but the child of Nature. Her divinest conceptions are but copies of objects which we behold every day. The faultless beauty of the Corinthian capital—the springing and intermingling arches of the Gothic aisle—the pillared portico or the massive and sky-piercing pyramid—are but attempts at reproducing, by the studied regularity of Art, the ever-varied and ever-beautiful forms of mountain, rock and forest. But there is oftentimes a more thrilling sensation of enjoyment produced by the creation of man's hand and intellect than the grander effects of Nature, existing constantly before our eyes. It would seem as if man marvelled more at his own work than at the work of the Power which created him.

The streets of Milan abound with priests in their cocked hats and long black robes. No sight lately has saddened me so much as to see a bright, beautiful boy, of twelve or thirteen years, in those gloomy garments. Poor child! he little knows now what he may have to endure. A lonely, cheerless life, where every affection must be crushed as unholy, and every pleasure denied as a crime! And I knew by his fair brow and tender lip, that he had a warm and loving heart. It is mournful to see a people oppressed in the name of religion. Immense treasures, wrung drop by drop from the credulity of the poor and ignorant, are made

use of to pamper the luxury of those who profess to be mediators between man and the Deity. The poor wretch may perish of starvation on a floor of precious mosaic which perhaps his own pittance has helped to form, while ceilings and shrines of inlaid gold mock his dying eye with their useless splendor. Such a system of oppression, disguised under the holiest name, can only be sustained by the continuance of ignorance and blind superstition. Knowledge—Truth—Reason—these are the ramparts which Liberty throws up to guard her dominions from usurpation.

Next to the Duomo, the most beautiful specimen of architecture in Milan is the Arch of Peace on the northern side of the city, at the termination of the Simplon Road. It was the intention of Napoleon to carry the road under this arch, across the Piazza d'Armi, and to cut a way for it directly into the heart of the city, but the fall of his dynasty prevented the execution of this magnificent design, as well as the completion of the arch itself. This has been done by the Austrian government, according to the original plan; but they have inscribed upon it the name of Francis I., and changed the bas-reliefs of Lodi and Marengo into those of fields where their forces had gained the victory. It is even said that in many parts which were already finished, they altered the splendid Roman profile of Napoleon into the haggard features of Francis of Austria.

The bronze statues on the top were made by an artist of Bologna, by Napoleon's order, and are said to be among the finest works of modern times. In the centre is the goddess of Peace, in a triumphal car, drawn by six horses, while on the corners four angels, mounted, are setting out to convey

the tidings to the four quarters of the globe. The artist has caught the spirit of motion and chained it in these moveless figures. One would hardly feel surprised if the goddess, chariot, horses and all, were to start and roll away through the air.

We saw the opera of William Tell at La Scala, visited the famous Picture Gallery in the Palazzo Cabrera, and after a stay of two days, were ready to continue our journey, but for one very disagreeable circumstance. Nearly all our funds were contained in a draft on a Saxon merchant in Leghorn, which was useless in Milan; we had failed to receive at Heidelberg a sum which our host in Frankfort promised to send us, and there was barely enough in our pockets to pay our bill at the Pension Suisse. Our German companion had gone off to Como, on his way homeward, and we knew no one in the city. What was to be done? We racked our brains to find some expedient, but without success, when, on coming out of the Duomo one afternoon, we encountered Mittermaïer, the distinguished Law Professor in the University of Heidelberg, with whom my cousin was slightly acquainted. It was a bold undertaking to ask assistance of such a man, but F—— resolved to do it, and accordingly visited him in the evening at his hotel. Herr Mittermaïer was no doubt accustomed to applications of the kind, and very likely his confidence had often been abused, for he showed great reluctance, but finally consented, with a bad grace, to advance two napoleons, to be repaid in Heidelberg, at the commencement of the next University term. We shared thoroughly in F——'s mortification and wounded pride when he returned to us, and resolved to undergo any-

thing but starvation before asking a similar favor of any one again. We paid our bill the same night, and in order to make our slender store last as long as possible, arose at dawn and set out on foot for Genoa.

Once fairly outside of the city we took the road to Pavia, along the banks of the canal, just as the rising sun gilded the marble spire of the Duomo. The country was a perfect level, and the canal, which was in many places higher than the land through which it passed, served also as a means of irrigation for the many rice-fields. The sky grew cloudy and dark, and before we reached Pavia gathered to a heavy storm. Torrents of rain poured down, accompanied with heavy thunder; we crept under an old gateway for shelter, as no house was near. Finally, as the clouds cleared away, the square brown towers of the old city rose above the trees, and we entered the gate through a fine shaded avenue. Our passports were of course demanded, but we were only detained a minute or two. The only thing of interest is the University, formerly so celebrated; it has at present about eight hundred students.

We have reason to remember the city from another circumstance—the singular attention we excited. I doubt if Columbus was an object of greater curiosity to the simple natives of the new world, than we three Americans were to the good people of Pavia. I know not what part of our dress or appearance could have caused it, but we were watched like wild animals. If we happened to pause and look at anything in the street, there was soon a crowd of attentive observers, and as we passed on, every door and window was full of heads. We stopped in the market-place

to purchase some bread and fruit for dinner, which increased, if possible, the sensation. We saw eyes staring and fingers pointing at us from every door and alley. I am generally willing to contribute as much as possible to the amusement or entertainment of others, but such attention was absolutely embarrassing. There was nothing to do but to appear unconscious of it, and we went along with as much nonchalance as if the whole town belonged to us.

We crossed the Ticino, on whose banks near Pavia, was fought the first great battle between Hannibal and the Romans. On the other side our passports were demanded at the Sardinian frontier and our knapsacks searched, which having proved satisfactory, we were allowed to enter the kingdom. Late in the afternoon we reached the Po, which in winter must be a quarter of a mile wide, but the summer heats had dried it up to a small stream, so that the bridge of boats rested nearly its whole length in sand. We sat on the bank in the shade, and looked at the chain of hills which rose in the south, following the course of the Po, crowned with castles and villages and shining towers. It was here that I first began to realize Italian scenery. Although the hills were bare, they lay so warm and glowing in the sunshine, and the deep blue sky spread so calmly above, that it recalled all my dreams of the fair land we had entered.

We stopped for the night at the little village of Casteggio, which lies at the foot of the hills, and next morning resumed our pilgrimage. Here a new delight awaited us. The sky was of a heavenly blue, without even the shadow of a cloud, and full and fair in the morning sunshine we could see the whole range of the Alps, from the blue hills of Friuli, which

sweep down to Venice and the Adriatic, to the lofty peaks which stretch away to Nice and Marseilles! Like a summer cloud, except that they were far more dazzling and glorious, lay to the north of us the glaciers and untrodden snow-fields of the Bernese Oberland; a little to the right we saw the double peak of St. Gothard, where six days before we shivered in the region of eternal winter, while far to the northwest rose the giant dome of Mont Blanc. Monte Rosa stood near him, not far from the Great St. Bernard, and further to the south Mont Cenis guarded the entrance from Piedmont into France. I leave the reader to conceive the majesty of such a scene, and he may perhaps imagine, for I cannot describe, the feelings with which I gazed upon it.

At Tortona, the next post, a great market was being held; the town was filled with country people selling their produce, and with venders of wares of all kinds. Fruit was very plentiful—grapes, ripe figs, peaches and melons were abundant, and for a trifle one could purchase a sumptuous banquet. On inquiring the road to Novi, the people made us understand, after much difficulty, that there was a nearer way across the country, which came into the post-road again, and we agreed to take it. After two or three hours' walking in a burning sun, where our only relief was the sight of the Alps and a view of the battle-field of Marengo, which lay just on our right, we came to a stand—the road terminated at a large stream, where workmen were busily engaged in making a bridge across. We pulled off our boots and waded through, took a refreshing bath in the clear waters, and walked on through by-lanes. The sides were lined with luxuriant vines, bending under the ripening vintage,

and we often cooled our thirst with some of the rich bunches.

The large branch of the Po we crossed, came down from the mountains, which we were approaching. As we reached the post-road again, they were glowing in the last rays of the sun, and the evening vapors that settled over the plain concealed the distant Alps, although the snowy top of the Jungfrau and her companions the Wetterhorn and Schreckhorn, rose above it like the hills of another world. A castle or church of brilliant white marble glittered on the summit of one of the mountains near us, and as the sun went down without a cloud, the distant peaks changed in hue to a glowing purple, amounting almost to crimson, which afterwards darkened into a deep violet. The western half of the sky was of a pale orange, and the eastern a dark rose-color, which blended together in the blue of the zenith, that deepened as twilight came on.

We stopped the second night at Arquato, a little village among the mountains, and after having bargained with the merry landlord for our lodgings, in broken Italian, took a last look at the plains of Piedmont and the Swiss Alps, in the growing twilight. On ordering our supper, the landlord asked whether we would have a *pinta* of wine. In our ignorance of Italian we supposed that a *pinta* of course meant a pint, and on learning that it cost about seven cents, supposed that the wine must be very good. But the pinta proved to be three quarts at least, and we drank the whole of it (having paid for it) without exhilaration. We gazed out on the darkening scene until the sky was studded with stars, and went to rest with the exciting thought of seeing

Genoa and the Mediterranean on the morrow. Next morning we started early, and after walking some distance made our breakfast in a grove of chestnuts, on the cool mountain side, beside a fresh stream of water. The sky shone like a polished gem, and the glossy leaves of the chestnuts gleamed in the morning sun. Here and there, on a rocky height, stood the remains of some knightly castle, telling of the Goths and Normans who descended through these mountain passes to plunder Rome.

As the sun grew high, the heat and dust became intolerable, and this, in connection with the attention we raised everywhere, made us somewhat tired of foot-travelling in Italy. I verily believe the people took us for pilgrims on account of our long white blouses, and had I a scallop shell I would certainly have stuck it into my hat to complete the appearance. We stopped once to ask a priest about the road, and when he had told us, he shook hands with us and gave us a parting benediction. At the common inns, where we stopped, we always met with civil treatment, though, indeed, as we only slept in them, there was little chance of practising imposition. We bought our simple meals at the baker's and grocer's, and ate them in the shade of the grape bowers, whose rich clusters added to the repast. In this manner, we enjoyed Italy at the expense of a franc daily.

About noon, after winding about through the narrow defiles, the road began ascending. The reflected heat from the hills on each side made it like an oven; there was not a breath of air stirring; but we all felt, although no one said it, that from the summit we should see the Mediterranean.

and we pushed on as if life or death depended on it. Finally, the highest point came in sight—we redoubled our exertions, and a few minutes more brought us to the top, breathless with fatigue and expectation. I glanced down the other side, and a confusion of barren mountains lay before me; the farthest peaks rose up afar and dim, crowned with white towers, and between two of them which stood apart, like the pillars of a gateway, we saw the broad expanse of blue water stretching away to the horizon!

It would have been a thrilling delight to see any ocean, when one has rambled thousands of miles among the mountains and vales of the inland, but to behold this sea, of all others, was glorious indeed! This sea, whose waves wash the feet of Naples, Constantinople and Alexandria, and break on the hoary shores where Troy and Tyre and Carthage have mouldered away—whose breast has been furrowed by the keels of a hundred nations through more than forty centuries, from the first rude voyage of Jason and his Argonauts to the thunders of Navarino that heralded the second birth of Greece! You cannot wonder that we grew romantic; but short space was left for sentiment in the burning sun, with Genoa to be reached before night. The mountain we crossed is called the Bochetta, one of the loftiest of the sea-Alps (or Appenines). The road winds steeply down towards the sea, following a broad mountain rivulet, now dried up, as is nearly every stream among the mountains. It was a long way to us; the mountains seemed as if they would never unfold and let us out on the shore, and our weary limbs did penance enough for a multitude of sins. The dusk was beginning to deepen over the

bay, and the purple hues of sunset were dying away from its amphitheatre of hills, as we came in sight of the gorgeous city. Half the population were out to celebrate a festival, and we made our entry in the triumphal procession of some saint.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SCENES IN GENOA, LEGHORN, AND PISA.

Genoa at Sunset—Appearance of the City—A Religious Procession—Another Financial Difficulty—Embarking for Leghorn—A Night at Sea— Morning in Tuscany—Landing—A Polyglott Population—The Ardenza—Criminals at Work—My Comrades Relieved—Approach to Pisa—The City—The Leaning Tower—The Echo in the Baptistery—The Campo Santo—A Vetturino for Florence—An Italian Companion—Night-Journey in the Rain—Florence at Last.

HAS the reader ever seen some grand painting of a city, rising with its domes and towers and palaces from the edge of a glorious bay, shut in by mountains—the whole scene clad in those deep, delicious, sunny hues, which we admire so much in the picture, although they appear unrealized in Nature? If so, he can figure to himself Genoa, as she appeared to us at sunset, from the battlements west of the city. When we had passed through the gloomy gate of the fortress that guards the western promontory, the whole scene opened on us at once in all its majesty. The battlements where we were standing, and the blue mirror of the Mediterranean just below, with a few vessels moored near the shore, made up the foreground; just in front lay the queenly

city, stretching out to the eastern point of the bay, like a great meteor—this point, crowned with the towers and dome of a cathedral, representing the nucleus, while the tail gradually widened out and was lost among the numberless villas that reached to the top of the mountains behind. As we gazed, a purple glow lay on the bosom of the sea, while far beyond the city, the eastern half of the mountain crescent around the gulf was tinted with the loveliest hue of orange. The impressions which one derives from looking on remarkable scenery depend, for much of their effect, on the time and weather. I have been very fortunate in this respect in two instances, and shall carry with me through life, two glorious pictures of a very different character—the wild sublimity of the Brocken in cloud and storm, and the splendor of Genoa in an Italian sunset.

Genoa has been called the "city of palaces," and it well deserves the appellation. Row above row of magnificent structures rise amid gardens along the side of the hills, and many of the streets, though narrow and crooked, are lined entirely with the splendid dwellings of the Genoese nobles. All these speak of the republic in its days of wealth and power, when it could cope successfully with Venice, and Doria could threaten to bridle the horses of St. Mark. At present its condition is far different; although not so fallen as its rival, it is but a shadow of its former self.

We entered Genoa, as I have already said, in a religious procession. On passing the gate we saw from the concourse of people and the many banners hanging from the windows or floating across the streets, that it was the day of a *festa*. Before entering the city we reached the procession itself,

which was one of unusual solemnity. As it was impossible in the dense crowd to pass it, we struggled through until we reached a good point for seeing the whole, and slowly moved on with it through the city. First went a company of boys in white robes; then followed a body of friars, dressed in long black cassocks, and with shaven crowns; then a company of soldiers with a band of music; then a body of nuns, wrapped from head to foot in blue robes, and chanting in a low voice; then followed another company of friars, and after them a great number of priests in white and black robes, bearing the statue of the saint, with a pyramid of flowers, crosses, and blazing wax tapers, while companies of soldiery, monks, and music, brought up the rear. The whole scene, dimly lighted by the wax tapers, produced in me a feeling nearly akin to fear, as if I were witnessing some ghostly, unearthly spectacle. To rites like these, however, which occur every few weeks, the people must be well accustomed.

Although we had spent but three francs apiece since leaving Milan, and hoped to save enough to enable one of us to go on to Leghorn and have our draft cashed, we found that the signing of a passport would cost twenty francs (ten of which went to the American Consulate), and a second-cabin passage to Leghorn as much more. We again fell short, and in this emergency applied to Mr. Moro, the American Vice-Consul. After submitting the draft to his secretary, who was a German and pronounced it genuine, and who made many unsuccessful inquiries among the merchants to ascertain whether the house on which it was drawn had any correspondents in Genoa, Mr. Moro finally agreed to advance

me money for my passage, with the understanding that I should immediately forward enough to repay him, and to relieve my two friends, who were to remain behind as hostages. Our second embarrassment was thus overcome, and we now felt confident of getting to Florence before any further difficulties occurred. There was a boat to leave the same evening for Leghorn, and I at once took passage.

The *Virgilio* was advertised to leave at six o'clock, and I accordingly went out to her in a little boat half an hour beforehand; but we were delayed much longer, and I saw sunset again fade over the glorious amphitheatre of palaces and mountains, with the same orange glow—the same purple and crimson flush, deepening into twilight—as before. An old blind man in a skiff, floated around under the bows of the boat on the glassy water, singing to the violin a plaintive air that appeared to be an evening hymn to the Virgin. There was something very touching in his venerable countenance, with the sightless eyes turned upward to the sunset heaven whose glory he could never more behold.

The lamps were lit on the tower at the end of the mole as we glided out on the open sea; I stood on deck and watched the receding lights of the city, until they and the mountains above them were blended with the darkened sky. The sea-breeze was fresh and cool, and the stars glittered with a frosty clearness, which would have made the night delicious, had not a slight rolling of the waves obliged me to go below. Here, besides being half sea-sick, I was placed at the mercy of many voracious fleas. This was the first time I had suffered from these cannibals, and such were my torments, that

I almost wished some bloodthirsty Italian would come and put an end to them with his stiletto.

The first ray of dawn that stole into the cabin sent me on deck. The hills of Tuscany lay in front, sharply outlined on the reddening sky ; near us was the steep and rocky isle of Gorgona ; and far to the south-west, like a low mist along the water, ran the shores of Corsica—the birth-place of Columbus and Napoleon ! As the dawn brightened we saw on the southern horizon a cloud-like island, also imperishably connected with the name of the latter—the prison-kingdom of Elba. North of us extended the rugged mountains of Carrara—that renowned range whence has sprung many a form of almost breathing beauty, and where yet slumber, perhaps, in the unhewn marble, the god-like shapes of an age of Art, more glorious than any the world has ever yet beheld !

The sun rose from behind the Appenines, and masts and towers became visible through the golden haze, as we approached the shore. On a flat space between the sea and the hills, not far from the foot of Montenero, stands Leghorn. The harbor is protected by a mole, leaving a narrow passage, through which we entered, and after waiting two hours for the visit of the health and police officers, we were permitted to go on shore. The first thing that struck me, was the fine broad streets ; the second, the motley character of the population. People were hurrying about, noisy and bustling—Greeks in their red caps and capotes ; grave turbaned and bearded Turks ; dark Moors ; the corsair-looking natives of Tripoli and Tunis, and seamen of nearly every nation. At the hotel where I stayed, we had a singu-

lar mixture of nations at dinner :—two French, two Swiss, one Genoese, one Roman, one American and one Turk—and we were waited on by a Tuscan and a Moor!

The only place of amusement here in summer is a drive along the sea shore, called the Ardenza, which is frequented every evening by all who can raise a vehicle. I visited it twice with a German friend. The road leads out along the Mediterranean, past an old fortress, to a large establishment for sea bathers, where it ends in a large ring, around which the carriages pass and re-pass, until sunset has gone out over the sea, when they return to the city in a mad gallop, or as fast as the lean horses can draw them. In driving around, we met two or three carriages of Turks, in one of which I saw a woman of Tunis, with a curious gilded head-dress, eighteen inches in height.

I frequently witnessed a spectacle which was exceedingly revolting to me. The condemned criminals, chained two and two, are kept at work through the city, cleaning the streets. They are dressed in coarse garments of a dirty red color, with the name of the crime for which they were convicted, painted on the back. I shuddered to see so many marked with the words—"*omicidio premeditato.*" All day they are thus engaged, exposed to the scorn and contumely of the crowd, and at night dragged away to be incarcerated in damp, unwholesome dungeons, excavated under the public thoroughfares.

I presented my draft, drew a sufficient amount of money for my needs, and forwarded the requisite sum to Genoa. I noticed that Mr. Moro's correspondent insisted on sending the money to *him*, instead of to my friends—probably to

make sure of the payment of the loan. On going down to the wharf two days afterwards, I found F—— and B—— just stepping on shore from the steamboat, tired enough of the discomforts of the voyage, yet anxious to set out for Florence as soon as possible. After we had shaken off the crowd of porters, pedlars and vetturini, and taken a hasty breakfast at the *Cafe Americano*, we went to the Police Office to get our passports, and had the satisfaction of paying two francs for permission to proceed to Florence. The weather had changed since the preceding day, and the sirocco-wind which blows over from the coast of Africa, filled the streets with clouds of dust, which made walking very unpleasant The clear blue sky had vanished, and a leaden cloud hung low on the Mediterranean, hiding the shores of Corsica and the rocky isles of Gorgona and Capraja.

The country between Leghorn and Pisa is a flat marsh, intersected in several places by canals to carry off the stagnant water which renders this district so unhealthy. The entire plain between the mountains of Carrara and the hills back of Leghorn has been gradually formed by the deposits of the Arno and the receding of the Mediterranean, which is so shallow along the whole coast, that large vessels have to anchor several miles out. As we approached Pisa over the level marsh, I could see the dome of the Cathedral and the Leaning Tower rising above the gardens and groves which surround the city.

Our baggage underwent another examination at the gate, where we were again assailed by the vetturini, one of whom hung on us like a leech until we reached a hotel, and there was finally no way of shaking him off except by engaging

him to take us to Florence. The bargain having been concluded, we had still a few hours left, and set off to hunt the Cathedral. We found it on an open square near the outer wall, and quite remote from the main part of the town. Emerging from the narrow and winding street, one takes in at a glance the Baptistery, the Campo Santo, the noble Cathedral and the Leaning Tower—forming altogether a view rarely surpassed in Europe for architectural effect. But the square is melancholy and deserted, and rank, untrampled grass fills the crevices of its marble pavement.

I was surprised at the beauty of the Leaning Tower. Instead of an old, black, crumbling fabric, as I always supposed, it is a light, airy, elegant structure, of white marble, and its declension, which is interesting as a work of art (or accident), is at the same time pleasing from its novelty. There have been many conjectures as to the cause of this deviation, which is upwards of fourteen feet from the perpendicular; but it is now generally believed that the earth having sunk when the building was half finished, it was continued by the architects at the same angle. The upper gallery, which is smaller than the others, shows a very perceptible inclination back towards the perpendicular, as if in some degree to counterbalance their deviation. There are eight galleries in all, supported by marble pillars, but the inside of the Tower is hollow to the very top.

We ascended by the same stairs which were trodden so often by Galileo in going up to make his astronomical observations. In climbing spirally around the hollow cylinder in the dark, it was easy to tell on which side of the Tower we were, from the proportionate steepness of the staircase.

There is a fine view from the top, embracing the whole plain as far as Leghorn on one side, with its gardens and grain fields spread out like a vast map. In a valley of the Carrarese Mountains to the north, we could see the little town of Lucca, much frequented at this season on account of its baths; the blue summits of the Appenines shut in the view to the east. In walking through the city I noticed two other towers, which had nearly as great a deviation from the perpendicular. We met a person who had the key of the Baptistery, which he opened for us. Two ancient columns covered with rich sculpture form the doorway, and the dome is supported by massive pillars of the red marble of Elba. The baptismal font is of the purest Parian marble. The most remarkable thing was the celebrated musical echo. Our cicerone stationed himself at the side of the font and sang a few notes. After a moment's pause they were repeated aloft in the dome, but with a sound of divine sweetness—as clear and pure as the clang of a crystal bell. Another pause—and we heard them again, higher, fainter and sweeter, followed by a dying note, as if they were fading far away into heaven. It seemed as if an angel lingered in the temple, echoing with his melodious lips the common harmonies of earth.

The Campo Santo, on the north side of the Cathedral, was, until lately, the cemetery of the city; the space inclosed within its marble galleries is filled to the depth of eight or ten feet, with earth from the Holy Land. The vessels which carried the knights of Tuscany to Palestine were filled at Joppa before returning, with this earth as ballast, and on arriving at Pisa it was deposited in the Cemetery

It has a peculiar property of decomposing all human bodies in a very short time. A colonnade of marble incloses it, with windows of exquisite sculpture opening on the inside. At each end are two fine, green cypresses, which thrive remarkably in the soil of Palestine. The dust of a German emperor, among others, rests in this consecrated ground. There are other fine churches in Pisa, but the four buildings I have mentioned, are the principal objects of interest. The tower where Count Ugolino and his sons were starved to death by the citizens of Pisa, who locked them up and threw the keys into the Arno, has lately been destroyed.

An Italian gentleman having made a bargain in the meantime with our vetturino, we found every thing ready on returning to the hotel. On the outside of the town we mounted into the vehicle, a rickety-looking concern, and as it commenced raining, I was afraid we would have a bad night of it. After a great deal of bargaining, the vetturino agreed to take us to Florence that night for five francs apiece, provided one person would sit on the outside with the driver. I accordingly mounted in front protected by a blouse and umbrella, for it was beginning to rain dismally. The miserable, bare-boned horses were fastened with rope-traces, and the vetturino having taken the rope-lines in his hand, gave a flourish with his whip; one old horse tumbled nearly to the ground, but he jerked him up again and we rattled off.

After riding ten miles in this way, it became so wet and dreary, that I was fain to give the driver two francs extra for the privilege of an inside seat. Our Italian companion

was agreeable and talkative, but as we were still ignorant of the language, I managed to hold a scanty conversation with him in French. He seemed delighted to learn that we were from America; his polite reserve gave place to a friendly familiarity, and he was loud in his praises of the Americans. I asked him why it was that he and the Italians generally were so friendly towards us. "I hardly know," he answered; "you are so different from any other nation; and then, too, you have so much sincerity."

The Appenines were wreathed and hidden in thick mist, and the prospect over the flat cornfields bordering the road was not particularly interesting. We had made about one-third of the way as night set in, when on ascending a hill soon after dark, F—— happened to look out, and saw one of the axles bent and nearly broken off. We were obliged to get out and walk through the mud to the next village, when, after two hours' delay, the vetturino came along with another carriage. Of the rest of the way to Florence, I cannot say much. Cooped up in the narrow vehicle, we jolted along in the dark, rumbling now and then through some silent village, where lamps were burning before the solitary shrines. Sometimes a blinding light crossed the road, where we saw the tile-makers sitting in the red glare of their kilns, and often the black boughs of trees were painted momentarily on the cloudy sky. If the jolting carriage had even permitted sleep, the horrid cries of the vetturino, urging on his horses, would have prevented it; and I decided, while trying to relieve my aching limbs, that three days' walking in sun and sand was preferable to one night of such travel.

Finally about four o'clock in the morning the carriage stopped; my Italian friend awoke and demanded the cause. "Signor," said the vetturino, "*we are in Florence!*" I blessed the man, and the city too. The good-humored officer looked at our passports and passed our baggage without examination; we gave the gatekeeper a paul and he admitted us. The carriage rolled through the dark, silent streets—passed a public square—came out on the Arno—crossed and entered the city again—and finally stopped at a hotel. The master of the "*Lione Bianco*" came down in an undress to receive us, and we shut the growing dawn out of our rooms to steal that repose from the day which the night had not given.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RESIDENCE IN FLORENCE.

Rooms in Florence—Cost of Living—The Royal Gallery—The Venus de Medici—Titian and Raphael—Michael Angelo—The Hall of Niobe—Value of Art to Italy—A Walk to Fiesole—View of Val d'Arno—Ancient Roman Theatre—Etruscan Walls—The Tombs of Santa Croce—The Pitti Palace—Titian's "Bella"—The Madonna della Sedia—Michael Angelo's "Fates"—The Boboli Gardens—Royal and Republican Children.

FLORENCE, *September*, 1845.

ON the day after our arrival here we met an American at the table d'hôte of the Lione Bianco, who was kind enough to assist us in procuring rooms, and in twenty-four hours we were comfortably and permanently installed in Florence. We have taken three large and tolerably well furnished rooms in the house of Signor Lazzeri, a wealthy goldsmith, in the Via Vaccherecia, for which we pay ten scudi per month—a scudo being a trifle more than an American dollar. This includes lights, and the attendance of servants, to whom, however, we are expected to give an occasional gratuity. We live at the *Caffès* and *Trattorie* very readily for about twenty-five cents a day, so that our expenses will

not exceed twelve dollars a month, each. For our dinners at the Trattoria del Cacciatore we pay about fourteen cents, and are furnished with soup, three or four dishes of meat and vegetables, fruit and a bottle of wine! These dinners are made exceedingly pleasant and cheerful by the society of several American artists whose acquaintance we have made. Another countryman, Mr. Tandy, of Kentucky, occupies a room in the same building with us, and will make our trio complete after the departure of my cousin, who will leave shortly for Heidelberg. B—— and I are so charmed with the place and the beautiful Tuscan dialect, that we shall endeavor to spend three or four months here and master the language, before proceeding further.

Our first walk in Florence was to the Royal Gallery. Crossing the neighboring *Piazza del Granduca*, we passed Michael Angelo's colossal statue of David, and an open gallery containing, besides some antiques, the master-piece of John of Bologna. The palace of the *Uffizii*, fronting on the Arno, extends along both sides of an avenue running back to the Palazzo Vecchio. We entered the portico which passes around under the great building, and after ascending three or four flights of steps, came into a long hall, filled with paintings and ancient statuary. Towards the end of this, a door opened into the Tribune—that celebrated room, unsurpassed by any in the world for the number and value of the gems it contains. I pushed aside a crimson curtain and stood in the presence of the Venus de Medici.

It may be considered heresy, but I confess I did not go into raptures, nor at first perceive any traces of superhuman beauty. The predominant feeling was satisfaction; the eye

dwells on its exquisite outline with a gratified sense, that nothing is wanting to render it perfect. It is the ideal of a woman's form—a faultless standard by which all beauty may be measured, but without marked expression, except in the modest and graceful position of the limbs. The face, though regular, is not handsome, and the body appears small, being but five feet in height, which, I think, is a little below the average stature of women. On each side, as if to heighten its elegance by contrast with rude and vigorous nature, are the statues of the Wrestlers, and the slave listening to the conspiracy of Catiline, called also The Whetter.

As if to correspond with the value of the works it holds, the Tribune is paved with precious marbles and the ceiling studded with polished mother-of-pearl. A dim and subdued light fills the hall, and throws over the mind that half-dreamy tone necessary to the full enjoyment of such objects. On each side of the Venus de Medici hangs a Venus by Titian, the size of life, and painted in that rich and gorgeous style of coloring which has been so often and vainly attempted since his time. Here also are six of Raphael's best preserved paintings. I prefer the "St. John in the Desert" to any other picture in the Tribune. His glorious form, in the fair proportions of ripening boyhood—the grace of his attitude, with the arm lifted eloquently on high—the divine inspiration which illumines his young features—chain the step irresistibly before it. It is one of those triumphs of the pencil which few but Raphael have accomplished.

The "Drunken Bacchus" of Michael Angelo is greatly admired, and indeed it might pass for a relic of the palmiest times of Grecian art. The face, amidst its half-vacant,

sensual expression, shows traces of its immortal origin, and there is still an air of dignity preserved in the swagger of his beautiful form. At one end of the gallery is a fine copy in marble of the Laocoon, by Bandinelli, one of the rivals of Michael Angelo. When it was finished, the former boasted it was better than the original, to which Michael made the apt reply: "It is foolish for those who walk in the footsteps of others, to say they go before them!"

Let us enter the hall of Niobe. One starts back on seeing the many figures in the attitude of flight, for they seem at first about to spring from their pedestals. At the head of the room stands the afflicted mother, bending over the youngest daughter, who clings to her knees, with an upturned countenance of deep and imploring agony. In vain! the shafts of Apollo fall thick, and she will soon be childless. No wonder the strength of that woe depicted on her countenance should change her into stone. One of her sons—a beautiful, boyish form,—is lying on his back, just expiring, with the chill languor of death creeping over his limbs. We seem to hear the quick whistling of the arrows, and look involuntarily into the air to see the hovering figure of the avenging god. In a chamber near is kept the head of a faun, made by Michael Angelo, at the age of fourteen, in the garden of Lorenzo de Medici, from a piece of marble given him by the workmen.

Italy still remains the home of Art, and it is but just she should keep these treasures, though the age that brought them forth has passed away. They are her only support now; her people are dependent for their subsistence on the glory of the Past. The spirits of the old painters, living

still on their canvas, earn from year to year the bread of an indigent and oppressed people. This ought to silence those utilitarians at home, who oppose the cultivation of the fine arts, on the ground of their being useless luxuries. Let them look to Italy, where a picture by Raphael or Correggio is a rich legacy for a whole city. Nothing is useless that gratifies that perception of Beauty, which is at once the most delicate and the most intense of our mental sensations, binding us by an unconscious link nearer to nature and to Him, whose every thought is born of Beauty, Truth and Love. I envy not the man who looks with a cold and indifferent spirit on these immortal creations of the old masters—these poems written in marble and on the canvas. They who oppose every thing which can refine and spiritualize the nature of man, by binding him down to the cares of the work-day world alone, cheat life of half its glory.

The sky was clear and blue, as it always is in this Italian paradise, when we left Florence a few days ago for Fiesole. We passed the Porta San Gallo, with its triumphal arch to the Emperor Francis, striding the road to Bologna, and took the way to Fiesole along the dried-up bed of a mountain torrent. The dwellings of the Florentine nobility occupy the whole slope, surrounded with rich and lovely gardens. The mountain and plain are covered with luxuriant olive orchards, whose foliage of silver gray gives the scene the look of a moonlight landscape. At the base of the mountain of Fiesole we passed one of the summer palaces of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and a little distance beyond, took a foot-path overshadowed by magnificent cypresses, between whose

dark trunks we looked down on the lovely Val d'Arno. But I will reserve all description of the view until we arrive at the summit.

The modern village of Fiesole occupies the site of an ancient city, generally supposed to be of Etrurian origin. Just above, on one of the peaks of the mountain, stands the Acropolis, formerly used as a fortress, but now untenanted save by a few monks. From its walls, beneath the shade of a few cypresses, there is a magnificent view of the whole of Val d'Arno, with Florence—the gem of Italy—in the centre. Stand with me a moment on the height, and let us gaze on this grand panorama, around which the Apennines stretch with a majestic sweep, wrapped in a robe of purple air, through which shimmer the villas and villages on their sides! The lovely vale lies below us in its garb of olive groves, among which beautiful villas are sprinkled as plentifully as white anemones in the woods of May. Florence is in front of us, the magnificent cupola of the Duomo crowning its clustered palaces. We see the airy tower of the Palazzo Vecchio—the new spire of Santa Croce—and the long front of the Palazzo Pitti, with the dark foliage of the Boboli Gardens behind. Beyond, far to the south, are the summits of the mountains near Siena. We can trace the sandy bed of the Arno down the valley until it disappears at the foot of the Lower Appenines, which mingle in the distance with the mountains of Carrara.

Galileo was wont to make observations "at evening from the top of Fiesole," and the square tower of the old church is still pointed out as the spot. Many a night did he ascend

to its projecting terrace, and watch the stars as they rolled around through the clearest heaven to which a philosopher ever looked up.

We passed through an orchard of fig trees, and vines laden with beautiful purple and golden clusters, and in a few minutes reached the remains of an amphitheatre, in a little nook on the mountain side. This was a work of Roman construction, as its form indicates. Three or four ranges of seats alone are laid bare, and these have only been discovered within a few years. A few steps further we came to a sort of cavern, overhung with wild fig-trees. After creeping in at the entrance, we found ourselves in an oval chamber, tall enough to admit of our standing upright, and rudely but very strongly built. This was one of the dens in which the wild beasts were kept; they were fed by a hole in the top, now closed up. This cell communicates with four or five others, by apertures broken in the walls. I stepped into one, and could see in the dim light, that it was exactly similar to the first, and opened into another beyond.

Further down the mountain we found the ancient wall of the city, without doubt of Etrurian origin. It is of immense blocks of stone, and extends more or less dilapidated around the whole brow of the mountain. In one place there stands a solitary gateway, of large stones, which appears to have been one of the first attempts at using the principle of the arch. These ruins are all gray and ivied, and it startles one to think what a history the Earth has lived through, since their foundations were laid!

One of my first visits was to the church of Santa Croce. This is one of the oldest in Florence, venerated alike by

foreigners and citizens, for the illustrious dead whose remains it holds. It is a plain, gloomy pile, the front of which is still unfinished, though at the base one sees that it was originally designed to be covered with black marble. On entering the door we first saw the tomb of Michael Angelo. Around the marble sarcophagus which contains his ashes are three mourning figures, representing Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture, and his bust stands above—a rough, stern countenance, like a man of vast but impatient mind. Further on are the tombs of Alfieri and Machiavelli, and the colossal cenotaph lately erected to Dante. Opposite reposes Galileo. What a world of renown in these few names! It makes one venerate the majesty of his race, to stand beside the dust of such lofty spirits.

In that part of the city, which lies on the south bank of the Arno. is the palace of the Grand Duke, known by the name of the Palazzo Pitti, from a Florentine noble of that name, by whom it was first built. It is a very large, imposing pile, preserving an air of lightness in spite of the rough, heavy masonry. It is another example of a magnificent failure. The Marquis Strozzi, having built a palace which was universally admired for its beauty, (which stands yet, a model of chaste and massive elegance,) his rival, the Marquis Pitti, made the proud boast that he would build a palace, in the court-yard of which could be placed that of Strozzi. These are actually the dimensions of the court-yard; but in building the palace, although he was liberally assisted by the Florentine people, he ruined himself, and his magnificent residence passed into other hands, while that of Strozzi is inhabited by his descendants to this very day.

The gallery of the Palazzo Pitti is one of the finest in Europe. It contains six or seven hundred paintings, selected from the best works of the Italian masters. By the praiseworthy liberality of the Duke, they are open to the public, six hours every day, and the rooms are thronged with artists of all nations. Among Titian's works, there is his celebrated "Bella," a half-length figure of a young woman. It is a masterpiece of warm and brilliant coloring, without any decided expression. The countenance is that of vague, undefined thought, as of one who knew as yet nothing of the realities of life. In another room is his Magdalen, a large, voluptuous form, with her brown hair falling like a veil over her shoulders and breast, but in her upturned countenance one can sooner read a prayer for an absent lover than repentance for sins she has committed.

What could excel in beauty the *Madonna della Sedia* of Raphael? It is another of those works of that divine artist, on which we gaze and gaze with a never-satisfied enjoyment of its angelic loveliness. Like his unrivalled Madonna in the Dresden Gallery, its beauty is spiritual as well as earthly; and while gazing on the glorious countenance of the Jesus-child, I feel an impulse I can scarcely explain—a longing to tear it from the canvas as if it were a breathing form, and clasp it to my heart in a glow of passionate love.

There is a small group of the "Fates," by Michael Angelo, which is one of the best of the few pictures that remain of him. As is well known, he disliked the art, saying it was only fit for women. This picture shows, however, how much he might have done for it, had he been so inclined. The

three weird sisters are ghostly and awful—the further one holding the distaff, almost frightful. She who stands ready to cut the thread as it is spun out, has a slight trace of pity on her fixed and unearthly lineaments. It is a faithful embodiment of the old Greek idea of the Fates. I have wondered why some artist has not attempted the subject in a different way. In the Northern Mythology they are represented as wild maidens, armed with swords and mounted on fiery coursers. Why might they not also be pictured as angels, with countenances of a sublime and mysterious beauty—one all radiant with hope and promise of glory, and one with the token of a better future mingled with the sadness with which she severs the links of life?

Occupying all the hill back of the Pitti Palace, are the Boboli Gardens, three times a week the great resort of the Florentines. They are said to be the most beautiful gardens in Italy. Numberless paths, diverging from a magnificent amphitheatre in the old Roman style, opposite the court-yard, lead either in long flights of steps and terraces, or gentle windings among beds sweet with roses, to the summit. Long avenues entirely arched and embowered with the thick foliage of the laurel, which here grows to a tree, stretch along the slopes or wind in the woods through thickets of the fragrant bay. Parterres, rich with flowers and shrubbery, alternate with delightful groves of the Italian pine, acacia, and the laurel-leaved oak; and along the hillside, gleaming among the foliage, are placed statues of marble, some of which are from the chisels of Michael Angelo and Bandinelli. In one part there is a little sheet of water, with an island of orange-trees in the centre, from

which a broad avenue of cypresses and statues leads to the very summit of the hill.

We often go there to watch the sun set over Florence and the vale of the Arno. The palace lies directly below, and a clump of pine trees on the hillside, that stand out in bold relief on the glowing sky, makes the foreground to one of the loveliest pictures this side of the Atlantic. I saw one afternoon the Grand Duke and his family get into their carriage to drive out. One of the little dukes, who seemed a mischievous imp, ran out on a projection of the portico, where considerable persuasion had to be used to induce him to jump into the arms of his royal papa. I turned from these titled infants to watch a group of beautiful American children playing, for my attention was drawn to them by the sound of familiar words, and I learned afterwards they were the children of the sculptor Powers. I contrasted involuntarily the destinies of each;—one to the enjoyment and proud energy of freedom, and one to the confining and vitiating atmosphere of a court. The merry voices of the latter, as they played on the grass, came to my ears most gratefully. There is nothing so sweet as to hear one's native tongue in a foreign land from the lips of children!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A PILGRIMAGE TO VALLOMBROSA.

A Pilgrimage to Vallombrosa—The Valley of the Arno—Rain—Tuscan Peasants—Pellago—Associations—Climbing the Mountain—Pastoral Scenery—Monastic Wealth—Arrival at Vallombrosa—An Italian Panorama—The Paradisino—An Escape from the Devil—A Capture by the Devil—The Chapel—Milton in Italy—Departure from Vallombrosa—Evening on the Mountain Side—The Charms of Italy.

A PILGRIMAGE to Vallombrosa!—in sooth it has a romantic sound. The phrase calls up images of rosaries, and crosses, and shaven-headed friars. Had we lived in the olden days, such things might verily have accompanied our journey to that holy monastery. We might then have gone barefoot, saying prayers as we toiled along the banks of the Arno and up the steep Appenines, as did Benvenuto Cellini, before he poured the melted bronze into the mould of his immortal Perseus. But we are pilgrims to the shrines of Art and Genius; the dwelling-places of great minds are our sanctuaries. The mean dwelling, in which a poet has batted down poverty with the ecstasy of his lofty conceptions, and the dungeon in which a persecuted philosopher has

languished, are to us sacred; we turn aside from the palaces of kings and the battle-fields of conquerors, to visit them. The famed miracles of San Giovanni Gualberto added little, in our eyes, to the interest of Vallombrosa, but there was reverence and inspiration in the names of Dante, Milton, and Ariosto.

We left Florence early, taking the way that leads from the Porta della Croce, up the north bank of the Arno. It was a bright morning, but there was a shade of vapor on the hills, which a practised eye might have taken as a prognostic of the rain that too soon came on. Fiesole, with its tower and Acropolis, stood out brightly from the blue background, and the hill of San Miniato lay with its cypress groves in the softest morning light. The *Contadini* were driving into the city in their basket wagons, and there were some fair young faces among them, which made us think that Italian beauty is not altogether in the imagination.

After walking three or four miles, we entered the Appenines, keeping along the bank of the Arno, whose bed is more than half dried up from the long summer heats. The mountain sides were covered with vineyards, glowing with their wealth of white and purple grapes, but the summits were naked and barren. We passed through the little town of Ponte Sieve, at the entrance of a romantic valley, where our view of the Arno was made more interesting by the lofty range of the Appenines, amid whose forests we could see the white front of the monastery of Vallombrosa. But the clouds sank low and hid it from sight, and the rain came on so hard that we were obliged to take shelter occasionally in the cottages by the wayside. In one of these we made

a dinner of the hard, black bread of the country, rendered palatable by the addition of mountain cheese and some chips of an antique Bologna sausage. We were much amused in conversing with the simple hosts and their shy, gipsy-like children, one of whom, a dark-eyed, curly-haired boy, bore the name of Raphael. We also became acquainted with a shoemaker and his family, who owned a little olive orchard and vineyard, which they said produced enough to support them. Wishing to know how much a family of six consumed in a year, we inquired the yield of their property. They answered, twenty small barrels of wine, and ten of oil. It was nearly sunset when we reached Pellago, and the wet walk and coarse fare we were obliged to take on the road, well qualified us to enjoy the excellent supper the pleasant landlady gave us.

This little town is among the Appenines, at the foot of the magnificent mountain of Vallombrosa. What a blessing it was for Milton, that he saw its loveliness before his eyes closed on this beautiful earth, and gained from it another hue in which to dip his pencil, when he painted the bliss of Eden! I watched the hills all day as we approached them, and thought how often his eyes had rested on their outlines, and how he had carried their forms in his memory for many a sunless year. The banished Dante, too, had trodden them, flying from his ungrateful country; and many another, whose genius has made him a beacon in the dark sea of the world's history. It is one of those places where the enjoyment is all romance, and the blood thrills as we gaze upon it.

We started early next morning, crossed the ravine, and

took the well-paved way to the monastery along the mountain side. The stones are worn smooth by the sleds in which ladies and provisions are conveyed up, drawn by the beautiful white Tuscan oxen. The hills are covered with luxuriant chestnut and oak trees, of those picturesque forms which they only wear in Italy: one wild dell in particular is much resorted to by painters for the ready-made foregrounds it supplies. Further on, we passed the *Poterno*, a rich farm belonging to the Monks. The vines which hung from tree to tree, were almost breaking beneath clusters as heavy and rich as those which the children of Israel bore on staves from the Promised Land. Of their flavor, we can say, from experience, they were worthy to have grown in Paradise. We then entered a deep dell of the mountain, where little shepherd girls were sitting on the rocks tending their sheep and spinning with their fingers from a distaff, in the same manner, doubtless, as the Roman shepherdesses two thousand years ago. Gnarled, gray olive trees, centuries old, grew upon the bare soil, and a little rill fell in many a tiny cataract down the glen. By a mill, in one of the coolest and wildest nooks I ever saw, two of us acted the part of water-sprites under one of these, to the great astonishment of four peasants who watched us from a distance.

Beyond, our road led through forests of chestnut and oak, and a broad view of mountain and vale lay below us. We asked a peasant boy we met, how much land the Monks of Vallombrosa possessed. "All that you see!" was the reply. The dominion of the good fathers reached once even to the gates of Florence. At length, about noon, we emerged

from the woods into a broad avenue leading across a lawn, at the extremity of which stood the massive buildings of the monastery. On a rock that towered above it, was the *Paradisino*, beyond which rose the mountain, covered with forests—

> "Shade above shade, a woody theatre
> Of stateliest view."

We were met at the entrance by a young monk in cowl and cassock, to whom we applied for permission to stay until the next day, which was immediately given. Brother Placido (for that was his name) then asked us if we would not have dinner. We replied that our appetites were none the worse for climbing the mountain; and in half an hour sat down to a dinner, the like of which we had not seen for a long time. Verily, thought I, it must be a pleasant thing to be a monk, after all!—that is, a monk of Vallombrosa.

In the afternoon we walked through a grand pine forest to the western brow of the mountain, where a view opened which it would require a wonderful power of the imagination for the reader to see in fancy, as I did in reality. From the height where we stood, the view was uninterrupted to the Mediterranean, a distance of more than seventy miles; a valley watered by a branch of the Arno swept far to the east, to the mountains near the lake of Thrasymene; northwestwards the hills of Carrara bordered the horizon; and the space between these wide points was filled with mountains and valleys, all steeped in that soft blue mist which makes Italian landscapes more like heavenly visions than realities. Florence was visible afar off, and the current of

the Arno flashed in the sun. A cool and almost chilling wind blew constantly over the mountain, although the country below basked in summer heat. We lay on the rocks, and let our souls luxuriate in the lovely scene until near sunset. Brother Placido brought us supper in the evening, with his ever-smiling countenance, and we soon after went to our beds in the neat, plain chambers, to get rid of the unpleasant coldness.

Next morning it was damp and misty, and thick clouds rolled down the forests towards the convent. I set out for the "Little Paradise," taking in my way the pretty cascade which falls some fifty feet down the rocks. The building is not now as it was when Milton lived there, having been rebuilt within a short time. I found no one there, and satisfied my curiosity by climbing over the wall and looking in at the windows. A little chapel stands in the cleft of the rock below, to mark the miraculous escape of St. John Gualberto, founder of the monastery. Being one day very closely pursued by the Devil, he took shelter under the rock, which immediately became soft and admitted him into it, while the fiend, unable to stop, was precipitated over the steep. All this is related in a Latin inscription, and we saw a large hollow in the rock near, which must have been intended for the imprint left by his sacred person.

One of the monks told us another legend, concerning a little chapel which stands alone on a wild part of the mountain, above a rough pile of crags, called the "Peak of the Devil." "In the time of San Giovanni Gualberto, the holy founder of our order," said he, "there was a young man, of a noble family in Florence, who was so moved by

the words of the saintly father, that he forsook the world, wherein he had lived with great luxury and dissipation, and became monk. But, after a time, being young and tempted again by the pleasures he had renounced, he put off the sacred garments. The holy San Giovanni warned him of the terrible danger in which he stood; and at length the wicked young man returned. It was not a great while, however, before he became dissatisfied, and in spite of all holy counsel, did the same thing. But behold what happened! As he was walking along the peak where the chapel stands, thinking nothing of his great crime, the devil sprang suddenly from behind a rock, and catching the young man in his arms, before he could escape, carried him with a dreadful noise and a great red flame and smoke over the precipice, so that he was never afterwards seen."

The church attached to the monastery is small, but very solemn and venerable. I went several times to muse in its still, gloomy aisle, and hear the murmuring chant of the monks, who went through their exercises in some of the chapels. At one time I saw them all, in long, black cassocks, march in solemn order to the chapel of St. John Gualberto, where they sang a deep chant, which to me had something awful and sepulchral in it. Behind the high altar I saw their black, carved chairs of polished oak, with ponderous gilded foliants lying on the rails before them. The attendant opened one of these, that we might see the manuscript notes, three or four centuries old, from which they sang.

We were much amused in looking through two or three Italian books, which were lying in the travellers' room. One of these which our friend, Mr. Tandy, read, described the

miracles of the patron saint with an air of the most ridiculous solemnity. The other was a description of the Monastery, its foundation, history, etc. In mentioning its great and far-spread renown, the author stated that even an English poet, by the name of Milton, had mentioned it in the following lines, which I copied verbatim from the book :

> "Thick as autumnal scaves that strow she brooks
> In vallombrosa, whereth Etruian Jades
> Stigh over orch d'embrover!"

We were so delighted with the place that we would have stayed another day, but for fear of trespassing too much on the lavish and unceasing hospitality of the good fathers. So in the afternoon we shook hands with Brother Placido, and turned our backs regretfully upon one of the loneliest and loveliest spots of which earth can boast. The sky became gradually clear as we descended, and the mist raised itself from the distant mountains. We ran down through the same chestnut groves, diverging a little to visit the village of Tosi, which is very picturesque when seen from a distance, but extremely dirty to one passing through. I stopped in the ravine below to take a sketch of the mill and bridge, and as we sat, the line of golden sunlight rose higher on the mountains above. On walking down the shady side of this glen, we were enraptured with the scenery. A brilliant yet mellow glow lay over the whole opposing height, lighting up the houses of Tosi and the white cottages, half seen among the olives, while the mountain of Vallombrosa stretched far heavenward like a sunny painting, with only a misty wreath floating and waving around its summit. The glossy foliage of the chestnuts was made still brighter by the warm light,

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and the old olives softened down into a silvery gray, whose contrast gave the landscape a character of the mellowest beauty. As we wound out of the deep glen, the broad valleys and ranges of the Appenines lay before us, forests, castles, and villages steeped in the soft, vapory blue of the Italian atmosphere, and the current of the Arno flashing like a golden belt through the middle of the picture.

The sun was nearly down, and the mountains just below him were of a deep purple hue, while those that ran out to the eastward wore the most aerial shade of blue. A few scattered clouds, floating above, soon put on the sunset robe of orange, and a band of the same soft color encircled the western horizon. It did not reach half way to the zenith, however; the sky above was blue, of such a depth and transparency, that to gaze above was like looking into eternity. Then how softly and soothingly the twilight came on! How deep a hush sank on the chestnut glades, broken only by the song of the cicada, chirping its good-night carol! The mountains, too, how majestic they stood in their deep purple outlines! Sweet, sweet Italy! I can feel now how the soul may cling to thee, since thou canst thus gratify its insatiable thirst for the Beautiful. Even thy plainest scene is clothed in hues that seem borrowed of heaven! In the twilight, more radiant than light, and the stillness, more eloquent than music, which sink down over the sunny beauty of thy shores, there is a silent, intense poetry that stirs the soul through all its impassioned depths. With warm, blissful tears filling the eyes and a heart overflowing with its own happy fancies, I wander in the solitude and calm of such a time, and love thee as if I were a child of thy soil!

CHAPTER XXXV.

FLORENCE—EXCURSIONS AND INCIDENTS

A Walk to Siena—The Landlady—The Inn at Querciola—Siena and its Cathedral—Parting from F—— —The Grapes of Italy—The Dome of the Duomo—Climbing in the Dark—A Cathedral Scene—Walk to Pratolino—The Vintage—The Colossus of the Appenines—The Grand Duke's Farm—Degeneracy of the Modern Italians—The Joy of Travel—The Races at the Cascine—The Holy Places of Florence—The Anatomical Museum—American Artists in Florence—Progress of American Art—Brown—Kellogg—Greenough—Ives—Mozier—Powers—The Statue of Eve—The Fisher Boy—Ibraham Pasha in Florence—Tuscan Winter—Galileo's Tower—Our Financial Experiences—Relief—The Memory of Pleasure and Privation—An Incident—Boat Voyage on the Arno—Amateur Starvation—The Ascent of Monte Morello—The Chapel of the Medici—A Farewell Meditation.

FLORENCE, *October* 22, 1845.

TOWARDS the end of September, my cousin, who was anxious to reach Heidelberg before the commencement of the winter term of the University, left Florence on foot for Rome, whence he intended returning to Genoa by way of Civita Vecchia. We accompanied him as far as Siena, forty miles from here, and then returned to our old quarters and the company of our friend, Mr. Tandy. The excursion was very pleasant, and the more interesting because B—— and

I intend taking the mountain road to Rome by way of Perugia.

We dined the first day seventeen miles from Florence, at Tavenella, where, for a meagre dinner, the hostess had the assurance to ask us seven pauls. We told her we would give but four and a half, and by assuming a decided manner, with a respectful use of the word "*Signora*," she was persuaded to be fully satisfied with the latter sum. From a height near, we could see the mountains coasting the Mediterranean, and shortly after, on descending a long hill, the little town of Poggibonsi lay in the warm afternoon light, on an eminence before us. It was soon passed with its dusky towers, then Stagia looking desolate in its ruined and ivied walls, and following the advice of a peasant, we stopped for the night at the inn of Querciola. As we knew something of Italian by this time, we thought it best to inquire the price of lodging, before entering. The *padrone* asked if we meant to take supper also. We answered in the affirmative; "then," said he, "you will pay half a paul (about five cents) apiece for a bed." We passed under the swinging bunch of boughs, which in Italy is the universal sign of an inn for the common people, and entered the bare, smoky room appropriated to travellers. A long table, with well-worn benches, was the only furniture; we threw our knapsacks on one end of it and sat down, amusing ourselves, while supper was preparing, in looking at a number of grotesque charcoal drawings on the wall, which the flaring light of our tall iron lamp revealed to us. At length the hostess, a kindly-looking woman, with a white handkerchief folded gracefully around her head, brought us a dish of fried eggs, which, with the coarse black

bread of the peasants and a basket full of rich grapes, made us an excellent supper. We slept on mattresses stuffed with corn-husks, placed on square iron frames, which are the bedsteads most used in Italy. A brightly-painted caricature of some saint, or rough crucifix, trimmed with bay-leaves, hung at the head of each bed, and under their devout protection we enjoyed a safe and unbroken slumber.

Next morning we set out early to complete the remaining ten miles to Siena. The only thing of interest on the road, is the ruined wall and battlements of Castiglione, circling a high hill and looking as old as the days of Etruria. The towers of Siena are seen at some distance, but the traveller does not perceive its romantic situation until he arrives. It stands on a double hill, which is very steep on some sides; the hollow between the two peaks is occupied by the great public square, ten or fifteen feet lower than the rest of the city. We left our knapsacks at a *cafè* and sought the celebrated Cathedral, which stands in the highest part of the town, forming with its flat dome and lofty marble tower, an apex to the pyramidal mass of buildings.

The interior is rich and elegantly perfect. The walls are alternate bands of black and white marble, which has a singular but agreeable effect. The inside of the dome and the vaulted ceilings of the chapels, are of blue, with golden stars; the pavement in the centre is so precious a work that it is kept covered with boards and only shown once a year. In an adjoining chamber, with frescoed walls and a beautiful tesselated pavement, is the library, consisting of a few huge old volumes, which, with their brown covers and brazen clasps, look as much like a collection of flat leather trunks

as any thing else. In the centre of the room stands the mutilated group of the Grecian Graces, found in digging the foundation of the Cathedral. The figures are still beautiful and graceful, with that exquisite curve of outline which is such a charm in the antique statues. Canova has only perfected the idea in his celebrated group, which is nearly a copy of this.

We strolled through the square and then accompanied F—— to the Roman gate, where we took leave of him for six months at least. He felt lonely at the thought of walking in Italy without a companion, but was cheered by the anticipation of soon reaching Rome. We watched him awhile, walking rapidly over the hot plain towards Radicofani, and then, turning our faces towards Florence, we commenced the return walk. I must not forget to mention the delicious grapes which we bought, begged and stole on the way. The whole country is a vineyard—and the people live, in a great measure, on the fruit during this part of the year. Would the reader not think it highly romantic and agreeable to sit in the shade of a cypress grove, beside some old weather-beaten statues, looking out over the vales of the Appenines, with a pile of white and purple grapes beside him, the like of which can scarcely be had in America for love or money, and which had been given him by a dark-eyed peasant girl? If so, he may envy us, for such was exactly our situation on the morning before reaching Florence.

Being in the Duomo, two or three days ago, I met a German traveller, who has walked through Italy thus far, and intends continuing his journey to Rome and Naples. His

name was Von Raumer. He was well acquainted with the present state of America, and I derived much pleasure from his intelligent conversation. We concluded to ascend the cupola in company. Two black-robed boys led the way; after climbing an infinite number of steps, we reached the gallery around the foot of the dome. The glorious view of that paradise, the vale of the Arno, shut in on all sides by mountains, some bare and desolate, some covered with villas, gardens, and groves, lay in soft, hazy light, with the shadows of scattered clouds moving slowly across it. They next took us to a gallery on the inside of the dome, where we first saw the immensity of its structure. Only from a distant view, or in ascending it, can one really measure its grandeur. The frescoes, which from below appear the size of life, are found to be rough and monstrous daubs; each figure being nearly as many fathoms in length as man is feet. Continuing our ascent, we mounted between the inside and outside shells of the dome. It was indeed a bold idea for Brunelleschi to raise such a mass in air. The dome of St. Peter's, which is scarcely as large, was not made until a century after, and this was, therefore, the first attempt at raising one on so grand a scale.

There was a small door in one of the projections of the lantern, which the sacristan told us to enter and ascend still higher. Supposing there was a fine view to be gained, two priests, who had just come up, entered it; the German followed, and I after him. After crawling in at the low door, we found ourselves in a hollow pillar, little wider than our bodies. Looking up, I saw the German's legs just above my head, while the other two were above him, ascending by

means of little iron bars fastened in the marble The priests were very much amused, and the German said :—"This is the first time I ever learned chimney-sweeping!" We emerged at length into a hollow cone, hot and dark, with a rickety ladder going up somewhere ; we could not see where. The old priest not wishing to trust himself to it, sent his younger brother up, and we shouted after him :—"What kind of a view have you?" He climbed up until the cone got so narrow that he could go no further, and answered back in the darkness :—"I see nothing at all!" Shortly after he came down, covered with dust and cobwebs, and we all descended the chimney quicker than we went up. The old priest considered it a good joke, and laughed till his fat sides shook. We asked the sacristan why he sent us up, and he answered :—"To see the construction of the Church!"

I attended service in the Cathedral one dark, rainy morning, and was never before so deeply impressed with the majesty and grandeur of the mighty edifice. The thick, cloudy atmosphere darkened still more the light which came through the stained windows, and a solemn twilight reigned in the long aisles. The mighty dome sprang far aloft, as if it inclosed a part of heaven, for the light that struggled through the windows around its base, lay in broad bars on the blue, hazy air. I should not have been surprised at seeing a cloud float along within it. The lofty burst of the organ boomed echoing away through dome and nave, with a chiming, metallic vibration, shaking the massive pillars which it would defy an earthquake to rend. All was wrapped in dusky obscurity, except where, in the side-chapels, crowns of tapers were burning around the images. One

knows not which most to admire, the genius which could conceive, or the perseverance which could accomplish such a work. On one side of the square, the colossal statue of the architect, glorious old Brunelleschi, is most appropriately placed, looking up with pride at his performance.

We lately made an excursion to Pratolino, on the Appenines, to see the vintage and the celebrated colossus, by John of Bologna. Leaving Florence in the morning, with a cool, fresh wind blowing down from the mountains, we began ascending by the road to Bologna. We passed Fiesole with its tower and acropolis on the right, ascending slowly, with the bold peak of one of the loftiest Appenines on our left. The abundant fruit of the olive was beginning to turn brown, and the grapes were all gathered in from the vineyards, but we learned from a peasant-boy that the vintage was not finished at Pratolino.

We finally arrived at an avenue shaded with sycamores, leading to the royal park. The vintagers were busy in the fields around, unloading the vines of their purple tribute, and many a laugh and jest among the merry peasants enlivened the toil. We assisted them in disposing of some fine clusters, and then sought the "Colossus of the Appenines." He stands above a little lake, at the head of a long mountain-slope, broken with clumps of magnificent trees. This remarkable figure, the work of John of Bologna, impresses one like a relic of the Titans. He is represented as half-kneeling, supporting himself with one hand, while the other is pressed upon the head of a dolphin, from which a little stream falls into the lake. The height of the figure, when erect, would amount to more than sixty feet! We measured

one of the feet, which is a single piece of rock about eight feet long; from the ground to the top of one knee is nearly twenty feet. The limbs are formed of pieces of stone, joined together, and the body of stone and brick. His rough hair and eyebrows, and the beard, which reaches nearly to the ground, are formed of stalactites, taken from caves, and fastened together in a dripping and crusted mass. These hung also from his limbs and body, and gave him the appearance of Winter in his mail of icicles. By climbing up the rocks at his back, we entered his body, which contains a small-sized room; it was even possible to ascend through his neck and look out at his ear! The face is in keeping with the figure —stern and grand, and the architect (one can hardly say sculptor) has given to it the majestic air and sublimity of the Appenines. But who could build up an image of the Alp?

We visited the factory on the estate, where wine and oil are made. The men had just brought in a cart-load of large wooden vessels, filled with grapes, which they were mashing with heavy wooden pestles. When the grapes were pretty well reduced to pulp and juice, they emptied them into an enormous tun, which they told us would be covered air-tight, and left for three or four weeks, after which the wine would be drawn off at the bottom. They showed us also a great stone mill for grinding olives; this estate of the Grand Duke produces five hundred barrels of wine and a hundred and fifty of oil, every year. The former article is the universal beverage of the laboring classes in Italy, or I might say, of all classes; it is, however, the pure blood of the grape, and although used in such quantities, one sees little drunkenness—far less than in our own land.

Although this sweet climate, with its wealth of sunlight and balmy airs, may enchant the traveller for awhile and make him wish at times that his whole life might be spent amid such scenes, it exercises a most enervating influence on those who are born to its enjoyment. It relaxes mental and physical energy, and disposes body and mind to dreamy inactivity. The Italians, as a race, are indolent and effeminate. Of the moral dignity of human nature they have little conception. Those classes who are engaged in active occupation seem even destitute of common honesty, practising all kinds of deceits in the most open manner and apparently without the least shame. The state of morals is lower than in any other country of Europe; what little virtue exists is found among the peasants. Many of the most sacred obligations of society are universally violated, and as a natural consequence, the people are almost entire strangers to that domestic happiness, which constitutes the true enjoyment of life.

This dark shadow in the moral atmosphere of Italy hangs like a curse on her beautiful soil, weakening the sympathies of citizens of freer lands with her fallen condition. No people can ever become truly great or free, who are not virtuous. If the soul aspires for liberty—pure and perfect liberty—it also aspires for everything that is noble in Truth, everything that is holy in Virtue. It is greatly to be feared that all those nervous and impatient efforts which have been made and are still being made by the Italian people to better their condition, will be of little avail, until they set up a better standard of personal principle and improve the character of their lives.

I attended to-day the fall races at the *Cascine.* This is a dairy farm of the Grand Duke on the Arno, below the city; part of it, shaded with magnificent trees, has been made into a public promenade and drive, which extends for three miles down the river. Towards the lower end, on a smooth green lawn, is the race-course. To-day was the last of the season, for which the best trials had been reserved. It was the very perfection of autumn temperature, and I do not remember to have ever seen so blue hills, so green meadows, so fresh air and so bright sunshine combined in one scene before. Travelling increases very much one's capacity for admiration. Every beautiful scene appears as beautiful as if it had been the first; and although I may have seen a hundred times as lovely a combination of sky and landscape, the pleasure which it awakens is never diminished. This is one of the greatest blessings we enjoy—the freshness and glory which Nature wears to our eyes for ever. It shows that the soul never grows old—that the eye of age can take in the impression of beauty with the same enthusiastic joy which leaped through the heart of childhood.

We found the crowd around the race-course but thin; half the people there, and all the horses, appeared to be English. It was a good place to observe the beauty of Florence, which, however, may be seen in a short time, as there is not much of it. There is beauty in Italy, undoubtedly, but it is either among the peasants or the higher ranks of the nobility. I will tell our American women confidentially, for I know they have too much sense to be vain of it, that they surpass the rest of the world as much in beauty as they do in intelligence and virtue. I saw in one of the

carriages the wife of Alexander Dumas, the French author. She is a large, fair-complexioned woman, and is now, from what cause I know not, living apart from her husband.

The jockeys paced up and down the fields, preparing their beautiful animals for the approaching heat, and as the hour drew nigh the mounted dragoons busied themselves in clearing the space. It was a one-mile course, to the end of the lawn and back. At last the bugle sounded, and off went three steeds like arrows let fly. They passed us, their light limbs bounding over the turf, a beautiful dark-brown taking the lead. We leaned over the railing and watched them eagerly. The bell rang—they reached the other end—we saw them turn and come dashing back, nearer, nearer; the crowd began to shout, and in a few seconds the brown one had won it by four or five lengths. The fortunate horse was led around in triumph, and I saw an English lady, remarkable for her betting propensities, come out from the crowd and kiss it in apparent delight.

Florence is fast becoming modernized. The introduction of gas, and the construction of the railroad to Pisa, which is nearly completed, will make sad havoc with the air of poetry which still lingers in its silent streets. There is scarcely a bridge, a tower, or a street, which is not haunted by some stirring association. In the Via San Felice, Raphael used to paint when a boy; near the Ponte Santa Trinita stands Michael Angelo's house, with his pictures, clothes, and painting implements, just as he left it three centuries ago; on the south side of the Arno is the house of Galileo, and that of Machiavelli stands in an avenue near the Ducal Palace. While threading my way through some dark, crooked streets in

an unfrequented part of the city, I noticed an old untenanted house, bearing a marble tablet above the door. I drew near and read:—"In this house of the Alighieri was born the Divine Poet!" It was the birth-place of Dante!

We lately visited the Florentine Museum. Besides the usual collection of objects of natural history, there is an anatomical cabinet, very celebrated for its preparations in wax. All parts of the human frame are represented so wonderfully exact, that students of medicine pursue their studies here in summer with the same facility as from real subjects. Every bone, muscle, and nerve in the body is perfectly counterfeited, the whole forming a collection as curious as it is useful. One chamber is occupied with representations of the plague in Rome, Milan, and Florence. They are executed with horrible truth to nature, but I regretted afterwards having seen them. There are enough forms of beauty and delight in the world on which to employ the eye, without making it familiar with scenes which can only be remembered with a shudder.

We derive much pleasure from the society of the American artists who are now residing in Florence. At the houses of Powers, and Brown, the painter, we spend many delightful evenings in the company of our gifted countrymen. They are drawn together by a kindred, social feeling, as well as by their mutual aims, and form among themselves a society so unrestrained, American-like, that the traveller who meets them forgets his exile for a time. These noble representatives of our country, all of whom possess the true, inborn spirit of republicanism, have made the American name known and respected in Florence. Powers,

especially, who is intimate with many of the principal Italian families, is universally esteemed. The Grand Duke has more than once visited his studio and expressed the highest admiration of his talents.

In Florence, and indeed through all Italy, there is much reason for our country to be proud of the high stand her artists are taking. The sons of our rude western clime, brought up without other resources than their own genius and energy, now fairly rival those, who from their cradle upwards have drawn inspiration and ambition from the glorious masterpieces of the old painters and sculptors. Wherever our artists are known, they never fail to create a respect for American talent, and to dissipate the false notions respecting our cultivation and refinement, which prevail in Europe. There are now eight or ten of our painters and sculptors in Florence, some of whom, I do not hesitate to say, take the very first rank among living artists.

I have been greatly delighted with the Italian landscapes of Mr. George L. Brown; they have that golden mellowness and transparency of atmosphere which gives such a charm to the real scenes. He has wooed Nature like a lover, and she has not withheld her favors. Mr. Kellogg, who has just returned from the Orient, brought with him a rich harvest of studies, which he is now maturing on the canvas. His sketches are of great interest and value, and their results will give him an enviable reputation. Greenough, who has been some time in Germany, returned lately to his studio, where he has a colossal group in progress for the portico of the Capitol. It represents a backwoodsman just triumphing in the struggle with an Indian, and promises to

be a very powerful and successful work. Mr. Ives, a young sculptor from Connecticut, has just completed the clay models of two works—a boy with a dead bird, charmingly simple and natural, and a head of Jephthah's Daughter. There are several other young countrymen here, just commencing their studies, who show all that enthusiasm and extravagance, without which there is no success in Art.

Mr. Mozier, an American gentleman, who has been residing here for some time with his family, recently took a piece of clay for pastime, and to the astonishment of his friends, has now nearly completed an admirable bust of his little daughter. He has been so successful that he intends devoting himself to the art—a devotion so rare, that it must surely meet with some return.

Would it not be better for some scores of our rich merchants to lay out their money on statues and pictures, instead of balls and spendthrift sons? A few such expenditures, properly directed, would do much for the advancement of the fine arts. An occasional golden blessing, bestowed on genius, might be returned to the giver, in the fame he had assisted in creating. There seems, however, to be at present a rapid increase in refined taste, and a better appreciation of artistic talent in our country. And as an American, nothing has made me feel prouder than this, and the steadily increasing reputation of our artists.

Of these, no one has done more within the last few years, than Powers. With a tireless and persevering energy, such as could have belonged to few but Americans, he has already gained an imperishable name in his art. I cannot describe the enjoyment I have derived from looking at his

matchless works. I should hesitate in giving my own imperfect judgment of their excellence, if I had not found it to coincide with that of many others who are better versed in the rules of art. When I read a notice seven or eight years ago, of the young sculptor of Cincinnati, whose busts exhibited so much evidence of genius, I little dreamed that I should meet him in Florence, with the experience of years of toil added to his early enthusiasm, and every day increasing his renown.

The statue of Eve is in my opinion one of the finest works of modern times. So completely did the first view excite my surprise and delight, and thrill every feeling that awakes at the sight of the Beautiful, that my mind dwelt intensely on it for days afterwards. This is the Eve of Scripture—the Eve of Milton—mother of mankind and fairest of all her race. With the full and majestic beauty of ripened womanhood, she wears the purity of a world as yet unknown to sin. With the bearing of a queen, there is in her countenance the softness and grace of a tender, loving woman:

> "God-like erect, with native honor clad
> In naked majesty."

She holds the fatal fruit extended in her hand, and her face expresses the struggle between conscience, dread, and desire. The serpent, whose coiled length under the leaves and flowers entirely surrounds her, thus forming a beautiful allegorical symbol, is watching her decision from an ivied trunk at her side.

Powers has now nearly finished an exquisite figure of a fisher-boy, standing on the shore, with his net and rudder in

one hand, while with the other he holds a shell to his ear, and listens if it murmur to him of a gathering storm. His slight, boyish limbs are full of grace and delicacy—you feel that the youthful frame could grow up into nothing less than an Apollo. Then the head—how beautiful! Slightly bent on one side, with the rim of the shell thrust under his locks lips gently parted, and the face wrought up to the most hushed and breathless expression, he listens whether the sound be deeper than its wont. It makes you hold your breath and listen, to look at it. Mrs. Jameson somewhere remarks, that repose or suspended motion should be always chosen for a statue that shall present a perfect, unbroken impression to the mind. If this be true, the enjoyment must be much more complete where not only the motion, but breath and thought are suspended, and all the faculties are wrought into one hushed and intense sensation. In gazing on this exquisite conception, I feel my admiration filled to the utmost, without that painful, aching impression, so often left by beautiful works. It glides into my vision like a form long missed from the gallery of beauty I am forming in my mind, and I gaze on it with an ever new and increasing delight.

The other day I saw Ibrahim Pacha, the son of old Mehemet Ali, driving in his carriage through the streets. He is here on a visit from Lucca, where he has been spending some time on account of his health. He is a man of apparently fifty years of age; his countenance wears a stern and almost savage look, very consistent with the character he bears and the political part he has played. He is rather portly in person, the pale olive of his complexion contrasting

strongly with a beard perfectly white. In common with all his attendants, he wears the high red cap, picturesque blue jacket, and full trowsers of the Egyptians. There is scarcely a man of them whose face with its wild, oriental beauty, does not show to advantage among us civilized and prosaic Christians.

December 19, 1845.

I took a walk lately to the tower of Galileo. In company with three friends, I left Florence by the *Porta Romana*, and ascended the *Poggie Imperiale*. This beautiful avenue, a mile and a quarter in length, leading up a gradual ascent to a villa of the Grand Duke, is bordered with splendid cypresses and evergreen oaks, and the grass banks are always fresh and green, so that even in winter it calls up a remembrance of summer. In fact, Winter does not wear the scowl here that he has at home; he is robed rather in a threadbare garment of autumn, and it is only high up on the mountain tops, out of the reach of his enemy, the sun, that he dares to throw it off, and bluster about with his storms and scatter down his snow-flakes. The roses still bud and bloom in the hedges, the emerald of the meadows is not a whit paler, the sun looks down lovingly as yet, and there are only the white helmets of some of the Appenines, with the leafless mulberries and vines, to tell us that we have changed seasons.

A quarter of an hour's walk, part of it by a path through an olive orchard, brought us to the top of a hill, which was surmounted by a square, broken, ivied tower, forming part of

a storehouse for the produce of the estate. We entered, saluted by a dog, and passing through a court-yard, in which stood two or three carts full of brown olives, found our way to the rickety staircase. I spared my sentiment in going up, thinking the steps might have been renewed since Galileo's time, but the glorious landscape which opened around us when we reached the top, time could not change, and I gazed upon it with interest and emotion, as my eye took in those forms which had once been mirrored in the philosopher's.

Our Tuscan life is at last at an end. After a residence of nearly four months, we shall take leave of beautiful Florence to-morrow. Our departure has been somewhat delayed by the necessity of waiting for remittances from home. By the first of November, our means were entirely exhausted, but our friend, Mr. Tandy, generously shared his purse with us until the long-expected letters arrived. Finally, I received a draft for one hundred dollars, sixty of which were due to Mr. T., who, in his turn, was beginning to look anxiously for remittances, and had stinted himself for our sakes. B—— was out of money, and does not expect to get any more until we reach Paris, so that we had only forty dollars between us, for the journey to Rome and thence to Paris. We had already pushed economy to its furthest point, and it was evident that the thing was impossible. But it was equally impossible to give up our plan of travel. I finally went to Mr. Powers, who has treated me with the greatest kindness and hospitality during our residence here, and asked him to lend me fifty dollars for two or three months. He complied with a readiness and cordiality which was most grateful, and relieved me of the painful embarrassment

which I could not help feeling. We have now ninety dollars, which we are confident will carry us through. But Greece—Greece is lost to us! Oh for a hundred dollars, that I might see the Parthenon before I die!

My residence in Florence has been thoroughly happy and delightful, and I leave it with sincere regret. These privations, and anxieties, and embarrassments, are forgotten the moment they are over, while the memory of pleasure remains as distinct as the reality. I know I shall hereafter find even a delight in thinking of the hardest of my experiences; one of them is already sufficiently amusing, and may amuse the reader also. Mr. Tandy, as I said, shared his own means with us, after our own had failed, until what he had in Florence was nearly exhausted. His banker lived in Leghorn, and he determined to go there and draw for more, instead of having it sent through a correspondent. B—— decided to accompany him, and two young Englishmen, who had just arrived on foot from Geneva, joined the party. They resolved on making an adventure out of the expedition, and it was accordingly agreed that they should take one of the market-boats of the Arno, and sail down to Pisa, more than fifty miles distant, by the river. We paid one or two visits to the western gate of the city, where numbers of these craft always lie at anchor, and struck a bargain with a sturdy boatman, that he should take them for a scudo each.

The hour of starting was nine o'clock in the evening, and I accompanied them to the starting-place. The boat had a slight canvas covering, and the crew consisted only of the owner and his son Antonio, a boy of ten. I shall not recount

their voyage all that night (which was so cold, that they tied each other up in the boatmen's meal-bags, around the neck, and lay down in a heap on the ribbed bottom of the boat) nor their adventures in Pisa and Leghorn. They were to be absent three or four days, and had left me money enough to live upon in the meantime, but the next morning our bill for washing came in, and consumed nearly the whole of it. I had about four crazie (three cents) a day left for my meals, and by spending one of these for bread, and the remainder for ripe figs, of which one crazie will purchase fifteen or twenty, and roasted chestnuts, I managed to make a diminutive breakfast and dinner, but was careful not to take much exercise, on account of the increase of hunger. As it happened, my friends remained two days longer than I had expected, and the last two crazie I had were expended for one day's provisions. I then decided to try the next day without anything, and actually felt a curiosity to know what one's sensations would be, on experiencing two or three days of starvation. I knew that if the feeling should become insupportable, I could easily walk out to the mountain of Fiesole, where a fine fig orchard shades the old Roman amphitheatre. But the experiment was broken off in its commencement, by the arrival of the absent ones, in the middle of the following night. Such is the weakness of human nature, that on finding I should not want for breakfast, I arose from bed, and ate the two or three remaining figs which, by a strong exertion, I had saved from the scanty allowance of the day. I began to experience a powerful feeling of weakness and vacuity, and my breakfast the next day—the most delicious meal I ever ate—cost me at least ten cents

Whoever looks on the valley of the Arno from San Miniato, and observes the Appenine range, of which Fiesole is one, bounding it on the north, will immediately notice to the northwest a double peak rising high above all the others. The bare, brown forehead of this, known by the name of *Monte Morello*, seemed so provokingly to challenge an ascent, that we determined to try it. So we started early, a few days ago, from the Porta San Gallo, with nothing but the frosty grass and fresh air to remind us of the middle of December. Leaving the Prato road, at the base of the mountain, we passed Careggi, a favorite farm of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and entered a narrow glen where a little brook was brawling down its rocky channel. Here and there stood a rustic mill, near which women were busy spreading their washed clothes on the grass. Following the footpath, we ascended a long eminence to a chapel where some boys were amusing themselves with a common country game. They have a small wheel, around which they wind a rope, and, running a little distance to increase the velocity, let it off with a sudden jerk. On a level road it can be thrown upwards of a quarter of a mile.

From the chapel, a gradual ascent along the ridge of a hill brought us to the foot of the peak, which rose high before us, covered with bare rocks and stunted oaks. The wind blew coldly from a snowy range to the north, as we commenced ascending with a good will. A few shepherds were leading their flocks along the sides, to browse on the grass and withered bushes, and we started up a large hare occasionally from his leafy covert. The ascent was very toilsome; I was obliged to stop frequently on account of the

painful throbbing of my heart, which made it difficult to breathe. When the summit was gained, we lay down awhile on the leeward side to cover ourselves.

We looked on the great valley of the Arno, perhaps twenty-five miles long, and five or six broad, lying like a long elliptical basin sunk among the hills. I can liken it to nothing but a vast sea; for a dense, blue mist covered the level surface, through which the domes of Florence rose up like a craggy island, while the thousands of scattered villas resembled ships, with spread sails, afloat on its surface. The sharp, cutting wind soon drove us down, with a few hundred bounds, to the path again. Three more hungry mortals did not dine at the *Cacciatore* that day.

The chapel of the Medici, which we visited, is of wonderful beauty. The walls are entirely encrusted with *pietra dura* and the most precious kinds of marble. The ceiling is covered with gorgeous frescoes by Benevenuto, a modern painter. Around the sides, in magnificent sarcophagi of marble and jasper, repose the ashes of a few Cosmos and Ferdinands. I asked the sacristan for the tomb of Lorenzo the Magnificent. "Oh!" said he, "he lived during the Republic—he has no tomb; these are only for Dukes!" I could not repress a sigh at the lavish waste of labor and treasure on this one princely chapel. They might have slumbered unnoted, like Lorenzo, if they had done as much for their country and Italy.

It is with a heavy heart, that I sit down to-night to make my closing note in this lovely city and in the journal which

has recorded my thoughts and impressions since leaving America. I should find it difficult to analyse my emotions, but I know that they oppress me painfully. So much rushes at once over the mind and heart—memories of what has passed through both, since I made the first note in its pages —alternations of hope and anxiety and aspiration, but *never* despondency—that it resembles, in a manner, the closing of a life. I seem almost to have lived through the common term of a life in this short period. Much spiritual and mental experience has crowded into a short time the sensations of years. Painful though some of it has been, it was still welcome. Difficulty and toil give the soul strength to crush, in a loftier region, the passions which draw strength only from the earth. So long as we listen to the purer promptings within us, there is a Power invisible, though not unfelt, which protects us—amid the toil and tumult and soiling struggle, there is ever an eye that watches, ever a heart that overflows with Infinite and Almighty Love! Let us trust then in that Eternal Spirit, who pours out on us his warm and boundless blessings, through the channels of so many kindred human hearts!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WINTER TRAVELLING AMONG THE APPENINES.

Departure from Florence—Rain among the Appenines—The Inn at Cucina—Talks with the Tuscan Peasants—Central Italy—Arezzo—Italian Country Inns—Engaging a Calesino—Lake Thrasymene—The Battle-field—Night-Ride to Perugia—Journey to Foligno—Vale of the Clitumnus—Our Fellow Passengers—Spoleto and Monte Somma—Terni without the Cascade—Narni—Otricoli—Travelling by Vetturino—Soracte at Sunset—Walking with the Dragoon—The Campagna—First Sight of St. Peter's—Entering Rome—The Pantheon by Starlight—The Dragoon's Adieu—Rome.

ROME, *December* 28, 1845.

WE left Florence on the 20th, while citizens and strangers were vainly striving to catch a glimpse of the Emperor of Russia. He is, from some cause, very shy of being seen, in his journeys from place to place, using the greatest art and diligence to prevent the time of his departure and arrival from being known. I waited some time in front of his hotel to see him drive out, and at that very time he was in the Pitti Palace, with the Grand Duke. The sky did not promise much, as we set out; and when we had entered the Appenines and taken a last look at the lovely valley behind us, and the great dome of the city where we had spent four

delightful months, it began to rain heavily. Determined to conquer the weather at the beginning, we kept on, although before many miles were passed, it became too penetrating to be agreeable. The mountains grew nearly black under the shadow of the clouds, and the storms swept drearily down their passes and defiles, until the scenery was more like the Hartz than Italy. We were obliged to stop at Ponte Sieve and dry our saturated garments: when, as the rain slackened somewhat, we rounded the foot of the mountain of Vallombrosa, above the swollen and noisy Arno, to the little village of Cucina.

We entered the only inn in the place, followed by a crowd of wondering boys, for two such travellers had probably never been seen there. They made a blazing fire for us in the broad chimney, and after the police of the place had satisfied themselves that we were not dangerous characters, they asked many questions about our country. I excited the sympathy of the women greatly in our behalf by telling them we had three thousand miles of sea between us and our homes. They exclaimed in the most sympathizing tones: "*Poverini!* so far to go!—three thousand miles of water!"

The next morning we followed the right bank of the Arno. At Incisa, a large town on the river, the narrow pass broadens into a large and fertile plain, bordered on the north by the mountains. The snow storms were sweeping around their summits the whole day, and I thought of the desolate situation of the good monks who had so hospitably entertained us three months before. It was weary travelling; but at Levane our fatigues were soon forgotten. Two or three

peasants were sitting at night beside the blazing fire, and we were amused to hear them talking about us. I overheard one asking another to converse with us awhile. "Why should I speak to them?" said he; "they are not of our profession—we are swineherds, and they do not care to talk with us." However, his curiosity prevailed at last, and we had a long conversation together. It seemed difficult for them to comprehend how there could be so much water to cross, without any land, before reaching our country. Finding we were going to Rome, I overheard one remark that we were pilgrims, which seemed to be the general supposition, as there are few foot-travellers in Italy. The people said to one another as we passed along the road:—"They are making a journey of penance!" These peasants expressed themselves very well for persons of their station, but they were remarkably ignorant of every thing beyond their own olive orchards and vine fields.

On leaving Levane, the morning gave a promise, and the sun winked at us once or twice through the broken clouds, with a watery eye; but our cup was not yet full. After crossing one or two shoulders of the range of hills, we descended to the great upland plain of Central Italy, watered by the sources of the Arno and the Tiber. The scenery is of a remarkable character. The hills appear to have been washed and swept by some mighty flood. They are worn into every shape—pyramids, castles, towers—standing desolate and brown, in long ranges, like the ruins of mountains. The plain is scarred with deep gullies, adding to the look of decay which accords so well with the Cyclopean relics of the country. A storm of hail which rolled away before us, dis-

closed the city of Arezzo, on a hill at the other end of the plain, its heavy cathedral crowning the pyramidal mass of buildings. Our first care was to find a good trattoria, for hunger spoke louder then sentiment, and then we sought the house where Petrarch was born. A young priest showed it to us on the summit of the hill. It has not been changed since he lived in it.

On leaving Florence, we determined to pursue the same plan as in Germany, of stopping in the inns frequented by the common people. They treated us here, as elsewhere, with great kindness and sympathy, and we were freed from the outrageous impositions practised at the greater hotels. They always built a large fire to dry us, after our day's walk in the rain, and placing chairs in the hearth, which was raised several feet above the floor, stationed us there, like the giants Gog and Magog, while the children, assembled below, gazed up at our elevated greatness. They even invited us to share their simple meals with them, and it was amusing to hear their good-hearted exclamations of pity at finding we were so far from home. We slept in the great beds (for the most of the Italian beds are calculated for a man, wife, and four children !) without fear of being assassinated, and only met with banditti in dreams.

This is a very unfavorable time of the year for foot-travelling, as we found before the close of the third day. We walked until noon over the Val di Chiana to Camuscia, the last post-station in the Tuscan dominions. On a mountain near it is the city of Cortona, still inclosed within its Cyclopean walls, built long before the foundation of Rome. Here our patience gave way, melted down by the unremitting

rains, and while eating dinner we made a bargain for a vehicle to take us to Perugia. We gave a little more than half of what the vetturino demanded, which was still an exorbitant price—two scudi each for a ride of thirty miles.

In a short time we were called to take our seats. I beheld with consternation a rickety, uncovered, two-wheeled vehicle, to which a single lean horse was attached. "What!" said I: "is that the carriage you promised?" "You bargained for a *calesino*," said he, "and there it is!" adding, moreover, that there was nothing else in the place. So we clambered up, thrust our feet among the hay, and the machine rolled off with a kind of saw-mill motion, at the rate of five miles an hour. Soon after, in ascending the mountain of the Spelunca, a sheet of blue water was revealed below us—the lake of Thrasymene! From the eminence around which we drove, we looked on the whole of its broad surface and the mountains which encompass it. It is a magnificent sheet of water, in size and shape somewhat like New York Bay. While our *calesino* was stopped at the papal custom-house, I gazed on the memorable field below us. A crescent plain, between the mountain and the lake, was the arena where two mighty empires met in combat. The place seems marked by nature for the scene of some great event. I experienced a thrilling emotion, such as no battle plain has excited, since, when a schoolboy, I rambled over the field of Brandywine. I looked through the long arcades of patriarchal olives, and tried to cover the field with the shadows of the Roman and Carthaginian myriads. I recalled the shock of meeting legions, the clash of swords and bucklers, and the waving of standards amid

the dust of battle, while stood on the mountain amphitheatre, trembling and invisible, the protecting deities of Rome.

We rode over the plain, passed through the dark old town of Passignano, built on a rocky point by the lake, and dashed along the shore. A dark, stormy sky bent over us, and the roused waves broke in foam on the rocks. The winds whistled among the bare oak boughs, and shook the olives until they twinkled all over. The vetturino whipped our old horse into a gallop, and we were borne on in unison with the scene, which would have answered for one of Hoffman's wildest stories.

Ascending a long hill, we took a last look in the dusk at Thrasymene, and continued our journey among the Appenines. The vetturino was to have changed horses at Magione, thirteen miles from Perugia, but there were none to be had, and our poor beast was obliged to perform the whole journey without rest or food. It grew very dark, and a storm, with thunder and lightning, swept among the hills. The clouds were of pitchy darkness, and we could see nothing beyond the road, except the lights of peasant-cottages trembling through the gloom. Now and then a flash of lightning revealed the black masses of the mountains, on which the solid sky seemed to rest. The wind and cold rain swept wailing past us, as if an evil spirit were abroad on the darkness. Three hours of such nocturnal travel brought us to Perugia, wet and chilly, as well as our driver, but I pitied the poor horse more than him.

When we looked out the window, on awaking, the clustered house-tops of the city, and the summits of the

mountains near, were covered with snow. As the rain continued, we left for Foligno the next morning, in a close but covered vehicle, and descending the mountain, crossed the muddy and rapid Tiber in the valley below. All day we rode slowly among the hills; where the ascent was steep, two or four large oxen were hitched before the horses. I saw little of the scenery, for our Italian companions would not bear the windows open. Once, when we stopped, I got out and found we were in the region of snow, at the foot of a stormy peak, which towered sublimely above. At dusk, we entered Foligno, and were driven to the "Croce Bianca" —glad to be thirty miles further on our way to Rome.

After some discussion with a vetturino, who was to leave next morning, we made a contract with him for the remainder of the journey, for the rain, which fell in torrents, forbade all thought of pedestrianism. At five o'clock we rattled out of the gate, and drove by the waning moon and morning starlight, down the vale of the Clitumnus As the dawn stole on I watched eagerly the features of the scene. Instead of a narrow glen, as my fancy had pictured, we were in a valley, several miles broad, covered with rich orchards and fertile fields. A glorious range of mountains bordered it on the north, resembling Alps in their winter garments. A rosy flush stole over the snow, which kindled with the growing morn. The Clitumnus, beside us, was the purest of streams. The heavy rains which had fallen, had not soiled in the least its limpid crystal.

When it grew light enough, I looked at our companions for the three days' journey. The two other inside seats were occupied by a tradesman of Trieste, with his wife and

child; an old soldier, and a young dragoon going to visit his parents after seven years' absence, occupied the front seat. Persons travelling together in a carriage are not long in becoming acquainted—close companionship soon breeds familiarity. Before night, I had made a fast friend of the young soldier, learned to bear the perverse humor of the child with as much patience as its father, and even drawn looks of grim kindness from the crusty old vetturino.

Our mid-day resting-place was Spoleto. As there were two hours given us, we took a ramble through the city, visited the ruins of its Roman theatre, and saw the gate erected to commemorate the victory gained here over Hannibal, which stopped his triumphal march towards Rome. A great part of the afternoon was spent in ascending the defiles of Monte Somma, the highest pass on the road between Ancona and Rome. Assisted by two yoke of oxen we slowly toiled up through the snow, the mountains on both sides covered with thickets of box and evergreen oaks, among whose leafy screens the banditti hide themselves. It is not considered dangerous at present, but as the dragoons who used to patrol this pass have been sent off to Bologna, to keep down the rebellion, the robbers will probably return to their old haunts again. We saw many suspicious looking coverts, where they might have hidden

We slept at Terni and did not see the falls—not exactly on Wordsworth's principle of leaving Yarrow unvisited, but because, under the circumstances, it was impossible. The vetturino did not arrive there until after dark; he was to leave before dawn; the distance was five miles, and the roads very bad. Besides, we had seen falls quite as grand,

which needed only a Byron to make them as renowned—we had been told that those of Tivoli, which we shall see, were equally fine. The Velino, which we crossed near Terni, was not a large stream—in short, we sought as many reasons as possible, why the falls need not be seen.

Leaving Terni before day, we drove up the long vale towards Narni. The roads were frozen hard; the ascent becoming more difficult, the vetturino was obliged to stop at a farm-house and get another pair of horses, with which, and a handsome young *contadino* as postillion, we reached Narni in a short time. In climbing the hill, we had a view of the whole valley of Terni, shut in on all sides by snow-crested Appenines, and threaded by the Nar. At Otricoli, while dinner was preparing, I walked around the crumbling battlements to look down into the valley and trace the far windings of the Tiber. In rambling through the crooked streets, we saw everywhere the remains of the splendor which this place boasted in the days of Rome. Fragments of fluted pillars stood here and there in the streets; large blocks of marble covered with inscriptions were built into the houses, defaced statues were used as door-ornaments, and the stepping-stone to our rude inn, worn every day by the feet of grooms and vetturini, contained some letters of an inscription which may have recorded the glory of an emperor.

Travelling with a vetturino, is unquestionably the pleasantest way of seeing Italy. The easy rate of the journey allows time for becoming well acquainted with the country, and the tourist is freed from the annoyance of quarrelling with cheating landlords. A translation of our written contract will best explain this mode of travelling:

"CARRIAGE FOR ROME.

"Our contract is, to be conducted to Rome for the sum of twenty francs each, say 20f. and the *buona mano*, if we are well served We must have from the vetturino, Giuseppe Nerpiti, supper each night, a free chamber with two beds, and fire, until we shall arrive at Rome. I, Geronymo Sartarelli, steward of the Inn of the White Cross, at Foligno, in testimony of the above contract."

Beyond Otricoli, we passed through some relics of an age anterior to Rome. A few soiled masses of masonry, black with age, stood along the brow of the mountain, on the extremity of which were the ruins of a castle of the middle ages. We crossed the Tiber on a bridge buil' by Augustus Cæsar, and reached Borghetto as the sun was gilding with its last rays the ruined citadel above. As the carriage with its four horses was toiling slowly up the hill, we got out and walked in advance, to gaze on the green meadows of the Tiber.

On descending from Narni, I noticed a high, prominent mountain, whose ridgy back, somewhat like the profile of a face, reminded me of the Traunstein, in Upper Austria. As we approached, its form gradually changed, until it stood on the Campagna

> "Like a long-swept wave about to break,
> That on the curl hangs pausing"—

and by that token of a great bard, I recognized Monte Soracte. The dragoon took us by the arms, and away we ecampered over the Campagna, with one of the loveliest sunsets before us, that ever painted itself on my retinue. I can

not portray in words the glory that flooded the whole western heaven. It was a sea of melted ruby, amethyst and topaz—deep, dazzling, and of crystal transparency. The color changed in tone every few minutes, till in half an hour it sank away before the twilight to a belt of deep orange along the west.

We left Civita Castellana before daylight. The sky was red with dawn as we approached Nepi, and we got out to walk in the clear, frosty air. The dragoon, who had become my bosom friend, threw one arm around my neck and gave me half of his thick military cloak, and thus, muffled up together, we walked nearly all forenoon. In traversing the desolate Campagna, we saw many deep chambers dug in the earth, used by the charcoal burners; the air was filled with sulphureous exhalations, very offensive to the smell, which rose from the ground in many places. Miles and miles of the dreary waste, covered only with flocks of grazing sheep, were passed,—and about noon we reached Baccano, a small post station, twenty miles from Rome. A long hill rose before us, and we sprang out of the carriage and ran ahead, to see Rome from its summit. As we approached the top, the Campagna spread far before and around us level and blue as an ocean. I climbed up a high bank by the roadside, and the whole scene came in view. Perhaps eighteen miles distant rose the dome of St. Peter's near the horizon—a small spot on the vast plain. Beyond it and further east, were the mountains of Albano—on our left Soracte and the Apennines, and a blue line along the west betrayed the Mediterranean. There was nothing peculiarly beautiful or sublime in the landscape, but few other scenes

on earth combine in one glance such a myriad of mighty associations, or bewilder the mind with such a crowd of confused emotions.

As we approached Rome, my dragoon became anxious and impatient. He had not heard from his parents for a long time, and knew not if they were living, His desire to reach the end of his journey finally became so great, that he hailed a peasant who was driving past in a light vehicle, left our slow carriage and went out of sight in a gallop.

As we descended to the Tiber in the dusk of evening, the domes and spires of Rome came gradually into view, St. Peter's standing like a mountain in the midst of them. Crossing the yellow river by the Ponte Molle, two miles of road, straight as an arrow, lay before us, with the light of the *Porta del Popolo* at the end. I felt strangely excited as the old vehicle rumbled through the arch, and we entered a square with fountains and an obelisk of Egyptian granite in the centre. Delivering up our passports, we waited until the necessary examinations had been made, and then went forward. Three streets branch out from the square, the middle one of which, leading directly to the Capitol, is the Corso, the Roman Broadway. Our vetturino chose that to the left, the Via della Scrofa, leading off towards the bridge of St. Angelo. I looked out the windows as we drove along, but saw nothing except butcher-shops, grocer-stores, etc.—horrible objects for a sentimental traveller!

Being emptied out on the pavement at last, our first care was to find rooms; after searching through many streets, with a coarse old Italian who spoke like an angel, we arrived at a square where the music of a fountain was heard

through the dusk, and an obelisk cut out some of the starlight. At the other end I saw a portico through the darkness, and my heart gave a breathless bound on recognising the *Pantheon*—the matchless temple of Ancient Rome! And now while I am writing, I hear the gush of the fountain—and if I step to the window, I see the time-worn but still glorious edifice.

On returning for our baggage, we met the funeral procession of the Princess Altieri. Priests in white and gold carried flaming torches, and the coffin, covered with a magnificent golden pall, was borne in a splendid hearse, attended by four priests. As we were settling our account with the vetturino, who demanded much more *buona mano* than we were willing to give, the young dragoon returned. He was greatly agitated. "I have been at home!" said he, in a voice trembling with emotion. I was about to ask him further concerning his family, but he stopped me by saying: "I have only come to say '*addio!*' I hope we shall meet again." He then threw his arms around me, kissed me twice, said "*addio!*" with an unsteady voice, and was gone, I almost wish we had not met, for I shall never see him again. I stop writing to ramble through Rome. This city of all cities to me—this dream of my boyhood—giant, godlike, fallen Rome—is around me, and I revel in a glow of anticipation and exciting thought that seems to change my whole state of being.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ROME.

The First Day in Rome—The Corso—We find the Forum—Trajan's Column—Papal Profanation—St. Peter's Found—The Square and Obelisk—The Interior of St. Peter's—The Galleries of the Vatican—Statues—Ancient Art—Hemicycle of the Belvidere—The Laocoon—The Divine Apollo—New Year's Day in Rome—The Quirinal Hill—St. John Lateran—The Temple of Vesta—The Pyramid of Cestius—The Tombs of Keats and Shelley—The Ruins of Rome—The Coliseum at Sunset—Mausoleum of Augustus—Crawford's Studio—The Square of the Pantheon—Profane and Pious Beggars—The Trattoria del Sole—Impressions of Roman Ruins—The Coliseum by Moonlight.

ROME, *December* 29, 1845.

ONE day's walk through Rome—how shall I describe it? The Capitol, the Forum, St. Peter's, the Coliseum—what few hours' ramble ever took in places so hallowed by poetry, history and art? It was a golden leaf in my calendar of life. In thinking over it now, and drawing out the threads of recollection from the varied web of thought I have woven to-day, I almost wonder how I dared so much at once; but within reach of them all, how was it possible to wait? Let me give a sketch of our day's ramble.

Hearing that it was better to visit the ruins by evening or

moonlight (alas! there is no moon now), we set out to hunt St. Peter's. Going in the direction of the Corso, we passed the ruined front of the magnificent Temple of Antoninus, now used as the Papal Custom House. We turned to the right on entering the Corso, expecting to have a view of the city from the hill at its southern end. It is a magnificent street, lined with palaces and splendid edifices of every kind, and always filled with crowds of carriages and people. On leaving it, however, we became bewildered among the narrow streets—passed through a market of vegetables, crowded with beggars and contadini—threaded many by-ways between dark old buildings—saw one or two antique fountains and many modern churches, and finally arrived at a hill.

We ascended many steps, and then descending a little towards the other side, saw suddenly below us the *Roman Forum!* I knew it at once—and those three Corinthian columns that stood near us—what could they be but the remains of the temple of Jupiter Stator? We stood on the Capitoline Hill; at the foot was the Arch of Septimus Severus, brown with age and shattered; near it stood the majestic front of the Temple of Fortune, its pillars of polished granite glistening in the sun, as if they had been erected yesterday, while on the left the rank grass was waving from the arches and mighty walls of the Palace of the Cæsars! In front ruin upon ruin lined the way for half a mile, where the Coliseum towered grandly through the blue morning mist, at the base of the Esquiline Hill! Good heavens, what a scene! Grandeur, such as the world has never since beheld, once rose through that blue atmosphere; splendor inconceivable, the spoils of a world, the triumphs

of a thousand armies had passed over that earth ; minds, which for ages moved the ancient world, had thought there ; and words of power and glory, from the lips of immortal men, had been syllabled on that hallowed air. To call back all this on the very spot, while the wreck of what once was rose mouldering and desolate around, kindled a glow of thought and feeling too powerful for words.

Returning at hazard through the streets, we came suddenly upon the column of Trajan, standing in an excavated square below the level of the city, amid a number of broken granite columns, which formed part of the Forum dedicated to him by Rome, after the conquest of Dacia. The column is one hundred and thirty-two feet high, and entirely covered with bas-reliefs representing his victories, winding about it in a spiral line to the top. The number of figures is computed at two thousand five hundred, and they were of such excellence that Raphael used many of them for his models. They are now much defaced, and the column is surmounted by a statue of some saint. The inscription on the pedestal has been erased, and the name of Sixtus V. substituted Nothing can exceed the ridiculous vanity of the old popes in thus mutilating the finest monuments of ancient art. You cannot look upon any relic of antiquity in Rome, but your eyes are assailed by the words "PONTIFEX MAXIMUS," in staring modern letters. Even the magnificent bronzes of the Pantheon were stripped to make the baldachin under the dome of St. Peter's.

Finding our way back again, we took a fresh start, happily in the right direction, and after walking some time came out on the Tiber, at the Bridge of St. Angelo. The river

rolled below in his muddy glory, and in front, on the opposite bank, stood "the pile which Hadrian reared on high"—*now*, the Castle of St. Angelo. Knowing that St. Peter's was to be seen from this bridge, I looked about in search of it. There was only one dome in sight, large and of beautiful proportions. I said at once, "surely *that* cannot be St. Peter's!" On looking again, however, I saw the top of a massive range of building near it, which corresponded so nearly with the pictures of the Vatican, that I was unwillingly forced to believe the mighty dome was really before me. I recognised it as one of those we had seen from the Capitol, but it appeared so much smaller when viewed from a greater distance, that I was quite deceived. On considering we were still three fourths of a mile from it, and that we could see its minutest parts distinctly, the illusion was explained.

Going directly down the *Borgo Vecchio*, it seemed a long time before we arrived at the square of St. Peter's; and when at length we stood in front, with the majestic colonnade sweeping around—the fountains on each side sending up their showers of silvery spray—the mighty obelisk of Egyptian granite piercing the sky—and beyond, the great façade and dome of the Cathedral, I confessed my unmingled admiration. It recalled to my mind the grandeur of ancient Rome, and mighty as her edifices must have been, I doubt if she could boast many views more overpowering than this. The façade of St. Peter's seemed close to us, but it was a third of a mile distant, and the people ascending the steps dwindled to pigmies.

I passed the obelisk, went up the long ascent, crossed the

portico, pushed aside the heavy leathern curtain at the entrance, and stood in the great nave. I need not describe my feelings at the sight, but I will give the dimensions, and the reader may then fancy what they were. Before me was a marble plain six hundred feet long, and under the cross four hundred and seventeen feet wide! One hundred and fifty feet above, sprang a glorious arch, dazzling with inlaid gold, and in the centre of the cross there were four hundred feet of air between me and the top of the dome! The sunbeam, stealing through the lofty window at one end of the transept, made a bar of light on the blue air, hazy with incense, one tenth of a mile long, before it fell on the mosaics and gilded shrines of the other extremity. The grand cupola alone, including lantern and cross, is two hun dred and eighty-five feet high, or sixty feet higher than the Bunker Hill Monument, and the four immense pillars on which it rests are each one hundred and thirty-seven feet in circumference! It seems as if human art had outdone itself in producing this temple—the grandest which the world ever erected for the worship of the Living God! The awe I felt in looking up at the colossal arch of marble and gold, did not humble me; on the contrary, I felt exalted, ennobled—beings in the form I wore planned the glorious edifice, and it seemed that in godlike power and perseverance, they were indeed but a little lower than the angels. I felt that, if fallen, my race was still mighty and immortal.

The Vatican is only open twice a week, on days which are not *festas;* most fortunately, to-day happened to be one of these, and we took a run through its endless halls. The extent and magnificence of the gallery of sculpture is

amazing. The halls, which are filled to overflowing with the finest works of ancient art, would, if placed side by side, make a row more than two miles in length! You enter at once into a hall of marble, with a magnificent arched ceiling, a third of a mile long; the sides are covered for a great distance with Roman inscriptions of every kind, divided into compartments according to the era of the empire to which they refer. One which I examined, appeared to be a kind of index of the roads in Italy, with the towns on them; and we could decipher on that time-worn block, the very route we had followed from Florence hither.

Then came the statues, and here I am bewildered, how to describe them. Hundreds upon hundreds of figures—statues of citizens, generals, emperors, and gods—fauns, satyrs, and nymphs—children, cupids, and tritons—in fact, they seemed inexhaustible. Many of them, too, were forms of matchless beauty; there were Venuses and nymphs, born of the loftiest dreams of grace; fauns on whose faces shone the very soul of humor, and heroes and divinities with an air of majesty worthy the "land of lost gods and godlike men!"

I am lost in astonishment at the perfection of art attained by the Greeks and Romans. There is scarcely a form of beauty, that has ever met my eye, which is not to be found in this gallery. I should almost despair of such another blaze of glory on the world, were it not my devout belief that what has been done may be done again, and had I not faith that the dawn in which we live will bring on another day equally glorious. And why should not America, with the experience and added wisdom which three thousand years have slowly yielded to the old world, joined to the

giant energy of her youth and freedom, re-bestow on the world the divine creations of Art?

But let us step on to the hemicycle of the Belvidere, and view some works greater than any we have yet seen, or even imagined. The adjoining gallery is filled with masterpieces of sculpture, but we will keep our eyes unwearied and merely glance along the rows. At length we reach a circular court with a fountain flinging up its waters in the centre. Before us is an open cabinet; there is a beautiful, manly form within, but you would not for an instant take it for the Apollo. By the Gorgon head it holds aloft, we recognise Canova's Perseus—he has copied the form and attitude of the Apollo, but he could not breathe into it the same warming fire. It seemed to me particularly lifeless, and I greatly preferred his Boxers, who stand on either side of it.

Now we look on a scene of the deepest physical agony. Mark how every muscle of old Laocoon's body is distended to the utmost in the mighty struggle! What intensity of pain in the quivering, distorted features! Every nerve, which despair can call into action, is excited in one giant effort, and a scream of anguish seems just to have quivered on those marble lips. The serpents have rolled their strangling coils around father and sons, but terror has taken away the strength of the latter, and they make but feeble resistance. After looking with indifference on the many casts of this group, I was the more moved by the magnificent original. It deserves all the admiration that has been heaped upon it.

I absolutely trembled on approaching the cabinet of the Apollo. I had built up in fancy a glorious ideal, drawn from

all that bards have sung or artists have rhapsodized about its divine beauty. I feared disappointment—I dreaded to have my ideal displaced and my faith in the power of human genius overthrown by a form less than perfect. However, with a feeling of desperate excitement, I entered and looked upon it. Now what shall I say of it? How describe its immortal beauty? To what shall I liken its glorious perfection of form, or the fire that imbues the cold marble with the soul of a god? Not with sculpture, for it stands alone and above all other works of art—nor with men, for it has a majesty more than human. I gazed on it, lost in wonder and joy—joy that I could, at last, take into my mind a faultless ideal of god-like, exalted manhood. The figure seems actually to possess a soul, and I looked on it, not as on a piece of marble, but as on a being of loftier mould, and waited to see him step forward when the arrow had reached its mark. I would give worlds to feel one moment the sculptor's triumph when his work was completed; that one exulting thrill must have repaid him for every ill he might have suffered on earth.

January 1, 1846.

New Year's Day in the Eternal City! It will be something to say in after years, that I have seen one year open in *Rome*—that, while my distant friends were making up for the winter without, with good cheer around the merry board, I have walked in sunshine by the ruins of the Coliseum, watched the orange groves gleaming with golden fruitage in the Farnese gardens, trodden the daisied meadow

around the sepulchre of Caius Cestius, and mused by the graves of Shelley, Keats and Salvator Rosa! The Palace of the Cæsars looked even more mournful in the pale, slant sunshine, and the yellow Tiber, as he flowed through the "marble wilderness," seemed sullenly counting up the long centuries during which degenerate slaves have trodden his banks. A leaden-colored haze clothed the seven hills, and heavy silence reigned among the ruins, for all work was prohibited, and the people were gathered in their churches. Rome never appeared so desolate and melancholy as to-day.

In the morning I climbed the Quirinal Hill, now called Monte Cavallo, from the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, with their steeds, supposed to be the work of Phidias and Praxiteles. They stand on each side of an obelisk of Egyptian granite, beside which a strong stream of water gushes up into a magnificent bronze basin, found in the old Forum. The statues, entirely browned by age, are considered masterpieces of Grecian art, and whether or not from the great masters, show in all their proportions, the conceptions of lofty genius.

We kept on our way between gardens filled with orange groves, whose glowing fruit reminded me of Mignon's beautiful reminiscence—"Im dunkeln Laub die gold-Orangen glühn!" Rome, although subject to cold winds from the Appenines, enjoys so mild a climate that oranges and palm trees grow in the open air, without protection. Daisies and violets bloom the whole winter, in the meadows of never fading green. The basilica of the Lateran equals St. Peter's in splendor, though its size is much smaller. The walls are

covered with gorgeous hangings of velvet embroidered with gold, and before the high altar, which glitters with precious stones, are four pillars of gilt bronze, said to be those which Augustus made of the spars of Egyptian vessels captured at the battle of Actium.

We descended the hill to the Coliseum, and passing under the Arch of Constantine, walked along the ancient triumphal way, at the foot of the Palatine Hill, which is entirely covered with the ruins of the Cæsars' Palace. A road, rounding its southern base towards the Tiber, brought us to the Temple of Vesta—a beautiful little relic which has been singularly spared by the devastations that have overthrown so many mightier fabrics. It is of circular form, surrounded by nineteen Corinthian columns, thirty-six feet in height; a clumsy tiled roof now takes the place of the elegant cornice which once gave the crowning charm to its perfect proportions. Close at hand are the remains of the temple of Fortuna Virilis, of which some Ionic pillars alone are left, and the house of Cola di Rienzi—the last Tribune of Rome.

As we approached the walls, the sepulchre of Caius Cestius came in sight—a single solid pyramid, one hundred feet in height. The walls are built against it, and the light apex rises far above the massive gate beside it, which was erected by Belisarius. But there were other tombs at hand, for which we had more sympathy than that of the forgotten Roman, and we turned away to look for the graves of Shelley and Keats. They lie in the Protestant burying ground, on the side of a mound that slopes gently up to the old wall of Rome, beside the pyramid of Cestius. The meadow around is still verdant and sown thick with daisies, and the soft

green of the Italian pine mingles with the dark cypress above the slumberers. Huge aloes grow in the shade, and the sweet bay and bushes of rosemary make the air fresh and fragrant. There is a solemn, mournful beauty about the place, green and lonely as it is, beside the tottering walls of ancient Rome, that takes away the gloomy associations of death, and makes one wish to lie there, too, when his thread shall be spun to the end.

We found first the simple head-stone of Keats, alone, in the grassy meadow. Its inscription states that on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart, at the malice of his enemies, he desired these words to be written on his tomb-stone: "*Here lies one whose name was written in water.*"

Shelley lies at the top of the shaded slope, in a lonely spot by the wall, surrounded by tall cypresses. A little hedge of rose and bay surrounds his grave, which bears the simple inscription—"PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY; *Cor Cordium.*"

> "Nothing of him that doth fade,
> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange."

Glorious Shelley! He sleeps calmly now in that silent nook, and the air around his grave is filled with sighs from those who mourn that so pure a star of poetry should have been blotted out before it reached its meridian. I plucked a leaf from the fragrant bay, as a token of his fame, and a sprig of cypress from the bough that bent lowest over his grave; and passing between tombs shaded with blooming

roses, or covered with unwithered garlands, left the lovely spot.

Amid the excitement of continually changing scenes, I have forgotten to mention our first visit to the Coliseum. The day after our arrival we set out with two English friends, to see it by sunset. Passing by the glorious fountain of Trevi, we made our way to the Forum, and from thence took the road to the Coliseum, lined on both sides with the remains of splendid edifices. The grass-grown ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars stretched along on our right; on our left we passed in succession the granite front of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, the three grand arches of the Temple of Peace and the ruins of the Temple of Venus and Rome. We went under the ruined triumphal arch of Titus, with broken friezes representing the taking of Jerusalem, and the mighty walls of the Coliseum gradually rose before us. They grew in grandeur as we approached them, and when at length we stood in the centre, with the shattered arches and grassy walls rising above and beyond one another, far around us, the red light of sunset giving them a soft and melancholy beauty, I was fain to confess that another form of grandeur had entered my mind, of which I knew not before.

A majesty like that of nature clothes this wonderful edifice. Walls rise above walls, and arches above arches from every side of the grand arena, like a sweep of craggy, pinnacled mountains around an oval lake. The two outer circles have almost entirely disappeared, torn away by the rapacious nobles of Rome, during the middle ages, to build their palaces. When entire, and filled with its hundred

thousand spectators, it must have exceeded any pageant which the world can now produce. While standing in the arena, impressed with the spirit of the scene around me, which grew more spectral and melancholy as the dusk of evening began to fill up the broken arches, my eye was assailed by the shrines ranged around the space, doubtless to remove the pollution of paganism. In the centre stands also a cross. with an inscription, granting an absolution of forty days to all who kiss it. Now, although a simple cross in the centre might be very appropriate, both as a token of the heroic devotion of the martyr Telemachus and the triumph of a true religion over the barbarities of the Past, this congregation of shrines and bloody pictures mars very much the unity of association so necessary to the perfect enjoyment of any such scene We saw the flush of sunset fade behind the Capitoline Hill, and passed homeward by the Forum, as its shattered pillars were growing solemn and spectral in the twilight.

In the *Via de' Pontefici,* not far distant from the Borghese Palace, we saw the Mausoleum of Augustus. It is a large circular structure somewhat after the plan of that of Hadrian, but on a much smaller scale. The interior has been cleared out, seats erected around the walls, and the whole is now a summer theatre, for the amusement of the peasantry and tradesmen. What a commentary on greatness ! Harlequin playing his pranks in the tomb of an Emperor, and the spot which nations approached with reverence, resounding with the mirth of beggars and degraded vassals !

I was in the studio of Crawford, the sculptor ; he has at present nothing finished in the marble. There were many

casts of his former works, which, judging from their appearance in plaster, must be of no common excellence—for the sculptor can only be justly judged in marble. I saw some fine bas-reliefs of classical subjects, and an exquisite group of Mercury and Psyche, but his masterpiece is undoubtedly the Orpheus. The face is full of the inspiration of the poet, softened by the lover's tenderness, and the whole fervor of his soul is expressed in the eagerness with which he gazes forward, on stepping past the sleeping Cerberus.

We are often amused with the groups in the square of the Pantheon, which we can see from our chamber window. Shoemakers and tinkers carry on their business along the sunny side, while the venders of oranges and roasted chestnuts form a circle around the Egyptian obelisk and fountain. Across the end of an opposite street we get a glimpse of the vegetable market, and now and then the shrill voice of a pedlar makes its nasal solo audible above the confused chorus. As the beggars choose the Corso, St. Peter's, and the ruins for their principal haunts, we are now spared the hearing of their lamentations. Every time we go out we are assailed with them. "*Maladetta s'a la vostra testa!*"—"Curses be upon your head!"—said one whom I passed without notice. The priests are, however, the greatest beggars. In every church are kept offering-boxes, for the support of the church or some unknown institution; they even go from house to house, imploring support and assistance in the name of the Virgin and all the saints, while their bloated, sensual countenances and capacious frames tell of anything but fasts and privations. Once, as I was sitting among the ruins, I was suddenly startled by a loud, rattling sound;

turning my head, I saw a figure clothed in white from head to foot, with only two small holes for the eyes. He held in his hand a money-box, on which was a figure of the Virgin, which he held close to my lips, that I might kiss it. This I declined doing, but dropped a baiocco into his box, when making the sign of the cross, he silently disappeared.

Our present lodging (Trattoria del Sole) is a good specimen of an Italian inn for mechanics and common tradesmen Passing through the front room, which is an eating-place for the common people—with a barrel of wine in the corner, and bladders of lard hanging among orange boughs in the window—we enter a dark court-yard filled with heavy carts, and noisy with the neighing of horses and singing of grooms, for the stables occupy part of the house. An open staircase, running all around this hollow square, leads to the second, third, and fourth stories. On the second story is the dining room for the better class of travellers, who receive the same provisions as those below for double the price, and the additional privilege of giving the waiter two baiocchi. The sleeping apartments are in the fourth story, and are named according to the fancy of a former landlord, in mottos above each door. Thus, on arriving here, the Triester, with his wife and child, more fortunate than our first parents, took refuge in "Paradise," while we Americans were ushered into the "Chamber of Jove." We have occupied it ever since, and find a paul (ten cents) apiece cheap enough for a good bed and a window opening on the Pantheon

I have been now several days loitering and sketching among the ruins, and I feel as if I could willingly wander for months beside these mournful relics, and draw inspiration

from the lofty yet melancholy lore they teach. There is a spirit haunting them, real and undoubted. Every shattered column, every broken arch and mouldering wall, but calls up more vividly to mind the glory that has passed away. Each lonely pillar stands as proudly as if it still helped to bear up the front of a glorious temple, and the air seems scarcely to have ceased vibrating with the clarions that heralded a conqueror's triumph.

I have seen the flush of morn and eve rest on the Coliseum, I have seen the noon-day sky framed in its broken loopholes, like plates of polished sapphire; and last night, as the moon has grown into the zenith, I went to view it with her. Around the Forum all was silent and spectral—a sentinel challenged us at the Arch of Titus, under which we passed, and along the Cæsar's wall, which lay in black shadow. Dead stillness brooded around the Coliseum; the pale, silvery lustre streamed through its arches, and over the grassy walls, giving them a look of shadowy grandeur which day could not bestow. The scene will remain fresh in my memory for ever.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TIVOLI AND THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

Excursion to Tivoli—A Sulphur Bath—The Temple of the Sibyl—A Windy Night—The Cascade of the Anio—The Cascatelles—The Campagna—Museum of the Capitol—The Dying Gladiator—Ruins on the Campagna—Tomb of Cecilia Metella—The Aqueducts—Egeria's Grotto—The Villa Borghese—Tasso's Tomb—Passport Fees in Italy—The Turning Point of the Pilgrimage—Farewell!

ROME, *Jan.* 9, 1846.

A FEW days ago we made an excursion to Tivoli, one of the loveliest spots in Italy. We left the Eternal City by the Gate of San Lorenzo, and twenty minutes' walk brought us to the bare and bleak Campagna, which was spread around us for leagues in every direction. Here and there a shepherd-boy in his woolly coat, with his flock of browsing sheep, were the only objects that broke its desert-like monotony. At the fourth mile we crossed the rapid Teverone, the ancient Anio, formerly the boundary between Latium and the Sabine dominions, and at the tenth, came upon some fragments of the old Tiburtine way, formed of large irregular blocks of basaltic lava. A short distance further we saw across the plain the ruins of the bath of

Agrippa, built by the side of the Tartarean Lake. The wind, blowing from it, bore to us an overpowering smell of sulphur; the waters of the little river Solfatara, which crosses the road, are of a milky blue color, and carry those of the lake into the Anio. Finding the water quite warm, we determined to have a bath. So we ran down the plain, which was covered with a thick coat of sulphur, and sounded hollow to our tread, until we reached a convenient place, where we threw off our clothes, and plunged in. The warm wave was delightful to the skin, but extremely offensive to the smell, and when we came out, our mouths and throats were filled with the stifling gas.

It was growing dark as we mounted through the narrow streets of Tivoli, but we endeavored to gain some sight of the renowned beauties of the spot, before going to rest. From a platform on a brow of the hill, we looked down into the defile, at the bottom of which the Anio was roaring, and caught a sideward glance of the Cascatelles, sending up their spray amid the evergreen bushes that fringe the rocks. Above the deep glen that curves into the mountain, stands the beautiful temple of the Sibyl—a building of the most perfect and graceful proportion. It crests the rocky brow like a fairy dwelling, and looks all the lovelier for the wild caverns below. Gazing downward from the bridge, one sees the waters of the Anio tumbling into the picturesque grotto of the Sirens; around a rugged corner, a cloud of white spray whirls up continually, while the boom of a cataract rumbles down the glen. All these we marked in the deepening dusk, and then hunted an albergo.

The shrill-voiced hostess gave us a good supper and clean

beds; and in return we diverted the people very much by the description of our sulphur bath. We were awakened in the night by the wind shaking the very soul out of our loose casement. I fancied I heard torrents of rain dashing against the panes, and groaned in bitterness of spirit on thinking of a walk back to Rome in such weather. When the morning came, we found it was only a hurricane of wind which was strong enough to tear off pieces of the old roofs. I saw some capuchins nearly overturned in crossing the square, by the wind seizing their wide robes.

I had my fingers frozen and my eyes filled with sand, in trying to draw the Sibyl's temple, and therefore left it to join my companions, who had gone down into the glen to see the great cascade. The Anio bursts out of a cavern in the mountain-side, and like a prisoner giddy with recovered liberty, reels over the edge of a precipice more than two hundred feet deep. The bottom is hid in a cloud of boiling spray, which shifts from side to side, and driven by the wind, sweeps whistling down the narrow pass. It stuns the ear with a perpetual boom, giving a dash of grandeur to the enrapturing beauty of the scene. I tried a foot-path that appeared to lead down to the Cascatelles, but after advancing some distance along the side of an almost perpendicular precipice, I came to a corner that looked so dangerous, especially as the wind was nearly strong enough to carry me off, that it seemed safest to return. We made another vain attempt to get down, by creeping along the bed of a torrent, filled with briars. The Cascatelles are formed by that part of the Anio which is used in the iron works, made out of the ruins of Mecænas' villa. They gush out from under the

ancient arches, and tumble more than a hundred feet down the precipice, their white waters gleaming out from the dark and feathery foliage. Not far distant are the remains of the villa of Horace.

On our return to Rome we took the road to Frascati, and walked for miles among cane-swamps and over plains covered with sheep. The people we saw, were most degraded and ferocious-looking, and there were many I would not willingly meet alone after nightfall. Indeed it is still considered quite unsafe to venture without the walls of Rome, after dark. The women, with their yellow complexions, and the bright red blankets they wear folded around the head and shoulders, resemble Indian squaws.

I lately spent three hours in the Museum of the Capitol, on the summit of the sacred hill. In the hall of the Gladiator I noticed an exquisite statue of Diana. The Faun of Praxiteles, in the same room, is a glorious work; it is the perfect embodiment of that wild, merry race the Grecian poets dreamed of. One looks on the Gladiator with a hushed breath and an awed spirit. He is dying; the blood flows more slowly from the deep wound in his side; his head is sinking downwards, and the arm that supports his body becomes more and more nerveless. You feel that a dull mist is coming over his vision, and wait to see his relaxing limbs sink suddenly on his shield. That the rude, barbarian form has a soul, may be read in his touchingly expressive countenance. It warms the sympathies like reality to look upon it. Yet how many Romans may have gazed on this work, moved nearly to tears, who have seen hundreds perish in the arena without a pitying emotion! Why

is it that Art has a voice frequently more powerful than Nature?

Two days ago we took a ramble outside the walls. Passing the Coliseum and Caracalla's Baths, we reached the tomb of Scipio, a small sepulchral vault, near the roadside. The ashes of the warrior were scattered to the winds long ago, and his mausoleum is fast falling to decay. The old arch over the Appian way is still standing, near the modern *Porta San Sebastiano*, through which we entered on the far-famed road. Here and there it is quite entire, and we walked over the stones once worn by the feet of Virgil and Horace and Cicero. After passing the temple of Romulus —a shapeless and ivy-grown ruin—and walking a mile or more beyond the walls, we reached the Circus of Caracalla, whose long and shattered walls fill the hollow of one of the little dells of the Campagna. The original structure must have been of great size and splendor, but those twin Vandals—Time and Avarice—have stripped away everything but the lofty brick masses, whose nakedness the pitying ivy strives to cover.

Further, on a gentle slope, is the tomb of "the wealthiest Roman's wife," familiar to every one through Childe Harold's musings. It is a round, massive tower, faced with large blocks of marble, and still bearing the name of Cecilia Metella. One side is much ruined, and the top is overgrown with grass and wild bushes. The wall is about thirty feet thick, so that but a small round space is left in the interior, which is open to the rain, and filled with rubbish. The echoes pronounced hollowly after us the name of the dead for whom it was built, but they could tell us nothing of her life's history.

I made a hurried drawing of it, and we then turned to the left, across the Campagna, to seek the grotto of Egeria. Before us, across the brown plain, extended the Sabine Mountains; in the clear air the houses of Tivoli, twenty miles distant, were plainly visible. The giant aqueduct stretched in a long line across the Campagna to the mountain of Albano, its broken and disjointed arches resembling the vertebræ of some mighty monster. With the ruins of temples and tombs strewing the plain for miles around it, it might be called the spine of the skeleton of Rome.

We passed many ruins, made beautiful by the clinging ivy, and reached a solemn grove of evergreen oak, overlooking a secluded valley. I was soon in the meadow, leaping ditches, rustling through cane-brakes, and climbing up to mossy arches to find the fountain of Numa's nymph, while my companion, who had less taste for the romantic, looked on complacently from the leeward side of the hill. At length we found an arched vault in the hill side, overhung with wild vines, and shaded in summer by umbrageous trees which grow on the soil above. At the further end a stream of water gushed out from beneath a broken statue, and an aperture in the wall revealed a dark cavern behind. This, then, was "Egeria's grot." The ground was trampled by the feet of cattle, and the taste of the water was anything but pleasant. I tried to creep into the grotto, but it was unpleasantly dark, and no nymph appeared to chase away the shadow with her lustrous eyes.

I went afterwards to the Villa Borghese, outside the Porto del Popolo. The gardens occupy thirty or forty acres, and are always thronged in the afternoon with the carriages of

the Roman and foreign nobility. In summer, it must be a heavenly place; even now, with its musical fountains, long avenues, and grassy slopes crowned with the fan-like branches of the Italian pine, it reminds one of the fairy landscapes of Boccaccio. We threaded our way through the press of carriages on the Pincian hill, and saw the enormous bulk of St. Peter's loom up against the sunset sky. I counted forty domes and spires in that part of Rome which lay below us—but on what a marble glory looked that sun eighteen centuries ago! Modern Rome—it is, in comparison, a den of filth, cheats and beggars!

Yesterday, while taking a random stroll through the city, I visited the church of St. Onofrio, where Tasso is buried. It is not far from St. Peter's, on the summit of a lonely hill. The building was closed, but an old monk admitted us on application. The interior is quite small, but very old, and the floor is covered with the tombs of princes and prelates of a past century. Near the end I found a small slab with the inscription:—"TORQUATI TASSI: OSSA: HIC JACENT." That was all—but what more was needed? Who knows not the name and fame and sufferings of the glorious bard? The pomp of gold and marble are not needed to deck the slumber of genius. On the wall, above, hangs an old and authentic portrait of him, very similar to the engravings in circulation. A crown of laurel encircles the lofty brow, and the eye has that wild, mournful expression which accords so well with the mysterious tale of his love and madness.

Owing to the mountain storms, which imposed on us the expense of a carriage-journey to Rome, we shall be prevent-

ed from going further. One great cause of this is the heavy fee required for passports in Italy. In most of the Italian cities, the cost of the different visès amounts to $4 or $5; and a few such visits as these reduce our funds very materially. The American Consul's fee is $2, owing to the illiberal course of our government, in withholding all salary from her Consuls in Europe. Mr. Brown, however, in whose family we spent last evening very pleasantly, on our requesting that he would deduct something from the usual fee, kindly declined accepting anything. We felt this kindness the more, as from the character which some of our late Consuls bear in Italy, we had not anticipated it. We shall remember him with deeper gratitude than many would suppose, who have never known what it is to be a foreigner.

To-morrow, therefore, we leave Rome—here is, at last, the limit of our wanderings. We have endured much toil and privation to reach here, and now, after two weeks' rambling and musing among the mighty relics of past glory, we turn our faces homeward. The thrilling hope I cherished during the whole pilgrimage—to climb Parnassus and drink from Castaly, under the blue heaven of Greece—to sigh for fallen Art, beneath the broken friezes of the Parthenon, and look with a pilgrim's eye on the isles of Homer and Sappho—must be given up, unwillingly and sorrowfully though it be. These glorious anticipations—among the brightest that blessed my boyhood—are slowly wrung from me by stern necessity. Even Naples, the lovely Parthenope, where the Mantuan bard sleeps on the sunny shore, by the bluest of summer seas, with the disinterred Pompeii beyond, and Pæstum amid its roses on the lonely Calabrian plain—

even this, almost within sight of the cross of St. Peter's, is barred from me. Farewell then, since it must be! Farewell Greece, that I shall not see—and, Rome, for all thou hast taught me, take in return a pilgrim's blessing!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE MEDITERRANEAN IN WINTER.

Departure from Rome—The Campagna—The Shore of the Mediterranean—Civita Vecchia—The handsome Sailor—Disadvantage of not being Servants—Embarking—Sleeping on Deck—Elba and Corsica by Moonlight—Second Night on the Deck—A Rainy Day at Genoa—A Stormy Night—A Sailor's Compassion—The Coast of France—Approach to Marseilles—The Two Servants—Marseilles—Our Circumstances.

MARSEILLES, *January* 16, 1846.

WE repacked our knapsacks on the morning of the 10th, bade adieu to the two young Englishmen, and the tall, mysterious Swede, who had been our only companions in Rome, and started on foot for Civita Vecchia. When we emerged from the cool alleys of the city, and began to climb up and down the long, barren swells of the Campagna, the sun beat down on us with almost a summer heat. On crossing a ridge near Castel Guido, we took our last look at Rome, and saw from the other side the sunshine lying like a dazzling belt on the far Mediterranean. The country is one of the most wretched that can be imagined. Miles and miles of uncultivated land, with scarcely a single habitation, extend on

either side of the road, and the few shepherds who watch their flocks in the marshy hollows, look wild and savage enough for any kind of crime. It made me shudder to see every face bearing such a villanous stamp.

We made twenty-five miles, and spent the night at the village of Palo, on the sea-shore. Rising early, we walked in the cool of the morning beside the blue Mediterranean. On the right, the low outposts of the Appenines rose, bleak and brown, the narrow plain between them and the shore resembling a desert, so destitute was it of the signs of civilized life. A low, white cloud that hung over the sea, afar off, showed us the locality of Sardinia, although the land was not visible. The sun shone down warmly, and with the blue sky and bluer sea we could easily have imagined a milder season. The barren scenery took a new interest in my eyes, when I remembered that the day on which I saw it completed my twenty-first year. In the afternoon we found a beautiful cove in a curve of the shore, and went to bathe in the cold surf. It was very refreshing, but not quite equal to the sulphur-bath on the road to Tivoli. The mountains now ran closer to the sea, and the road was bordered with thickets of myrtle. I stopped often to beat my staff into the bushes, and inhale the fragrance that arose from their crushed leaves.

The sun was sinking in a sky of orange and rose, as Civita Vecchia came in sight on a long headland before us. Beyond the sea stretched the dim hills of Corsica. We walked nearly an hour in the clear moonlight, by the sounding shore, before the gate of the city was reached. We found a cheap inn called *La Stella*, where fleas and dirt were plentiful, but

our rapidly declining means made us blind to discomfort. Besides, there was a handsome Italian sailor at the inn, who treated me with the greatest kindness, and to whom I took a strong liking. He devoted himself to making me as comfortable as the place would allow, and in spite of our desperate circumstances, his bright, honest, affectionate face made me entirely happy.

About the old town of Civita Vecchia there is not much to be said, except that it has the same little harbor which Trajan dug for it, and is as dirty and disagreeable as a town can well be. We saw nothing except a little church, and the prison-yard, full of criminals, where the celebrated bandit, Gasparoni, has been confined for eight years.

The Neapolitan Company's boat, *Mongibello*, was advertised to leave on the 12th, so, after procuring our passports, we went to the office to take passage. The official, however, refused to give us tickets for the third place, because, forsooth, we were not servants or common laborers! and words were wasted in trying to convince him that it would make no difference. As the second cabin fare was nearly three times as high, and would have exhausted all our money at once, we went to the office of the Tuscan Company, whose boat was to leave in two days. Through the influence of an Italian gentleman, whom we accidentally met in the street, the agent agreed to take us for forty-five francs, on deck, the fare on the Neapolitan boat being thirty.

Rather than stay two days longer in the dull town, we went again to the latter Company's office and offered forty-five francs to go that day in *their* boat. This removed the former scruples, and tickets were immediately made out

After a plentiful dinner at the albergo, to prepare ourselves for the exposure, we filled our pockets with a supply of bread, cheese, and figs, for the voyage. We then engaged a boatman, who agreed to row us out to the steamer for two pauls, but after he had us on board and an oar's length from the quay, he said two pauls *apiece* was his bargain. The other boatmen took his part, and as our kind sailor friend was not there, we were obliged to pay.

The hour of starting was two o'clock, but the boat lay quietly in the harbor until four, when we glided out on the open sea, and went northward, with the blue hills of Corsica far on our left. A gorgeous sunset faded away over the water, and the moon rose behind the low mountains of the Italian coast. Having found a warm and sheltered place near the chimney, I drew my hat further over my eyes, to keep out the moonlight, and lay down on the deck with my knapsack under my head. It was a hard bed, indeed; and the first time I attempted to rise, I found myself glued to the floor by the pitch which was smeared along the seams of the boards! Our fellow-sufferers were a company of Swiss soldiers going home after a four years' service under the King of Naples, but they took to their situation more easily than we.

Sleep was next to impossible, so I paced the deck occasionally, looking out on the moonlit sea and the dim shores on either side. A little after midnight we passed between Elba and Corsica. The dark crags of Elba rose on our right, and the bold headlands of Napoleon's isle stood opposite, at perhaps twenty miles' distance. There was something dreary and mysterious in the scene, viewed at such a

time—the grandeur of his career, who was born on one and exiled to the other, gave it a strange and thrilling interest.

We made the light-house before the harbor of Leghorn at dawn, and by sunrise were anchored within the mole. I sat on the deck the whole day, watching the picturesque vessels that skimmed about with their lateen sails, and wondering how soon the sailors, on the deck of a Boston brig anchored near us, would see my distant country. Leaving at four o'clock we dashed away, along the mountain coast of Carrara, at a rapid rate. The wind was strong and cold, but I lay down behind the boiler, and though the boards were as hard as ever, slept two or three hours. When I awoke at half-past two in the morning, after a short rest, Genoa was close at hand. We glided between the two revolving lights on the mole, into the harbor, with the amphitheatre on which the superb city sits, dark and silent around us. It began raining soon, the engine-fire sank down, and as there was no place of shelter, we were shortly wet to the skin. How long those dreary hours seemed, until the dawn came! All was cold and rainy and dark, and we waited in a kind of torpid misery for daylight. I passed the entire day, sitting in a coil of rope under the eaves of the cabin, and even the beauties of the glorious city scarce affected me. We lay opposite the Doria palace, and the constellation of villas and towers still glittered along the hills; but who, with his teeth chattering and limbs numb and damp, could feel pleasure in looking on Elysium itself?

We got under way again at three o'clock. The rain very soon hid the coast from view, and the waves pitched our boat about in a most violent and disagreeable manner. I

soon experienced sea-sickness in all its horrors. We had accidentally made the acquaintance of one of the sailors, a swarthy Neapolitan, who had been in America. He was one of those rough, honest natures which abound in his class —tender-hearted as women, with all their rudeness and profanity. As we were standing by the chimney, wet, cold and sick, reflecting dolefully how we should pass the coming night, he came up and said; "I am in trouble about you, poor fellows! I don't think I shall sleep three hours to-night, for thinking of you. I shall tell the officers to give you beds. They should see you are gentlemen, and I will tell them so!" The noble fellow was as good as his word. I knew not what he said or did, but in half an hour a servant called us into the second cabin, gave us first some warm soup, and then pointed out our berths.

I turned in with a feeling of relief not easily imagined, and forgave the fleas willingly, in the comfort of a shelter from the storm. When I awoke, it was broad day. A fresh breeze was drying the deck, and the sun was half-visible among breaking clouds. We had just passed the Isle of the Titan, one of the *Isles des Hyè es*, and the bay of Toulon opened on our right. It was a rugged, rocky coast, but the hills of sunny Provence rose beyond. The sailor came up with a smile of satisfaction on his rough countenance, shook hands with us heartily, and said: "Ah, you slept last night, I think! I told the officers, every one of them, and they would be cursed rascals not to give beds to you gentlemen!"

We ran along, beside the brown, bare crags, until nearly noon, when we reached the eastern point of the Bay of Marseilles. A group of small islands, formed of bare rocks

rising in precipices three or four hundred feet high, guards the point; on turning into the Gulf, we saw on the left the rocky islands of Pomegues, and If, with the castle crowning the latter, in which Mirabeau was confined. The ranges of hills which rose around the great bay, were spotted and sprinkled over with thousands of the country cottages of the Marseilles merchants, called *Bastides;* the city itself was hidden from view. We saw apparently the whole bay, but there was no crowd of vessels, such as would befit a great sea-port; a few spires peeping over a hill, with some fortifications, were all that was visible. At length we turned suddenly aside and entered a narrow strait, between two forts. Immediately a broad harbor opened before us, locked in the very heart of the hills on which the city stands It was covered with vessels of all nations; on leaving the boat, we rowed past the "Aristides," bearing the blue cross of Greece, and I searched eagerly and found, among the crowded masts, the starry banner of America.

As we were preparing to go ashore, the servant who had summoned us to the second cabin, and who had behaved very civilly towards us, came up and bade us welcome to Marseilles. I thanked him, whereupon the other servant, who had not taken the least notice of us, laughed sneeringly. I gave the former a two-franc piece for his courtesy, which stopped the other's laugh at once. He came up very respectfully, and began to make some polite remarks, which I answered by turning my back on him and walking off. We lodged in a neat little tavern, frequented by the Provençal teamsters, and found it a pleasant change from the Italian inns. In the evening, as we were walking on the

quay, we were suddenly hailed by a cheerful voice. It was the Neapolitan sailor, who greeted us with an oath of delight. I thanked him once more for his kindness, but he answered, bluntly: "Don't say anything more about it—I saw you were gentlemen!"

I have rambled through all the principal parts of Marseilles, and am very favorably impressed with its appearance. Its cleanliness, and the air of life and business which marks the streets, are the more pleasant after coming from the dirty and depopulated Italian cities The broad avenues lined with trees, which traverse its whole length, must be delightful in summer. I am often reminded, by its spacious and crowded thoroughfares, of our American cities. Although founded by the Phoceans, three thousand years ago, it has scarcely an edifice of greater antiquity than three or four centuries, and the tourist must content himself with wandering through the narrow streets of the old town, observing the Provençal costumes, or strolling among Turks and Moors on the *Quai d'Orleans*.

We have been detained here a day longer than was necessary, owing to some misunderstanding about the passports. This has not been favorable to our reduced circumstances, for we have now but fifteen francs each left to take us to Paris. Our boots, too, after serving us so long, begin to show signs of failing in this hour of adversity. Although we are somewhat accustomed to such circumstances, I cannot help shrinking when I think of the solitary napoleon and the five hundred miles to be travelled. Perhaps, however, the coin will do as much as its great namesake, and achieve for us a Marengo in the war with fate.

CHAPTER XL.

THROUGH PROVENCE AND UP THE RHONE.

The Hills of Provence—Rainy Travel—A night at Aix—Provençal Scenery—The Mother of Soldiers—Bivouac at Senas—The Valley of the Sorgues—Approach to Vaucluse—The Fountain of Vaucluse—More Rain—A Gleam of Sunshine—Avignon—The Blacksmith's Shop—Economical Travel—The Kindness of the Poor—Roman Remains at Orange—Travel up the Rhone—A Soldier's Camp—Daybreak Scene—Valence—The Rhone—A Night at Vienne—Approach to Lyons—A Quandary—Monsieur and Madame Ferrand—The Mistrust of Poverty—Experiences in Lyons—Gloomy Days—*Le Cachôt*—The Sixth Day—The Letter—A Plan to Borrow a Franc—The Relief—Excitement—A Marvellous Change.

We left Marseilles about nine o'clock, on a dull, rainy morning, for Avignon and the Rhone, intending to take in our way the glen of Vaucluse. The dirty *faubourgs* stretch out along the road for a great distance, and we trudged through them, past foundries, furnaces and manufactories, considerably disheartened with the prospect. We wound among the bleak stony hills, continually ascending, for nearly three hours Great numbers of *cabarets*, frequented by the common people, lined the roads, and we met continually trains of heavily laden wagons, drawn by large mules. The country is very wild and barren, and would have been tiresome

except for the pine groves with their beautiful green foliage. We got something to eat with difficulty at an inn, for the people spoke nothing but the Provençal dialect, and the place was so cold and cheerless we were glad to go out again into the storm. It mattered little to us, that we heard the language in which the gay troubadours of King René sang their songs of love. We thought more of our dripping clothes and numb, cold limbs, and would have been glad to hear instead, the strong, hearty German tongue, full of warmth and kindly sympathy for the stranger. The wind swept drearily among the hills; black, gusty clouds covered the sky, and the incessant rain filled the road with muddy pools. We looked at the country chateaux, so comfortable in the midst of their sheltering poplars, with a sigh, and thought of homes afar off, whose doors were never closed to *us*.

This was all forgotten, when we reached Aix, and the hostess of the Café d'Afrique filled her little stove with fresh coal, and hung our wet garments around it, while her daughter, a pale-faced, crippled child, smiled kindly on us and tried to talk with us in French. Putting on our damp, heavy coats again, B—— and I rambled through the streets, while our frugal supper was preparing. We saw the statue of the *Bon Roi René*, who held at Aix his court of shepherds and troubadours—the dark Cathedral of St. Sauveur—the ancient walls and battlements, and gazed down the valley at the dark, precipitous mass of Mont St. Victor, at the base of which Marius obtained a splendid victory over the barbarians.

The shallow, elevated valleys we passed in the forenoon's walk next day, were stony and barren, but covered

with large orchards of almond trees, the fruit of which forms a considerable article of export. This district borders on the desert of the Crau, a vast plain of stones, reaching to the mouth of the Rhone, and almost entirely uninhabited. We caught occasional glimpses of its sea-like waste, between the summits of the hills. At length, after threading a high ascent, we saw the valley of the Durance suddenly below us. The sun, breaking through the clouds, shone on the mountain wall, which stood on the opposite side, touching with his glow the bare and rocky precipices that frowned far above the stream. Descending to the valley, we followed its course towards the Rhone, with the ruins of feudal bourgs crowning the crags above us.

It was dusk, when we reached the village of Senas, tired with the day's march. A landlord, standing in his door, on the look-out for customers, invited us to enter, in a manner so polite and pressing, we could not choose but do so. This is a universal custom with the country innkeepers. In a little village which we passed towards evening, there was a tavern with the sign: "*The Mother of Soldiers.*" A portly woman, whose face beamed with kindness and cheerfulness, stood in the door, and invited us to stop there for the night. "No, mother!" I answered; "we must go much further to-day." "Go, then," said she, "with good luck, my children! a pleasant journey!" On entering the inn at Senas, two or three bronzed soldiers were sitting by the table. My French vocabulary happening to give out in the middle of a consultation about eggs and onion-soup, one of them came to my assistance and addressed me in German. He was from Fulda, in Hesse Cassel, and had served fifteen years in Africa

Two other young soldiers, from the western border of Germany, came during the evening, and one of them being partly intoxicated, created such a tumult, that a quarrel arose, which ended in his being beaten and turned out of the house. We all bivouacked together in the loft, and there was so much noise that I got very little sleep. We met every day, large numbers of recruits in companies of one or two hundred, on their way to Marseilles to embark for Algiers. They were mostly youths, from sixteen to twenty years of age, and seemed little to forebode their probable fate.

Leaving next morning at day-break, we walked on before breakfast to Orgon, a little village in the corner of the cliffs which border the Durance, and crossed the muddy river by a suspension bridge a short distance below, to Cavaillon, where the country people were holding a great market. From this place a road led across the meadow-land to L'Isle, six miles distant. This little town is so named, because it is situated on an island formed by the crystal Sorgues, which flows from the fountains of Vaucluse. It is a very picturesque and pretty place. Great mill-wheels, turning slowly and constantly, stand at intervals in the stream, whose grassy banks are now as green as in spring-time. We walked along the Sorgues, which is quite as beautiful and worthy to be sung as the Clitumnus, to the end of the village, to take the road to Vaucluse. Beside its banks stands a dirty, modern "Hotel de Petrarque et Laure."

The bare mountain in whose heart lies the poet's solitude, now rose before us, at the foot of the lofty Mont Ventoux, whose summit of snows extended beyond. We left the

river and walked over a barren plain, across which the wind blew most drearily. The sky was rainy and dark, and completed the desolateness of the scene, which in no wise heightened our anticipations of the renowned glen. At length we rejoined the Sorgues and entered a little green valley running up into the mountain. The narrowness of the entrance entirely shut out the wind, and except the rolling of the waters over their pebbly bed, all was still and lonely and beautiful. The sides of the dell were covered with olive trees, and a narrow strip of emerald meadow lay at the bottom. It grew more hidden and sequestered as we approached the little village of Vaucluse. Here, the mountain towers far above, and precipices of grey rock, many hundred feet high, hang over the narrowing glen. On a crag over the village are the remains of a castle; the slope below this, now rugged and stony, was once graced by the cottage and garden of Petrarch. All traces of them have long since vanished, but a simple column, bearing the inscription, "A PETRARQUE," stands beside the Sorgues.

We ascended into the defile by a path among the rocks, overshadowed by olive and wild-fig trees, to the celebrated fountains of Vaucluse. The glen seems as if struck into the mountain's depths by one blow of an enchanter's wand; and just at the end, where the rod might have rested in its downward sweep, is the fathomless well whose overbrimming fulness gives birth to the Sorgues. We climbed up over the mossy rocks and sat down in the grot, beside the dark, still pool. It was the most absolute solitude. The rocks towered above and over us, to the height of six hundred feet, and the gray walls of the wild glen below shut out all

appearance of life. I leaned over the rock and drank of the blue crystal that grew gradually darker towards the centre, until it became a mirror, and gave back a perfect reflection of the crags above it. There was no bubbling—no gushing up from its deep bosom—but the wealth of sparkling waters continually welled over, as from a too-full goblet.

It was with actual sorrow that I turned away from the silent spot. I never visited a place to which the fancy clung more suddenly and fondly. There is something holy in its solitude, making one envy Petrarch the years of calm and unsullied enjoyment which blessed him there. As some persons, whom we pass as strangers, strike a hidden chord in our spirits, compelling a silent sympathy with them, so some landscapes have a character of beauty which harmonizes entirely with the mood in which we look upon them, until we forget admiration in the glow of spontaneous attachment. They seem like abodes of the Beautiful, which the soul in its wanderings long ago visited, and now recognises and loves as the home of a forgotten dream. It was thus I felt by the fountains of Vaucluse; sadly and with weary steps I turned away, leaving its loneliness unbroken as before.

We returned over the plain in the wind, under the gloomy sky, passed L'Isle at dusk, and after walking an hour with a rain following close behind us, stopped at an *auberge* in Le Thor, where we rested our tired frames and broke our long day's fasting. We were greeted in the morning with a dismal rain and wet roads, as we began the march. After a time, however, it poured down in such torrents, that we were obliged to take shelter in a *remise* by the road-side, where a

good woman who addressed us in the unintelligible Provençal, kindled up a blazing fire to dry us. On climbing a long hill, when the storm had abated, we experienced a delightful surprise. Below us lay the broad valley of the Rhone, its meadows looking fresh and spring-like after the rain. The clouds were breaking away; clear blue sky was visible over Avignon, and a belt of sunlight lay warmly along the mountains of Languedoc. Many villages, with their tall, picturesque towers, dotted the landscape, and the groves of green olive enlivened the barrenness of winter. Two or three hours' walk over the plain, by a road fringed with willows, brought us to the gates of Avignon.

We walked around its picturesque turreted wall, and rambled through its narrow streets, washed here and there by streams which turn the old mill-wheels lazily around. We climbed to the massive palace, which overlooks the city from its craggy seat, attesting the splendor it enjoyed, when for thirty years the Papal Court was held there, and the gray, weather-beaten, irregular building, resembling a pile of precipitous rocks, echoed with the revels of licentious prelates. We could not enter to learn the terrible secrets of the Inquisition, here unveiled, but we looked up at the tower, from which the captive Rienzi was liberated at the intercession of Petrarch.

After leaving Avignon, we took the road up the Rhone for Lyons, turning our backs upon the rainy South. We reached the village of Sorgues by dusk, and accepted the invitation of an old dame to lodge at her *inn*, which proved to be a blacksmith's shop! It was nevertheless clean and comfortable, and we sat down in one corner, out of the reach

of the showers of sparks, which flew hissing from a red-hot horse-shoe, which the smith and his apprentice were hammering. A Piedmontese pedlar, who carried the "Song of the Holy St. Philomène" to sell among the peasants, came in directly, and bargained for a sleep on some hay, for two sous. For a bed in the loft over the shop, we were charged five sous each, which, with seven sous for supper, made our expenses for the night about eleven cents! Our circumstances demanded the greatest economy, and we began to fear whether even this spare allowance would enable us to reach Lyons. Owing to a day's delay in Marseilles, we had left that city with but fifteen francs each; the incessant storms of winter and the worn-out state of our shoes, which were no longer proof against water or mud, prolonged our journey considerably, so that by starting before dawn and walking until dark, we were only able to make thirty miles a day. We could always procure beds for five sous, and as in the country inns one is only charged for what he chooses to order, our frugal suppers cost us but little. We purchased bread and cheese in the villages, and made our breakfasts and dinners on a bank by the roadside, or climbed the rocks and sat down by the source of some trickling rill. This simple fare had an excellent relish, and although we walked in wet clothes from morning till night, often lying down on the damp, cold earth to rest, our health was never affected.

It is worth all the toil and privation we have as yet undergone, to gain, from actual experience, the blessed knowledge that man always retains a kindness and brotherly sympathy towards his fellow—that under all the weight of vice and misery which a grinding oppression of soul and body brings

on the laborers of earth, there still remain many bright tokens of a better nature. Among the starving mountaineers of the Hartz—the degraded peasantry of Bohemia—the savage *contadini* of Central Italy, or the dwellers on the hills of Provence and beside the swift Rhone, we almost invariably found kind, honest hearts, and an aspiration for something better, betokening the consciousness that such brute-like, obedient existence was not their proper destiny. We found few so hardened as to be insensible to a kind look or a friendly word, and nothing made us forget we were among strangers so much as the many tokens of sympathy which met us when least looked for. A young Englishman, who had travelled on foot from Geneva to Rome, enduring many privations on account of his reduced circumstances, said to me, while speaking on this subject: "A single word of kindness from a stranger would make my heart warm, and my spirits cheerful, for days afterwards." There is not so much evil in man as men would have us believe; and it is a happy comfort to know and feel this.

Leaving our little inn before day-break the next morning, we crossed the Sorgues, grown muddy since its infancy at Vaucluse. The road passed over broad, barren ranges of hills, and the landscape was destitute of all interest, until we approached Orange. This city is built at the foot of a rocky height, a great square projection of which seemed to stand in its midst. As we approached nearer, however, arches and lines of cornice could be discerned, and we recognised it as the celebrated amphitheatre, one of the grandest Roman relics in the south of France.

I stood at the foot of this great fabric, and gazed up at it

in astonishment. The exterior wall, three hundred and thirty-four feet in length, and rising to the height of one hundred and twenty-one feet, is still in excellent preservation, and through its rows of solid arches one looks on the broken ranges of seats within. Passing through the city, we came to the beautiful Roman triumphal arch, which to my eye is a finer structure than that of Constantine at Rome. It is built of a rich yellow marble, and highly ornamented with sculptured trophies. From the barbaric shields and the letters MARIO, still remaining, it has been supposed to commemorate the victory of Marius over the barbarians, near Aix.

For the rest of the day the road was monotonous, though varied somewhat by the tall crags of Mornas and Montdragon, towering over the villages of the same name. Night came on as the rock of Pierrelatte, at whose foot we were to sleep, appeared in the distance, rising like a Gibraltar from the plain, and we only reached it in time to escape the rain that came down the valley of the Rhone. Next day we passed several companies of soldiers on their way to Africa. Near Montelimart, we lost sight of Mont Ventoux, whose gleaming white crest had been visible all the way from Vaucluse, and passed along the base of a range of hills running near to the river. So went our march, without particular incident, until we bivouacked for the night among a company of soldiers in the little village of Loriol. They were steady, merry fellows, and we fraternized thoroughly. We were all tired with the day's journey, and the loft, which was our common sleeping-room, was quiet enough in five minutes after we went to bed.

Leaving at six o'clock, wakened by the trumpets which

called up the soldiers to their day's march, we reached the river Drome at dawn, and from the bridge over its rapid current, gazed at the dim, ash-colored masses of the Alps of Dauphiné, piled along the sky, far up the valley. The coming of morn threw a yellow glow along their snowy sides, and lighted up, here and there, a flashing glacier. The peasantry were already up and at work, and caravans of pack-wagons rumbled along in the morning twilight. We trudged on with them, and by breakfast-time had made some distance of the way to Valence. The road, which does not approach the Rhone, is devoid of interest and tiresome, though under a summer sky, when the bare vine-hills are latticed over with green, and the fruit-trees covered with blossoms and foliage, it may be a scene of great beauty.

Valence, which we reached towards noon, is a common-place city on the Rhone; and my only reasons for traversing its dirty streets in preference to taking the road, which passes without the walls, were—to get something for dinner, and because it might have been the birth-place of Aymer de Valence, the valorous Crusader, chronicled in "Ivanhoe," whose tomb I had seen in Westminster Abbey. One of the streets, which was marked "Rue Bayard," shows that my valiant namesake—the knight without fear and reproach—is still remembered in his native province. The ruins of his chateau are still standing among the Alps near Grenoble.

In the afternoon we crossed the Isère, a swift, muddy river, which rises among the Alps of Dauphiné. We saw their icy range, among which is the desert solitude of the Grand Chartreuse, far up the valley; but the thick atmosphere hid the mighty Mont Blanc, whose cloudy outline,

eighty miles distant in a bee line, is visible in fair weather. At Tain, we came upon the Rhone again, and walked along the base of the hills which contract its current. Here, I should call it beautiful. The scenery has a wildness that approaches to that of the Rhine. Winding around the curving hills, the scene is constantly varied, and the little willowed islets clasped in the embrace of the stream, mingle a trait of softened beauty with its sterner character.

After passing the night at a village on its banks, we left it again at St. Vallier, the next morning. At sunset, the spires of Vienne were visible, and the lofty Mont Pilas, the snows of whose riven summits feed the springs of the Loire on its western side, stretched majestically along the opposite bank of the Rhone. Vienne, which is mentioned by several of the Roman historians under its present name, was the capital of the Allobroges, and I looked upon it with a new and strange interest, on calling to mind my school-boy days, when I had become familiar with that warlike race, in toiling over the pages of Cæsar. We walked in the mud and darkness for what seemed a great distance, and finally took shelter in a little inn at the northern end of the city. Two Belgian soldiers, coming from Africa, were already quartered there, and we listened to their tales of the Arab and the Desert, while supper was preparing.

The morning of the 25th was dull and rainy; the road, very muddy and unpleasant, led over the hills, avoiding the westward curve of the Rhone, directly towards Lyons. About noon, we came in sight of the broad valley in which the Rhone first clasps his Burgundian bride, the Saône, and a cloud of impenetrable coal-smoke showed us the location of

Lyons. A nearer approach revealed a large flat dome, and some ranges of tall buildings near the river. We soon entered the suburb of La Guillotière, which has sprung up on the eastern bank of the Rhone. Notwithstanding our clothes were like sponges, our boots entirely worn out, and our bodies somewhat thin with nine days' exposure to the wintry storms in walking two hundred and forty miles, we entered Lyons with suspense and anxiety But one franc apiece remained out of the fifteen with which we left Marseilles. B—— wrote home some time ago, directing a remittance to be forwarded to a merchant at Paris, to whom he had a letter of introduction, and in the hope that this had arrived, he determined to enclose the letter in a note, stating our circumstances, and requesting the merchant to forward a part of the remittance to Lyons. We had then to wait at least four days; people are suspicious and mistrustful in cities, and if no relief should come, what was to be done?

After wading through the mud of the suburbs, we chose a common-looking inn near the river, as the comfort of our stay depended wholly on the kindness of our hosts, and our experiences had taught us that there is most genuine kindness among the poorer classes. We engaged lodgings for four or five days; after dinner the letter was dispatched, and we wandered about through the dark, dirty city until night. Our landlord, Monsieur Ferrand, was a rough, vigorous man, with a gloomy, discontented expression; his words were few and blunt; but a certain restlessness of manner, and a secret flashing of his cold, forbidding eye, betrayed to me some strong hidden excitement. Madame Ferrand was kind and talkative, though passionate; but the appearance

of the place gave me an unfavorable impression, which was heightened by the thought that it was now impossible to change our lodgings until relief should arrive. When bed-time came, a ladder was placed against a sort of high platform along one side of the kitchen; we mounted and found a bed, concealed from the view of those below by a dusty muslin curtain. We lay there, between heaven and earth—the dirty earth of the brick floor and the sooty heaven of the ceiling—listening until midnight to the boisterous songs, and loud, angry disputes in the room adjoining. Thus ended our first day in Lyons.

Five weary days, each of them containing a month of torturing suspense, succeeded. A man who has no money in his pocket soon begins to suspect that he is a vagabond, and fears that he shall be found out. I believe Monsieur Ferrand mistrusted us from the beginning. One night, when he thought us asleep, he carefully felt our knapsacks, which Madame Ferrand kept at the head of her bed, just under our platform. I had a small pocket telescope, which he at first took for a roll of five-franc pieces, but after much feeling decided that it was something else. I lay awake nearly all night, trying to devise some plan of relief, in case no money should come, but could think of nothing that was at all practicable. In order to account for our stay, we pretended to have business in the city, so we wandered all day long through the misty, muddy, smoky streets, taking refuge in the covered bazaars when it rained heavily. We walked so incessantly up and down the same streets, that the market-women knew us, and made their daily comments when we appeared. The policemen knew us, too, and some of them

(so we thought) watched us. I soon became intimately acquainted with every part of Lyons, from *Presqu' isle Perrache* to *Croix Rousse*. I knew the contents of every shop in the Bazaar, and the passage of the Hotel Dieu—the title of every volume in the bookstores in the Place Belcour—and the countenance of every boot-black and apple-woman on the Quais on both sides of the river.

It rained every day, and the sun was not once visible. The gloom of everything around us, entirely smothered that lightness of heart which made us laugh over our embarrassments at Vienna. When at evening, the dull, leaden hue of the clouds seemed to make the air dark and cold and heavy, we walked beside the swollen and turbid Rhone, under an avenue of leafless trees, the damp soil chilling our feet and striking a numbness through our frames, and then I knew what those must feel who have *no* hope in their destitution, and not a friend in all the great world, who is not as wretched as themselves. One night, as we were pacing dismally along the Rhone, a man who was walking before us, kept saying to himself: "*le cachot ! le cachot !*" (the dungeon.) "Yes," said I, involuntarily, "we shall have either the cash O ! or the *cachot*, before long." The man turned around, shrugged his shoulders, gave a curious spring into the air, snapped his fingers two or three times, and then ran off, still exclaiming: "*le cachot ! le cachot !*"

On the morning of the sixth day I said to B——, "this morning will terminate our suspense." I felt cheerful in spite of myself; and this was like a presentiment of coming good-luck. To pass the time until nine o'clock, when the Post Office was opened, I climbed to the chapel of *Fourvières*,

on the western bank of the Saône. But at the precise minute I was at the office, where B—— was already in waiting. What an intensity of suspense was crowded into those few seconds, while the clerk was looking over the letters! What an electric shock of joy, when it came at last! But the postage was fourteen sous, and we had not a centime. The clerk put the letter back again. Hope was more suggestive than anxiety, and I instantly hit upon a plan for getting it. "You know that I went out first this morning," I said to my friend, "and Madame Ferrand knows it too. Go back and ask if I have returned. Of course, she will say 'no.' Then tell her that I carry our common stock of money, (!) that you don't know where I have gone, that there is a letter in the office for you, and you can't get it. Ask her to lend you a franc until you find me, when I will repay it."

This was a desperate experiment, for there might be no money in the letter after we got it, in which case we should only have added to our difficulties. I paced up and down the square, until B—— returned with the franc, my plan having succeeded. It required a deal of courage to break the seal, but then, thank God! our suspense was over. The remittance from home had reached the merchant only the day before he received B——'s letter, and he enclosed an order for part of the money on his correspondent in Lyons. This providential relief gave rise to an overpowering revulsion of feeling. For my part, my nerves were strung to such a pitch that—not knowing what else to do,—I walked up to the statue of Louis XIV. in the middle of the square, seized with both hands the heavy iron railing

which surrounds it, and pulled until I expected to see the rails give way.

After getting the money, the first thing we did (so weak is human nature!) was to step into a pastry-cook's and purchase two delicate cheese-cakes, which we had been examining with hungry eyes, for five days. The market-women in the square, who knew us too well, saw this unusual action, and shouted with laughter. But nothing disturbed us, for all mankind was changed in our eyes. The policemen looked at us with calm confidence; the cold and suspicious faces of the crowd had suddenly become kind and cheerful. Our own faces, too, must have shown a change, for when we returned to the inn Madame Ferrand met us with a friendly smile, and prepared us a much better dinner than we had had before. In the afternoon we purchased new shoes at a small shop in the suburbs. I gave the cobbler my old pair, which he instantly flung into the street, with the exclamation: "*Ils ne valent pas un sous, Monsieur!*"

CHAPTER XLI.

THE JOURNEY TO PARIS.

The Pleasure of Rest—Leaving Lyons—Voyage up the Saône—An Inundation—The Strolling Musicians and their Child—Walking in Burgundy—The Upland Region—A Drenching Storm—Slow Ride to Auxerre—Miseries of a Country Diligence—The Bloody Seine—Arrival at Paris—Getting a Draft Paid—Seeing Paris perforce—Letters from Home.

PARIS, *February* 6. 1846.

EVERY letter of the date is traced with an emotion of joy, for our dreary journey is at an end. There was a magic in the name that revived us during anxious days, and now the thought that it is all over—that these walls which inclose us, stand in the heart of the gay city—seems almost too joyful to be true. Yesterday I marked with the whitest chalk, for I got out of the cramped diligence at the Barrière de Charenton, and saw before me in the morning twilight, the immense grey mass of Paris. I forgot my numbed and stiffened frame, and every other of the thousand disagreeable feelings of diligence travelling, in the pleasure which that sight afforded.

We arose in the dark at Lyons, and after bidding adieu to

morose Monsieur Ferrand, traversed the silent city, and found our way in the mist and gloom to the steamboat landing on the Saône. The waters were swollen much above their usual level, which was favorable for the boat, as long as there was room enough left to pass under the bridges. After a great deal of bustle we got under way, and were dashing out of Lyons, against the swift current, before day-break. We passed *L'Isle Barbe*, once a favorite residence of Charlemagne, and now the haunt of the Lyonnaise on summer holidays, and going under the suspension bridges with levelled smoke-stacks, entered the picturesque hills above, which are covered with vineyards nearly to the top; the villages scattered over them have those square, pointed towers, which give such a quaintness to French country scenery.

The stream being very high, the meadows on both sides were deeply overflowed. To avoid the strong current in the centre, our boat ran along the banks, pushing aside the alder thickets and poplar shoots. A little after noon, we passed the large town of Macon, the birth-place of the poet Lamartine. The valley of the Saône, no longer inclosed among the hills, spread out to several miles in width. Along the west lay in sunshine the vine-mountains of Côte d'Or; among the dark clouds in the eastern sky, we could barely distinguish the outline of the Jura. The waters were so much swollen as to cover the plain for two or three miles. We seemed to be sailing over a lake, with rows of trees springing up out of the water, and houses and villages lying like islands on its surface. A sunset that promised better weather tinged the broad brown flood, as Chalons came in sight. We

squeezed through the crowd of porters and diligence men, declining their kind offers, and hunted quarters to suit ourselves.

We left Chalons on the morning of the 1st, in high spirits at the thought that there were but little more than two hundred miles between us and Paris. In walking over the cold, muddy plain, we passed a family of strolling musicians, who were sitting on a heap of stones by the roadside. An ill-dressed, ill-natured man and woman, each carrying a violin, and a thin, squalid girl, with a tambourine, composed the group. Their faces bore that unfeeling stamp, which springs from depravity and degradation. When we had walked somewhat more than a mile, we overtook a little girl, who was crying bitterly. By her features, from which the fresh beauty of childhood had not been worn, and the steel triangle which was tied to her belt, we knew that she belonged to the family we had passed. Her dress was thin and ragged, and a pair of wooden shoes but ill protected her feet from the sharp cold. I stopped and asked her why she cried, but she did not at first answer. However, by questioning, I found her unfeeling parents had sent her on without food; she was sobbing with hunger and cold. Our pockets were full of bread and cheese which we had bought for breakfast, and we gave her half a loaf, which stopped her tears at once. She looked up and thanked us, smiling; and sitting down on a bank, began to eat as if half famished.

The physiognomy of this region is very singular. The country seems to have originally been a vast elevated plain, in which some great power has *scooped* out, as with a hand, deep circular valleys all over its surface. In winding along

the high ridges, we often looked down, on either side, into such hollows, several miles in diameter, and sometimes entirely covered with vineyards. At La Rochepot, a quaint, antique village, lying in the bottom of one of these dells, we saw the finest ruin of the middle ages that I have met with in France. We passed the night at Ivry (not the Ivry which gained Henri Quatre his kingdom), and then continued our march over roads which I can only compare to our country roads in America during the spring thaw. In addition to this, the rain commenced early in the morning and continued all day, so that we were completely wet the whole time. The plains, too high and cold to produce wine, were varied by forests of beech and oak, and the population was thinly scattered over them in small villages. Travellers generally complain very much of the monotomy of this part of France, and, with such dreary weather, we could not disagree with them.

As the day wore on, the rain increased, and the sky put on that dull, gray cast, which denotes a lengthened storm. We were fain to stop at nightfall, but there was no inn near at hand—not even a hovel of a *cabaret* in which to shelter ourselves, and, on inquiring of the wagoners, we received the comfortable assurance that there was yet a league and a half to the nearest stopping place. On, then, we went, with the pitiless storm beating in our faces and on our breasts, until there was not a dry spot left, except what our knapsacks covered. We could not have been more completely saturated if we had been dipped in the Yonne. At length, after two hours of slipping and sliding along in the mud and wet and darkness, we reached Saulieu, and by the

warm fire, thanked our stars that the day's dismal tramp was over.

By good or bad luck (I have not decided which) a vehicle was to start the next morning for Auxerre, distant sixty miles, and the fare being but five francs, we thought it wisest to take places. It was always with reluctance that we departed from our usual mode of travelling, but, in the present instance, the circumstances absolutely compelled it.

Next morning, at sunrise, we took our seats in a large square vehicle on two wheels, calculated for six persons and a driver, with a single horse. But, as he was fat and round as an elephant, and started off at a brisk pace, and we were well protected from the rain, it was not so bad after all, barring the jolts and jarred vertebræ. We drove on, over the same dreary expanse of plain and forest, passing through two or three towns in the course of the day, and by evening had made somewhat more than half our journey. Owing to the slowness of our fresh horse, we were jolted about the whole night, and did not arrive at Auxerre until six o'clock in the morning. After waiting an hour in a hotel beside the rushing Yonne, a lumbering diligence was got ready, and we were offered places to Paris for seven francs. As the distance is one hundred and ten miles, this would be considered cheap fare, but I should not want to travel it again and be paid for doing so. Twelve persons were packed into a box not large enough for a cow. and no joiner ever dove-tailed his corners tighter than did we our knees and nether extremities. It is my lot to be blessed with abundance of stature, and none but tall persons can appreciate the misery of sitting for hours with their joints in an immovable vice. The close-

ness of the atmosphere—for the passengers would not permit the windows to be opened for fear of taking cold—combined with loss of sleep, made me so drowsy that my head was continually falling on my next neighbor, who, being a heavy country lady, thrust it indignantly away. I would then try my best to keep it up awhile, but it would droop gradually, until the crush of a bonnet or a smart bump against some other head would recall me, for a moment, to consciousness.

We passed Joigny, on the Yonne, Sens, with its glorious old cathedral, and at dusk reached Montereau, on the Seine. This was the scene of one of Napoleon's best victories, on his return from Elba. In driving over the bridge, I looked down on the swift and swollen current, and hoped that its hue might never be darkened again so fearfully as the last sixty years have witnessed. No river in Europe has such an association connected with it. We think of the Danube, for its majesty, of the Rhine, for its wild beauty, but of the Seine—for its blood! All that night did we endure squeezing and suffocation, and no morn was ever more welcome than that which revealed to us Paris. With matted hair, wild, glaring eyes, and dusty and disordered clothes, we entered the gay capital, and blessed every stone upon which we placed our feet, in the fulness of our joy.

In paying our fare at Auxerre, I was obliged to use a draft on the banker, Rougemont de Löwenberg. The ignorant conductor hesitated to change this, but permitted us to go, on condition of keeping it until we should arrive. Therefore, on getting out of the diligence, after forty-eight hours of sleepless and fasting misery, the *facteur* of the office went with me to get it paid, leaving B—— to wait for us. I knew

nothing of Paris, and this merciless man kept me for three hours at his heels, following him on all *his* errands, before he did mine, in that time traversing the whole length of the city, in order to leave a haunch of venison at an aristocratic residence in the Faubourg St. Germain. Yet even combined weariness and hunger could not prevent me from looking with vivid interest down a long avenue, at the Column of the Place Vendôme, in passing, and gazing up in wonder at the splendid portico of the Madeleine. But of anything else I have a very faint remembrance. "You have an appetite for breakfast, now, I should think;" said he, when he returned, "we have walked more than four leagues!"

About noon we sat down quietly to a most complete breakfast. Our first walk was to a bath, and then, with complexions several shades lighter, and limbs that felt as if lifted by invisible wings, we hurried away to the Post Office. I seized the welcome missives from my far home, with a beating heart, and hastening back, read until the words became indistinct in the twilight.

CHAPTER XLII.

LIFE IN PARIS.

Rooms to Let—A disappointed Landlord—Our Apartment, *chez Lambert*—Living on a Franc a Day—Amusements—The Streets of Paris—The Place de la Concorde—The Hotel des Invalides—The Garden of the Tuileries—What we saw—The American Minister—An Experience of Suicide—Empty Pockets again—The Sick Merchant—Lying in Wait—The Relief—I Determine to visit London.

Our first care on reaching Paris, was to find cheap quarters, for we had a residence of at least two months in prospect, and the remittance which my friend had received consisted of two hundred and eighty francs only. The inn, to which we had been taken by the merciless *facteur*, was a dingy place, somewhere in the Faubourg St. Antoine, frequented by Burgundian teamsters, and for the gloomy room we occupied the hard-visaged landlord demanded thirty francs a month. We sallied out the next morning, and after inspecting a number of "*chambres à louer*," finally found a little room at the top of a tall house in the Rue de la Harpe, "chez Lambert, Coiffeur," for twelve francs a month, and instantly engaged it. The Burgundian landlord thought he had us, and was so vexed that we had slipped through his

fingers, that he charged us enormously for the few meals we had had, and refused to give us our passports until we had paid him. Not content with this, he assailed us with a variety of coarse epithets, which I, who was boiling over with rage, repaid with ironical politeness, only yielding so far as to say "*adieu, vieux diable!*"—the worst French I knew—when we left.

Our new abode was a box, rather than a room. We were obliged to pass through M. Lambert's hair-dressing room, then through Madame Lambert's apartment, then to mount four flights of steep old stairs, with very dark landing-places between, after which we reached the topmost story, in which was our room, containing a small single bed, two chairs, a table, a washstand, and a diminutive mirror. There was neither stove nor fire-place, and the only window faced the north, giving us a prospect of tiled roofs and chimneys. It was a bleak little den, but it seemed delightful after our experience in Lyons, and the only thing that embarrassed us was the excessive politeness of Monsieur and Madame Lambert, which seemed misapplied to persons in our circumstances. There was another lodger—a pale young man from Gascony, who was consumptive, and a hater of Louis Philippe: he was very bitter and cynical, and we did not cultivate his acquaintance.

Our wardrobe was by this time in such a dilapidated condition, that we found it necessary to make various purchases, which consumed so much of our funds that we determined at the outset to spend no more than a franc a day each, for our meals. After a number of experiments,

we discovered a café near the Pantheon, where it was possible to get a large bowl of coffee (chicory), with a roll, for six sous; a restaurant in the Rue de la Harpe furnished us with soup, "*un plat*" and "*marmalade d' abricots,*" for twelve sous; and we invested the remaining two sous in rolls and a kind of fish-cake, which we purchased at the stands on the quay where they were baked, and ate in the privacy of our room. Our dinners, it is true, were so disguised that the original materials were not always to be ascertained, and our favorite "*bœuf provençal*" had a flavor very suggestive of horse-flesh, but there was always enough to satisfy hunger, and we were content. We could not afford the luxury of a French teacher, but we subscribed to a circulating library for two francs a month, and read Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier, until we became chill and numb in our fireless room, when we would go forth into the streets and extend our acquaintance with that out-door Parisian life which is always fresh and entertaining.

What a lively little world in miniature it is! I wonder not that the French, with their exuberant gaiety of spirit, should revel in its ceaseless tides of pleasure, as if it were an earthly Elysium. I soon felt the influence of the cheerful atmosphere, and have rarely threaded the crowds of a foreign city with so light a heart. And yet it would be difficult to describe wherein consists this agreeable peculiarity. You can find streets as dark and crooked and dirty anywhere in Germany, and squares and gardens as gay and sunny beyond the Alps, and yet they would affect you far differently. You could not, as in Paris, divest yourself of

every particle of sad or serious thought, and be content to gaze for hours on the showy scene, without an idea beyond the present moment.

Our favorite walk was through the Place du Carrousel and the Gardens of the Tuileries, to the Place de la Concorde. What is there in Europe—nay, in the world—equal to this? In the centre, the mighty obelisk of red granite pierces the sky,—on either hand showers of silver spray are thrown up from splendid bronze fountains—statues and pillars of gilded bronze sweep in a grand circle around the Place, and on each side magnificent vistas lead the eye off and combine the distant with the near, to complete this unparalleled view! Eastward, beyond the tall trees in the garden of the Tuileries, rises the long front of the Palace, with the tri-color floating above; westward, in front of us, is the Forest of the Elysian Fields, with the Arc de Triomphe nearly a mile and a half distant, looking down from the end of the avenue, at the Barrière de Neuilly. To the right and left are the marble fronts of the Church of the Madeleine and the Chamber of Deputies, the latter on the other side of the Seine. Thus the groves and gardens of Paris—the palace of her kings—the proud monument of her military glory—and the masterpieces of modern French architecture, are all embraced in this one superb *coup d'œil*.

Following the motley multitude to the bridge, I crossed and made my way to the Hotel des Invalides. Along the esplanade, playful companies of children were running and tumbling in their sports over the green turf, which was as fresh as a meadow; while, not the least interesting feature of the scene, numbers of scarred and disabled veterans, in

the livery of the Hospital, basked in the sunshine, watching with quiet satisfaction the gambols of the second generation they have seen arise. What tales could they not tell, those wrinkled and feeble old men! What visions of Marengo, and Austerlitz, and Borodino, shift with a fiery vividness through their fading memories! Some may have left a limb on the Libyan desert; and the sabre of the Cossack may have scarred the brows of others. They witnessed the rising and setting of that great meteor, which intoxicated France with such a blaze of power and glory, and now, when the recollection of that wonderful period seems almost like a stormy dream, they are left to guard the ashes of their ancient General, brought back from his exile to rest in the bosom of his own French people. It was to me a touching and exciting thing, to look on those whose eyes had witnessed the filling up of such a fated leaf in the world's history.

As we step out the western portal of the Tuileries, a beautiful scene greets us. We look on the palace garden, fragrant with flowers and classic with bronze copies of ancient sculpture. Beyond this, broad gravel walks divide the flower-bordered lawns, and ranks of marble demigods and heroes look down on the joyous crowd. Children troll their hoops along the avenues or skip the rope under the clipped lindens, whose boughs are now tinged a pale yellow by the bursting buds. The swans glide about on a pond in the centre, begging bread of the bystanders, who watch a miniature ship which the soft breeze carries steadily across. Paris is unseen, but heard, on every side; only the Column of Luxor and the Arc de Triomphe rise blue and grand

above the top of the forest. What with the sound of voices, the merry laughter of the children and a host of smiling faces, the scene touches a happy chord in one's heart, and he mingles with it, lost in pleasant reverie, until the sounds fade away with the fading light.

In the course of two or three weeks these long daily rambles, which we were obliged to take in order to keep ourselves warm, made us acquainted with every part of Paris, from Père la Chaise to the Bois de Boulogne, and from St Denis to the Jardin des Plantes. We visited all objects of interest and curiosity—all the galleries of art which are open to the public—in short, everything which could be seen without expense, except the famous Rachel, for whom we paid and by whom we were repaid tenfold. We saw Louis Philippe ride to St. Cloud with the Prince de Joinville and the Duke de Nemours; we witnessed the saturnalia of the Carnival and the Procession of the Bœuf Gras; we tried to procure admission to the Chamber of Deputies, but our notes (sent in the manner prescribed) were never answered. I called upon the American Minister, the Hon. William Rufus King, who received me with great kindness and invited me to a ball at the Legation on the 22d of February. I declined, on account of lacking the necessary dress, but called upon him twice afterwards and was treated with the same cordiality. With this exception, I did not make a single acquaintance during the whole of our stay in Paris. With regard to the temptations of the gay city, I was safe enough. They do not assail a man who is limited to a franc a day.

Towards the end of February I had a little experience, which came near terminating seriously. I was preparing my

letters to send home, and had written until I was thoroughly chilled, when the idea of procuring a brazier of coals, such as are used in Italy, came into my head. On applying to Madame Lambert, she at once furnished me with the article, for four sous, assuring me, in reply to my question, that the coals were not made from charcoal, but from wood. I fastened the door and window tightly, in order to retain the heat, placed the brazier under the table, at my feet, and resumed my letters. In about half an hour I became conscious of a heavy and painful sensation in the head, which I attributed to my cold hands and feet. The feeling increased, until a sharp spike driven through my temples could scarcely have given me greater pain. The paper became blurred, so that I could no longer write; a dull gray mist floated before my eyes; I dropped the pen and laid my head on the table. I was fast losing consciousness, when my friend, who had been out, opened the door. He at once noticed that the room was filled with a stifling gas, and threw open the window. I arose, staggered down stairs and went into the streets, but, finding that I saw nothing distinctly and was constantly on the point of falling, I returned to my bed, which I kept for two days, before I fully recovered. If the suicides by charcoal suffer in proportion as I did, their deaths must be terrible.

Our resources, at last, were reduced to a few francs, and it became necessary to find some method of relief. B—— had written for another remittance, but could not expect to receive it for a month to come. He determined, however, to state our situation to the merchant through whom the former remittance had been received, and ask for a small

advance. But the merchant was absent in the country, and before his return M. Lambert presented his bill for another month's rent of our room. I asked him to wait a day or two, as our banker was absent, to which he replied with a politeness that disconcerted me: "*Très bien, Monsieur.*" Finally, the merchant returned and my friend called again, but failed to see him: he was sick. By this time our funds had dwindled to a single franc, and we could not afford to lose time. My friend called on the second day, but the merchant was still sick. "Well," said he to the servant, "let me speak with him." "But he is not able to speak; his throat is affected," was the reply; and B—— returned to me with a melancholy mistrust, more than half convinced that the merchant had suspected his errand, and feigned sickness to avoid seeing him. "Still," said I, "it may be true. Go back and write a note, stating our circumstances, send it to him and wait for an answer. This will decide the matter one way or the other." He went back, and I agreed to wait for him at the nearest corner. After waiting ten minutes, however, I could no longer endure the suspense, and resolved to secrete myself near the house, in order that I might guess, from B——'s appearance as he came out, whether he had been successful. There was a cart standing opposite the door, and I crouched behind it as if for shelter, for the day was cold and rainy. I waited about ten minutes longer, when the door opened and my friend issued forth. His face had a wild, excited expression; one hand was clenched tightly, but as he reached the trottoir and started for the street-corner, his feet were lifted as if the cobble-stones were red-hot under them. This was enough: I jumped

up from behind the cart, rushed across the street, and slapped him on the back with a mighty shout, causing his clenched hand to open and disclose a roll of twenty five-franc pieces which the good merchant (who was really ill) had sent in answer to his note.

This was the last of our financial troubles in Paris. My cousin, who wished to spend a month or two in the French capital before going home, arrived from Heidelberg early in March, and took a room near us. The season grew milder and our condition became more pleasant; but as I had ordered my next remittance to be sent to London, and feared to bring my friend into further difficulties, I decided to go on alone to that city. My conscience reproached me for the idle life I was leading. I had letters to several printers in London, and hoped to be able to find employment, in case of necessity I accordingly borrowed enough for the journey, took what clothing my German knapsack would hold, and prepared for a walk to Dieppe.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A WALK THROUGH NORMANDY.

Leaving Paris—Versailles—Travel in March—The Suspicious Landlord—The Scenery of Normandy—Rouen—The Vale of the Cailly—A Windy Night—I Hail the Atlantic—A Night at Dieppe—Crossing the Channel—From Brighton to London.

AFTER a residence of five weeks, which in spite of our few troubles, passed away quickly and delightfully, I turned my back on Paris. It was not regret I experienced on taking my seat in the cars for Versailles, but that feeling of reluctance with which we leave places whose brightness and gaiety force the mind away from serious toil. Steam, however, cuts short all sentiment, and in much less time than it takes to bid farewell to a German, I had whizzed passed the Place d'Europe, through the barrier, and was watching the spires start up from the receding city, on the way to St. Cloud.

At Versailles I spent three hours in a hasty walk through the palace, which allowed but a bare glance at the gorgeous paintings of Horace Vernet. His "Taking of Constantine" has the vivid look of reality. The white houses shine in the sun, and from the bleached earth to the blue and dazzling

sky, there seems to hang a heavy, scorching atmosphere. The white smoke of the artillery curls almost visibly off the canvas, and the cracked and half sprung walls seem about to topple down on the besiegers. The afternoon was somewhat advanced by the time I had seen the palace and gardens. After a hurried dinner at a restaurant, I shouldered my knapsack, and took the road to St. Germain. The day was gloomy and cheerless, and I should have felt very lonely but for the thought of soon reaching England. There is no time of the year more melancholy than a cold, cloudy day in March; whatever may be the delights of pedestrian travelling in fairer seasons, my experience dictates that during winter storms and March glooms, it had better be dispensed with. However, I pushed on to St. Germain, threaded its long streets, looked down from the height over its magnificent tract of forest and turned westward down the Seine. Owing to the scantiness of villages, I was obliged to walk an hour and a half in the wind and darkness, before I reached a solitary inn. As I opened the door and asked for lodging, the landlady inquired if I had the necessary papers. I answered in the affirmative and was admitted. While I was eating supper, they prepared their meal on the other end of the small table and sat down together. They fell into the error, so common to ignorant persons, of thinking a foreigner could not understand them, and began talking quite unconcernedly about me. "Why don't he take the railroad?" said the old man: "he must have very little money—it would be bad for us if he had none." "Oh!" remarked his son, "if he had none, he would not be sitting there so quiet and unconcerned." I thought there was some

knowledge of human nature in this remark. "And besides," added the landlady, "there is no danger for us, for we have his passport." Of course I enjoyed this in secret, and mentally pardoned their suspicions, when I reflected that the high roads between Paris and London are frequented by many impostors, which makes the people naturally mistrustful.

I walked all the next day through a beautiful and richly cultivated country. The early fruit trees were bursting into bloom, and the farmers led out their cattle to pasturage in the fresh meadows. The scenery must be delightful in summer—worthy of all that has been said or sung about lovely Normandy. On the morning of the third day, before reaching Rouen, I saw at a distance the remains of Chateau Galliard, the favorite castle of Richard Cœur de Lion. Rouen breathes everywhere of the ancient times of Normandy. Nothing can be more picturesque than its quaint, irregular wooden houses, and the low, mossy mills, spanning the clear streams which rush through its streets. The Cathedral, with its four towers, rises from among the clustered cottages like a giant rock, split by the lightning and worn by the rains of centuries into a thousand fantastic shapes.

Resuming my walk in the afternoon, I climbed the heights west of the city, and after passing through a suburb four or five miles in length, entered the vale of the Cailly. This is one of the sweetest scenes in France. It lies among the woody hills like a Paradise, with its velvet meadows and villas and breathing gardens. The grass was starred with daisies, and if I took a step into the oak and chestnut woods, I trampled on thousands of anemones and fragrant daffodils. The upland plain, stretching inward from the coast, wears a

different character. As I ascended, towards evening, and walked over its monotonous swells, I felt almost homesick beneath its saddening influence. The sun, hazed over with dull clouds, gave out that cold and lifeless light which is more lonely than complete darkness. The wind, sweeping dismally over the fields, sent clouds of blinding dust down the road, and as it passed through the forests, the myriads of fine twigs made a sound as deep and grand as the roar of a roused ocean. Every chink of the Norman cottage where I slept, whistled most drearily, and as I looked out the little window of my room, the trees were swaying in the gloom, and long, black clouds scudded across the sky. Though my bed was poor and hard, it was a sublime sound that cradled me into slumber. Homer might have used it as the lullaby of Jove.

My last day on the continent came. I arose early and walked over the hills towards Dieppe. The scenery grew more bleak as I approached the sea, but the low and sheltered valleys preserved the pastoral look of the interior. In the afternoon, as I climbed a long, elevated ridge, over which a strong northwester was blowing, I was struck with a beautiful rustic church, in one of the dells below me. While admiring its neat tower I gained unconsciously the summit of the hill, and on turning suddenly around, lo! there was the glorious old Atlantic stretching far before and around me! A shower was sweeping mistily along the horizon, and I could trace the white line of the breakers that foamed at the foot of the cliffs. The scene came over me like a vivid electric shock, and I gave an involuntary shout, which might have been heard in all the valleys around. After a year

and a half of wandering over the continent, that gray ocean was something to be revered and loved, for it clasped the shores of my native America.

I entered Dieppe in a heavy shower, and after finding an inn suited to my means and obtaining a *pe mis d' embarquement* from the police office, I went out to the battlements and looked again on the sea. The landlord promised to call me in time for the boat, but my anxiety awakened me sooner, and mistaking the strokes of the cathedral bell, I dressed, unlocked several doors, felt my way through dark passages, and finally gained the street. When I reached the wharf it was only one o'clock, and no one was stirring on board the boat, so that I was obliged to pace the silent, gloomy streets of the town for full two hours. I watched the steamer glide out on the rainy Channel, and turning into the topmost berth, drew the sliding curtain and strove to keep out cold and sea-sickness. But it was unavailing; a heavy storm of snow and rain rendered our passage so dreary that I did not stir until we were approaching the chain pier of Brighton.

I looked out on the foggy shores of England with a feeling of relief; my tongue would now be freed from the difficult bondage of foreign languages, and my ears be rejoiced with the music of my own. After two hours' delay at the Custom House, I took my seat in an open car for London. The day was dull and cold; the sun resembled a milky blotch in the midst of a leaden sky. I sat and shivered, as we flew onward, amid the rich, cultivated English scenery. At last the fog grew thicker; the road was carried over the tops of houses; the familiar dome of St. Paul's stood out above the spires; and I was again in London!

CHAPTER XLIV.

EXPERIENCES IN LONDON.

My Circumstances—Lodgings in Aldgate—Visits to the Printers—Illiberal Rules of the Craft—Dodging a Landlord—Success and Failure—Happy and Penniless—Visit to Mr. Putnam—The Mistrust of Poverty—Employment at Last—Life in Aldgate—Letters of Introduction—A Breakfast with Lockhart—Bernard Barton—Croly—Daniel O'Connell, and a Temperance Meeting—Trip to Greenwich—The "Fun of the Fair"—Games in the Park—Greenwich Hill—Ground and Lofty Tumbling—A Swinging Experiment—London Atmosphere—A Fog—Arrival of Money and Friends—Embarking for Home.

When I got out of the third-class car in which I had ridden from Brighton, and found myself, benumbed with cold, on London Bridge again, my funds consisted of a franc and a half—just enough to pay for one night's lodging. In this emergency, I remembered the coffee-house in Church Row, Aldgate, where we had lodged in the summer of 1844, and when the dreary day darkened into a foggy, starless night, I was seated in the well-known room, smelling of ale and tobacco. The landlord and his wife evidently felt some curiosity concerning me, but they were respectful and asked no questions. They gave me a room on the second floor, looking down into Aldgate Churchyard—a little room with

a bad bed, a rickety chest of drawers and a piano of the past century, the keys of which had long been silent: all for a shilling a night. I did not venture to eat anything, but went to bed soon and drowned my forebodings in slumber.

The next morning I took a slender breakfast, for which I offered the franc in payment, but the landlord refused to take it. "Well," said I, "I have just come from France and have nothing but French money. I shall get it changed to-day and pay you this evening." I then went out, determined to seek instant employment as a printer. Before leaving New York, Mr. Willis had given me a note to three printers of his acquaintance in London. I called upon the first of these, who referred me to his foreman, who informed me that although printers were in demand and were receiving very good pay, the rules of the trade prohibited him from employing any one who had not passed through a regular apprenticeship, and could not present his indentures certifying to the fact. This, of course, I was not able to do. I then, after much search, discovered the second printer to whom the note was addressed, was again referred to the foreman and received the same answer. At two or three other printing establishments in the same street, my application met with a similar fate. All were willing to employ me, all needed my services, but the rules of the trade prevented them: their regular journeymen would desert them, rather than permit it. By this time the day was drawing to a close, and I wandered back to Aldgate. On the way I stopped at the Post Office, and saw that there was a letter for myself advertised—a letter from home—but I had no money to pay the postage, and went away savage and disheartened.

On paying the landlord for my breakfast, he informed me that it was customary to settle every day for the lodging, but added: "You can pay for both days to-morrow morning, if you choose." "Very well," said I, although I had not enough to pay for a single night. The next morning I got up early, while the master and mistress were still in bed, and went into the streets, determined to find some relief before returning. I was obliged to walk the raw, misty thoroughfares for three hours before I could find the master-printers in their offices. I called on the third and last printer addressed by Mr. Willis, who gave me the same answer, but referred me to another establishment, where he thought I might be accepted. I went thither, and after some conversation with the foreman, was told I might go to work. I took off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, and was getting a case in order, when I noticed that the workmen, of whom there were a number, were looking at me and whispering among themselves. Presently the foreman came up to me and said: "I am very sorry but you can't work here. The men won't allow it, because you cannot show that you have served the usual term of apprenticeship." I thereupon put on my coat and went into the street again, and that was all the type-setting I ever did in Europe.

By one of those curious psychological laws which have never been explained by philosophers, the last chance of obtaining employment was no sooner taken away from me, than I became perfectly happy and contented. I had but two-pence in my pocket, which I spent for some biscuits, to satisfy my keen hunger, and then, as the day was rather milder than usual, I wandered into St. James's Park, where

I sat for two or three hours, looking at the swans. I scarcely thought of my desperate situation, my mind was tranquil, and a purely animal confidence in being provided for, took possession of me. The thought of the letter from home finally recalled me to my anxieties, and I determined to crush the pride which made me blush to think of such a thing, and ask some one to help me. I remembered then to have heard that there was a branch of an American publishing house in London, and by inquiring at a bookstore, procured the address. In half an hour I was at Waterloo Place, and found myself in the presence of Mr. Putnam. I first asked for employment, but he had none to give, and knew of none which I could procure. The consciousness of being a vagabond (which every man feels when he is penniless in a strange land) made me suppose that he looked upon me as such. To my morbid mood, his manner seemed constrained and mistrustful; and I was about to turn and leave, when the thought of my letter impelled me to ask the loan of a sovereign. He gave it to me without hesitation, but I still saw mistrust everywhere, and did not feel as grateful for the kindness as I ought.

I went with rapid steps to the Post Office, secured the precious letter, returned to Aldgate, paid my score, and established a credit with the fat landlord, which was not shaken afterwards. Mr. Putnam had requested me to call the next day, when, after some conversation, he furnished me with sufficient employment in his establishment to support myself until the receipt of my final remittance. I saw plainly that he *made* employment for me, for all that I did might readily have been done by his other assistants. I

packed up books, made out catalogues, visited all the publishing houses in London, in order to fill orders from America, and did occasional copying. Mr. Stevens, who was engaged in supplying several private libraries in New England, also gave me similar employment, so that I was sure of the daily three shillings on which I managed to live. I still remained at the Aldgate Coffee-house, in the room with the silent piano. The master and mistress treated me with marked respect, and never asked more than my name, while I had no inclination to tell them more. The tap-room was frequented by actors from low theatres, a few half-starved clerks, and some sailors, and though I frequently passed the evening there, for the sake of the fire, and the three-days-old *Times*, they never annoyed me with their curiosity. Sometimes their visits were prolonged far into the night, and became boisterous. I was then sure to see swollen faces next morning, and the little servant-girl would say, in a confidential way: "Oh, but didn't master and missus fight last night!"

As soon as I was sure of being able to live in London, I delivered two letters of introduction which Mrs. Trollope had given me in Florence, to her brother, Mr. Milton, and to Mr. Murray, the publisher. The former received me in a very friendly manner, and I spent several delightful evenings at his residence in Little Chelsea. By Mr. Murray I was treated with no less kindness, and received through him an invitation to breakfast one morning with Lockhart, and Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, at the house of the former. Mr. Murray accompanied me thither. I was much pleased with Lockhart's appearance and manners. He has

a noble, manly countenance—in fact, the handsomest English face I ever saw—a quick, dark eye, and an ample forehead, shaded by locks which show, as yet, but few threads of gray. There is a peculiar charm in his rich, soft voice; especially when reciting poetry, it has a clear, organ-like vibration, which thrills deliciously on the ear. His daughter, a very lovely girl, sat at the head of the table.

Bernard Barton, who is now quite an old man, is a very lively and sociable Friend. His head is gray and almost bald, but there is still plenty of fire in his eyes and life in his limbs. His many kind and amiable qualities endear him to a large circle of literary friends. He still continues writing, and within the last year has brought out a volume of simple, touching "Household Verses." We went afterwards into Lockhart's library, which was full of interesting objects. I saw the private diary of Scott, kept until within a short time of his death. It was melancholy to trace the gradual failing of all his energies in the very wavering of the autograph. In a large volume of his correspondence, containing letters from Campbell, Wordsworth, Byron, and all the distinguished characters of the age, I saw Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic" in his own hand. I was highly interested and gratified with the visit; the more so, as Mr. Lockhart had invited me without previous acquaintance.

I went one Sunday to the Church of St. Stephen, to hear Croly, the poet. The service, read by a drowsy clerk, was long and monotonous; I sat in a side-aisle, looking up at the dome, and listening to the rain which dashed in torrents against the window-panes. At last, a tall, gray-haired man came down the passage. He bowed with a sad smile, so full

of benevolence and resignation, that it went into my heart at once, and I gave him an involuntary tribute of sympathy. He has a heavy affliction to bear—the death of his gallant son, one of the officers who were slain in the late battle of Ferozeshah. His whole manner betrayed the tokens of subdued but constant grief.

I attended a Temperance Meeting in Exeter Hall, for the purpose of hearing Daniel O'Connell. There were about two thousand persons present. The great Agitator was evidently not inspired by the subject, for his remarks were very common-place and his manner heavy and unimpressive. Nevertheless, the people cried "hear! hear!" at the end of every sentence, whether it was worth hearing or not. I never saw an audience with less taste and discrimination. O'Connell was followed by two or three excessively stupid speakers, who were listened to with solemn endurance, after which a physician—a man of real intelligence—commenced making an admirable speech, and was hooted down, for no cause that I could perceive, except his want of the stupidity which seemed to be so attractive.

One day in April Mr. Stevens invited me to accompany him to Greenwich Fair. We took a penny steamer from Hungerford Market to London Bridge, and jumped into the cars, which go every five minutes. Twelve minutes' ride above the chimneys of London and the vegetable fields of Rotherhithe and Deptford brought us to Greenwich, and we followed the stream of people which was flowing from all parts of the city into the Park. Here began the merriment. We heard on every side the noise of the "scratchers," or, as the venders of these articles denominated them—"the

fun of the fair." This is a little notched wheel, with a piece of wood fastened on it, like a miniature watchman's rattle. The "fun" consists in drawing them down the back of any one you pass, when they make a sound precisely like that of ripping cloth. The women took great delight in this, and as it is only deemed politeness to return the compliment, we soon had enough to do. No one seemed to take the thing amiss, but it was irresistibly droll to see a large crowd engaged in this singular amusement.

As we began ascending Greenwich Hill, we were assailed with another kind of game. The ground was covered with smashed oranges, with which the people above and below were stoutly pelting each other. Half a dozen heavy ones whizzed uncomfortably near my head as I went up, and I saw several persons get the full benefit of a shot on their backs and breasts. The young country lads and lasses amused themselves by running at full speed down the steep side of a hill. This was, however, a feat attended with some risk; for I saw one luckless girl describe an arc of a circle, of which her feet was the centre and her body the radius. All was noise and nonsense. They ran to and fro under the long, hoary boughs of the venerable oaks which crest the summit, and clattered down the magnificent forest-avenues, whose budding foliage gave them little shelter from the passing April showers.

The view from the top is superb. The stately Thames curves through the plain below, which loses itself afar off in the mist; Greenwich, with its massive hospital, lies just at one's feet, and in a clear day the domes of London skirt the horizon. The wood of the Park is entirely oak—the

majestic, dignified, English oak—which covers, in picturesque clumps, the sides and summits of the two billowy hills. It must be a sweet place in summer, when the dark, massive foliage is heavy on every mossy arm, and the smooth and curving sward shines with thousands of field flowers.

Owing to the showers, the streets were coated with mud, of a consistence as soft and yielding as the most fleecy Persian carpet. Near the gate, boys were holding scores of donkeys, which they offered us at threepence for a ride of two miles. We walked down towards the river, and came at last to a group of tumblers, who with muddy hands and feet were throwing summersaults in the open street. I recognised them as old acquaintances of the Rue St. Antoine and the Champs Elysées; but the little boy who cried before, because he did not want to bend his head and feet into a ring, had learned his part better by this time, so that he went through it all without whimpering and came off with only a fiery red face. The exercises of the young gentlemen were of course very graceful and classic, and the effect of their *poses* of strength was very much heightened by the muddy foot-marks which they left on each other's orange-colored skins.

The centre of the square was occupied by swings, where some eight or ten boat-loads of persons were flying topsy-turvy into the air, making one giddy to look at them, and constant fearful shrieks arose from the female swingers, at finding themselves in a horizontal or inverted position, high above the ground. One of the machines was like a great wheel, with four cars attached, which mounted and descended with their motley freight. We got into a swinging

boat by way of experiment. The starting motion was pleasant, but very soon it flew with a swiftness and to a height rather alarming. I began to repent having chosen such a mode of amusement, but held on as well as I could, in my uneasy place. Presently we mounted until the long beam of the swing was horizontal; at one instant, I saw three young ladies below me, with their heads downward,—then I was turned heels up, looking at them. I was fast becoming sea-sick, when after a few minutes of such giddy soaring, the ropes were slackened and we all got out, looking somewhat pale, and feeling nervous, if nothing else.

There were also many great tents, hung with boughs and lighted with innumerable colored lamps, where the people danced their country dances in a choking cloud of dry sawdust. Conjurors and gymnastic performers were showing off on conspicuous platforms, and a continual sound of drums, cymbals and shrill trumpets called the attention of the crowd to some "Wonderful Exhibition"—some infant phenomenon, giant, or three-headed pig. A great part of the crowd belonged evidently to the worst classes of society, but the watchfulness of the police prevented any open disorder. We came away early and in a quarter of an hour were in busy London, leaving far behind us the revel and debauch, which was prolonged through the whole night.

London has the advantage of one of the most gloomy atmospheres in the world. During the opening spring weather, no light and scarcely any warmth can penetrate the dull, yellowish-gray mist, which incessantly hangs over the city. Sometimes at noon we had for an hour or two a sickly gleam of sunshine, but it was soon swallowed up by the smoke and

drizzling fog. The people carry umbrellas at all times, for the rain seems to drop spontaneously out of the very air, without waiting for the usual preparation of a gathering cloud. One day there was a genuine London fog—a specimen of November weather, as the people said. The streets were wrapped in a veil of dense mist, of a dirty yellow color, as if the air had suddenly grown thick and mouldy. The houses on the opposite sides of the street were invisible, and the gas-lamps, lighted in the shops, burned with a white and ghastly flame. Carriages ran together in the streets, and I was kept constantly on the look-out, lest some one should come suddenly out of the cloud around me, and we should meet with a shock like that of two knights at a tournament.

I led thus a misty, monotonous life for about six weeks, enlivened by an occasional visit to Mr. Murray or Mr. Putnam, or my kind friends at Chelsea, after which I returned to my room over the Aldgate Churchyard, the dreariness of which became pleasant after the annoyances of London streets at night. There is no city in the world where vice has so brazen a front, as in London. At last, on the 20th of April, I received a remittance of fifty dollars, and my friends, who had also replenished their funds, arrived from Paris two or three days afterwards. We immediately made preparations to return home, and succeeded in engaging passage in the *Victoria*, which was to sail on the 26th. The price of a passage in the second cabin was £12 10*s*., which included sailors' fare. Our funds were insufficient to pay the whole fare, after our final expenses in London had been defrayed; but Capt. Morgan. who was not so mistrustful as my Nor

man landlord, agreed that the rest should be paid on our arrival in New York. On the day of our departure, we took dinner, for the first time, at the coffee-house, and the fat landlord made us a pudding as round and puffy as his own face, in honor of the event. He desired me to write to him, which was the only act of familiarity he was guilty of. After dinner I heard the old Aldgate clock strike for the last time, and set out for St. Katharine's Docks overjoyed at the thought of returning home, and feeling satisfied that, now my pilgrimage in Europe was over, I had done all, and more than all, which I had set out to do.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RETURN HOME—HINTS FOR PEDESTRIANS.

Quarters on Ship-board—Passage through the Channel—Portsmouth—The Voyage Home—Excitement of Return—Landing—Land Sights and Scents—The Last Day of the Pilgrimage—Approaching Home—The Lighted Window—Requisites for a Pedestrian Journey—Travelling on Small Allowance—Cost of Sleeping—The Knapsack—Manner of Travel—Open-Air Life—A Pedestrian's Equipment—Books—Sketching—German Students—Companions—Ignorance concerning America—Hotels—Country Taverns—Passports—Funds—Personal Safety—Comparative Expense of Different Countries—Statement of my Expenses—Farewell.

We slid out of St. Katharine's Dock at noon on the appointed day, and with a pair of sooty steamboats hitched to our vessel, moved slowly down the Thames in mist and drizzling rain. I stayed on the wet deck all afternoon, that I might more forcibly and joyously feel we were again in motion on the waters and homeward bound! B—— and I, with two young Englishmen, took possession of a state-room of rough boards, lighted by a bull's-eye, which in stormy weather leaked so much that our trunks swam in water. A narrow mattress and blanket, with a knapsack for a pillow, formed a passable bed. A long entry between the rooms, lighted by a feeble swinging lamp, was filled with a board table,

around which the thirty-two second cabin passengers met to discuss politics and salt pork, favorable winds and hard sea-biscuit.

We lay becalmed opposite Sheerness the whole of the second day. At dusk a sudden squall came up, which drove us foaming towards the North Foreland. When I went on deck in the morning, we had passed Dover and Brighton, and the Isle of Wight was rising dim ahead of us. The low English coast on our right was bordered by long reaches of dazzling chalky sand, which glittered along the calm blue water. Gliding into the Bay of Portsmouth, we dropped anchor opposite the romantic town of Ryde, built on the sloping shore of the green Isle of Wight. Eight or nine vessels of the Experimental Squadron were anchored near us, and over the houses of Portsmouth, I saw the masts of the Victory—the flag-ship in the battle of Trafalgar, on board of which Nelson was killed. The wind was not strong enough to permit the passage of the Needles, so at midnight we succeeded in wearing back again into the channel, around the Isle of Wight. A head wind forced us to tack away towards the shore of France. We were twice in sight of the rocky coast of Brittany, near Cherbourg, but the misty promontory of Land's End was our last glimpse of the Old World.

We had the usual experience of an Atlantic voyage—pleasant weather for a week, a very severe gale for five days off the coast of Ireland, variable winds in mid-ocean, a calm on the Banks of Newfoundland, and a fresh breeze from the eastward, which failed us on the 31st of May, when but thirty-five miles from Sandy Hook. We lay there

all day in the fog, listening to the surf on the Long Island shore. A pilot who found us, gave us newspapers with the first account of the war with Mexico and the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. The next morning at sunrise we saw Sandy Hook; at eleven o'clock a tug-boat took hold of us, and at noon we were gliding up the Narrows, with the whole ship's company of four hundred persons on deck, gazing on the beautiful shores of Staten Island, and agreeing almost universally, that it was the most delightful scene they had ever looked upon.

I shall not attempt to describe the excitement of that afternoon. After thirty-seven days between sky and water, any shore would have been beautiful, but when that shore was Home, after we had been two years absent, during an age when time is always slow, it required a powerful effort to maintain any propriety of manner. The steward prepared a parting dinner, much better than any we had had at sea; but I tried in vain to eat. Never were trees such a glorious green as those around the Quarantine Buildings, where we lay to for half an hour, to be visited by the physician. The day was cloudy, and thick mist hung on the tops of the hills, but I felt as if I could never tire looking at the land.

At last we approached the city. It appeared smaller than when I left, but this might have been because I was habituated to the broad distances of the sea. Our scanty baggage was brought on deck, for the inspection of the custom-house officer, but we were neither annoyed nor delayed by the operation. The steamer by this time had taken us to the pier at Pine-street wharf, and the slight jar of the

vessel as she came alongside, sent a thrill of delight through our frames. But when finally the ladder was let down, and we sprang upon the pier, it was with an electric shock, as if of recognition from the very soil. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and we were glad that night was so near at hand. After such strong excitement as we had felt since morning, the prospect of rest was very attractive.

Life at sea sharpens one's sensibilities to the sounds and scents of land, in a very high degree. We noticed a difference in the atmosphere of different streets, and in the scent of leaves and grass, which a land friend who was with us failed entirely to distinguish. The next day, as we left New York, and in perfect exultation of spirit sped across New Jersey (which was never half so beautiful to our eyes), I could feel nothing but one continued sensation of the country—fragrant hay-field and wild clearing, garden and marshy hollow, and the cool shadow of the woodlands—I was by turns possessed with the spirit of them all. The twilight deepened as we passed down the Delaware; I stood on the promenade deck, and watched the evening star kindling through the cloudless flush of sunset, while the winds that came over the glassy river bore me the odor of long-remembered meadow flowers. We asked each other what there was in the twilights of Florence and Vallambrosa more delicious than this?

A night in neat, cheerful, home-like Philadelphia, whose dimensions were also a little shrunken in our eyes, and a glorious June morning broke on the last day of our pilgrimage. Again we were on the Delaware, pacing the deck in rapture at the green, luxuriant beauty of its shores. Is

it not worth years of absence, to learn how to love one's land as it should be loved? Two or three hours brought us to Wilmington, in Delaware, and within twelve miles of home. Now came the realization of a plan we had talked over a hundred times, to keep up our spirits when the weather was gloomy, or the journey lay through some waste of barren country. Our knapsacks, which had been laid down in Paris, were again taken up, slouched German hats substituted for our modern black cylinders, belt and blouse donned, and the pilgrim staff grasped for the rest of our journey. But it was part of our plan, that we should not reach home till after nightfall; we could not think of seeing any one we knew before those who were nearest to us; and so it was necessary to wait a few hours before starting.

The time came; that walk of three or four hours seemed longer than many a day's tramp of thirty miles, but every step of the way was familiar ground. The people we met stared, laughed, or looked suspiciously after us, but we were quite insensible to any observation. We only counted the fields, measured the distance from hill to hill, and watched the gradual decline of the broad, bright sun. It went down at last, and our homes were not far off. When the twilight grew deeper, we parted, each one of us thinking what an experience lay between that moment and the next morning. I took to the fields, plunged into a sea of dewy clover, and made for a light which began to glimmer as it grew darker. When I reached it, and looked with the most painful excitement through the window on the unsuspecting group within, there was not one face missing.

Although the narrative of my journey, "with knapsack and staff," is now strictly finished, a few more words of explanation seem necessary, to describe more fully the method of travelling which we adopted. I add them the more willingly, as it is my belief that many, whose circumstances are similar to mine, desire to undertake the same romantic journey. Some matter-of-fact statements may be to them useful as well as interesting.

To see Europe as a pedestrian requires little preparation, if the traveller is willing to forego some of the refinements of living to which he may have been accustomed, for the sake of the new and interesting fields of observation which will be opened to him. He must be content to sleep on hard beds, and partake of coarse fare; to undergo rudeness at times from the officers of the police and the porters of palaces and galleries; or to travel for hours in rain and storm without finding a shelter. The knapsack will at first be heavy upon the shoulders, the feet will be sore and the limbs weary with the day's walk, and sometimes the spirit will begin to flag under the general fatigue of body. This, however, soon passes over. In a week's time, if the pedestrian does not attempt too much on setting out, his limbs are stronger, and his gait more firm and vigorous; he lies down at night with a feeling of refreshing rest, sleeps with a soundness undisturbed by a single dream, that seems almost like death, if he has been accustomed to restless nights; and rises invigorated in heart and frame for the next day's journey. The coarse black bread of the peasant inns, with cheese no less coarse, and a huge mug of milk or the nourishing beer of Germany, have a relish to his keen

appetite, which excites his own astonishment. And if he is willing to regard all incivility and attempts at imposition as valuable lessons in the study of human nature, and to keep his temper and cheerfulness in any situation which may try them, he is prepared to walk through the whole of Europe, with more real pleasure to himself, and far more profit, than if he journeyed in style and enjoyed (?) the constant services of *couriers* and *valets de place.*

Should his means become unusually scant, he will find it possible to travel on an amazingly small pittance, and with more actual bodily comfort than would seem possible, to one who has not tried it. I was more than once obliged to walk a number of days in succession, on less than a franc a day, and found that the only drawback to my enjoyment was the fear that I might be without relief when this allowance should be exhausted. One observes, admires, wonders, and learns quite as extensively, under such circumstances, as if he had unlimited means.

The only expense that cannot be reduced at will, in Europe, is that for sleeping. You may live on a crust of bread a day, but lower than four cents for a bed you cannot go! In Germany this is the regular price paid by travelling journeymen, and no one need wish for a more comfortable resting-place than those massive boxes (when you have become accustomed to their shortness) with their coarse but clean linen sheets, and healthy mattresses of straw. In Italy the price varies from half a paul to a paul (ten cents), but a person somewhat familiar with the language would not often be asked more than the former price, for which he has a bed stuffed with corn-husks, large enough for at least three men.

I was asked in France, five sous in all the village inns, from Marseilles to Dieppe. The pedestrian cares far more for a good rest than for the quality of his fare, and a walk of thirty miles prepares him to find it, on the hardest couch. I usually rose before sunrise, and immediately began the day's journey, the cost of lodging having been paid the night before—a universal custom among the common inns, which are frequented by the peasantry. At the next village, I would buy a loaf of the hard brown bread, with some cheese, or butter, or whatever substantial addition could be made at trifling cost, and breakfast on a bank by the roadside, lying at full length on the dewy grass, and using my knapsack as a table. I might also mention that a leathern pouch, fastened on one side of this table, contained a knife and fork, and one or two solid tin boxes, for articles which could not be carried in the pocket. A similar pouch at the other side held pen and ink, and a small bottle, which was filled sometimes with the fresh water of the streams, and sometimes with the common country wine, which costs from three to six sous the quart.

After walking more than half the distance to be accomplished, with half an hour's rest, dinner would be made in the same manner, and while we rested the full hour allotted to the mid-day halt, guide-books would be examined, journals written, or a sketch made of the landscape. If it was during the cold, wet days of winter, we sought a rock, or sometimes the broad abutment of a chance bridge, upon which to lie; in summer, it mattered little whether we rested in sun or shade, under a bright or rainy sky. The vital energy which this life in the open air gives to the constitu-

tion, is remarkable. The very sensation of health and strength becomes a positive luxury, and the heart overflows with its buoyant exuberance of cheerfulness. Every breath of the fresh morning air was like a draught of some sparkling elixir, gifted with all the potency of the undiscovered Fountain of Youth. We felt pent and oppressed within the walls of a dwelling; it was far more agreeable to march in the face of a driving shower, under the beating of which the blood grew fresh and warm, than to sit by a dull fireplace waiting for it to cease. Although I had lived mainly upon a farm until the age of seventeen, and was accustomed to out-door exercise, I never before felt how much life one may draw from air and sunshine alone.

Thus, what at first was borne as a hardship, became at last an enjoyment, and there seemed to me no situation so extreme, that it did not possess some charm to my mind, which made me unwilling to shrink from the experience. Still, as one depth of endurance after another was reached, the words of Cicero would recur to me as encouragement—"Perhaps even *this* may hereafter be remembered with pleasure." Once only, while waiting six days at Lyons in gloomy weather and among harsh people, without a sous and with a strong doubt of receiving any relief, I became indifferent to what might happen, and would have passively met any change for the worse—as men who have been exposed to shipwreck for days, scarce make an effort to save themselves when the vessel strikes at last.

A few words in relation to a pedestrian's equipment may be of some practical value. It is best to take no more clothing than is absolutely required, as the traveller will not

desire to carry more than fifteen pounds on his back, knapsack included. A single suit of good dark cloth, with a supply of linen, will be amply sufficient. The strong linen blouse, confined by a leather belt, will protect it from the dust, and when this is thrown aside on entering a city, the traveller makes a very respectable appearance. The slouched hat of finely woven felt, is a delightful covering to the head, serving at the same time as umbrella or night cap, travelling dress or visiting costume. No one should neglect a good cane, which, besides its feeling of companionship, is equal to from three to five miles a day, and may serve as a defence against banditti, or savage Bohemian dogs. In the Alps, the tall staves, pointed with iron, and topped with a curved chamois horn, can be bought for a franc apiece, and are of great assistance in crossing ice-fields, or sustaining the weight of the body in descending steep and difficult passes.

An umbrella is inconvenient, unless it is short and may be strapped on the knapsack, but even then, an ample cape of oiled silk or India rubber cloth is far preferable. The pedestrian need not be particular in this respect; he will soon grow accustomed to an occasional drenching, and I am not sure that men, like plants, do not thrive under it, when they have outgrown the hot-house nature of civilization, in a life under the open heaven. A portfolio, capable of hard service, with a guide-book or two, pocket-compass and spy-glass, completes the contents of the knapsack, though if there is still a small corner to spare, I would recommend that it be filled with pocket editions of one or two of the good old English classics. It is a rare delight to sit down in the gloomy fastnesses of the Hartz, or in the breezy valleys of

Styria, and read the majestic measures of our glorious Saxon bards. Milton is first fully appreciated, when you look up from his page to the snowy ramparts of the Alps, which shut out all but the Heaven of whose beauty he sang; and all times and places are fitting for the universal Shakspeare. Chil le Harold bears such a glowing impress of the scenery on which Byron's eye has dwelt, that it spoke to me like the answering voice of a friend from the crag of Drachenfels, in the rushing of the arrowy Rhone, and beside the breathing marbles of the Vatican and the Capitol.

A little facility in sketching from nature is a most useful and delightful accomplishment for the pedestrian. He may bring away the features of wild and unvisited landscapes, the picturesque fronts of peasant cottages and wayside shrines, or the simple beauty of some mountain child, watching his herd of goats. Though having little knowledge and no practice in the art, I persevered in my awkward attempts, and was soon able to take a rough and rapid but tolerably correct outline of almost any scene. These memorials of two years of travel have now a value to me, which I would not exchange for the finest engravings, however they might excel in faithful representation. Another article of equipment which I had almost forgotten to mention, is a small bottle of the best Cognac, with which to bathe the feet, morning and evening, for the first week or two, or as long as they continue tender with the exercise. It was also very strengthening and refreshing, when the body was unusually weary with a long day's walking or climbing, to use as an external stimulant; for I never had occasion to apply it internally. Many of the German students wear a wicker flask, slung

over their shoulder, containing kirschwasser, which they mix with the water of the mountain streams, but this is not at all necessary to the traveller's health and comfort.

These students, with all their irregularities, are a noble, warm-hearted class, and make the best companions in the world. During the months of August and September, hundreds of them ramble through Switzerland and the Tyrol, extending their route sometimes to Venice and Rome. With their ardent love for every thing republican, they will always receive an American heartily, consecrate him as a *bursch*, and admit him to their fellowship. With the most of them, an economy of expense is part of the habit of their student-life, and they are only spendthrifts on the articles of beer and tobacco. A month's residence in Heidelberg, the most beautiful place in Germany, will serve to make the young American acquainted with their habits, and able to join them for an adventurous foot-journey, with the greatest advantage to himself.

We always accepted a companion, of whatever kind, while walking—from chimney-sweeps to barons. In a strange country one can learn something from every peasant, and we neglected no opportunity, not only to obtain information, but to impart it. We found every where great curiosity respecting America, and we were always glad to tell them all they wished to know. In Germany, we were generally taken for Germans from some part of the country where the dialect was a little different, or, if they remarked our foreign peculiarities, they supposed we were either Poles, Russians, or Swiss. The greatest ignorance in relation to America, prevails among the common people. They imagine we are a

savage race, without intelligence and almost without law. Persons of education, who had some slight knowledge of our history, showed a curiosity to know something of our political condition. They are taught by the German newspapers (which are under a strict censorship in this respect) to look only at the evil in our country, and they almost invariably began by adverting to Slavery and Repudiation. While we admitted, often with shame and mortification, the existence of things so inconsistent with true republicanism, we endeavored to make them comprehend the advantages enjoyed by the free citizen—the complete equality of birth—which places America, despite her faults, far above any other nation on earth.

In large cities we always preferred to take the second or third-rate hotels, which are generally visited by merchants and persons who travel on business; for, with the same comforts as those of the first rank, they are nearly twice as cheap. A traveller, with a guide-book and a good pair of eyes, can also dispense with the services of a *courier*, whose duty it is to conduct strangers about the city, from one lion to another. We chose rather to find out and view the sights at our leisure. In small villages, where we were often obliged to stop, we chose the best hotels, which, particularly in Northern Germany and in Italy, are none too good. But if it was a *post*, that is, a town where the post-chaise stops to change horses, we usually avoided the post-hotel, where one must pay high for having curtains before his windows and a more elegant cover on his bed. In the country taverns we always found neat, comfortable lodging, and a pleasant, friendly reception from the people. They

saluted us, on entering, with "Be you welcome," and on leaving, wished us a pleasant journey and good fortune. The host, when he brought us supper or breakfast, lifted his cap, and wished us a good appetite—and when he lighted us to our chambers, left us with "May you sleep well!" We generally found honest, friendly people; they delighted in telling us about the country around; what ruins there were in the neighborhood—and what strange legends were connected with them. The only part of Europe where it is unpleasant to travel in this manner, is Bohemia. We could scarcely find a comfortable inn; the people all spoke an unknown language, and were not particularly celebrated for their honesty. Beside this, travellers rarely go on foot in those regions; we were frequently taken for travelling handwerker, and subjected to imposition.

With regard to passports, although they were vexatious and often expensive, we found little difficulty when we had acquainted ourselves with the regulations concerning them. In France and Germany they are comparatively little trouble; in Italy they are the traveller's greatest annoyance. Americans are treated with less strictness, in this respect, than citizens of other nations, and, owing to the absence of rank among us, they also enjoy greater advantages of acquaintance and intercourse.

The expenses of travelling in England, although much greater than in our own country, may, as we learned by experience, be brought, through economy, within the same compass. Indeed, it is my belief, from observation, that with few exceptions, throughout Europe, where a traveller enjoys the same comfort and abundance as in America, he

must pay the same prices. The principal difference is, that he only pays for what he gets, so that, if he be content with the necessities of life, without its luxuries, the expense is in proportion.

The best coin for the traveller's purpose, is English gold, which passes at a considerable premium on the Continent, and is readily accepted at all the principal hotels. Having to earn my means as I went along, I was obliged to have money forwarded in small remittances, generally in drafts on the house of Hottingeur & Co., in Paris, which could be cashed in any large city of Europe. If only a short tour is intended, and the pedestrian's means are limited, he may easily carry the necessary amount with him. There is little danger of robbery for those who journey in such an humble style. I never lost a single article in this manner, and rarely had any feeling but that of perfect security. No part of our own country is safer in this respect than Germany, Switzerland or France. Italy still bears an unfortunate reputation for honesty; the defiles of the Apennines and the hollows of the Roman Campagna are haunted by banditti, and persons who travel in their own carriages are often plundered. I saw the caves and hiding-places of these outlaws among the evergreen shrubbery, in the pass of Monte Somma, near Spoleto. A Swedish gentleman in Rome told me that he had walked from Ancona, through the mountains to the Eternal City, partly by night, but that, although he met with many suspicious faces, he was not disturbed in any way. An English artist of my acquaintance walked from Leghorn along the Tuscan and Tyrrhene coast to Civita Vecchia, through a barren and savage district, overgrown

with aloes and cork-trees, without experiencing any trouble, except from the extreme curiosity of the ignorant inhabitants. The fastnesses of the Abruzzi have been explored with like facility by daring pedestrians; indeed, the sight of a knapsack seems to serve as a free passport with all highwaymen.

I have given, at times, through the foregoing chapters, the cost of portions of my journey and residence in various cities of Europe. The cheapest country for travelling, as far as my experience extended, is Southern Germany, where one *can* travel comfortably on twenty-five cents a day. Italy and the south of France come next in order, and are but little more expensive; then follow Switzerland and Northern Germany, and lastly, Great Britain. The cheapest city, and one of the pleasantest in the world, is Florence, where we breakfasted on five cents, dined sumptuously on twelve, and went to a good opera for ten. A man would find no difficulty in spending a year there, for about $250. This fact may be of some importance to those whose health requires such a stay, yet are kept back from attempting the voyage through fear of the expense. Counting the passage to Leghorn at fifty or sixty dollars, it will be seen how little is necessary for a year's enjoyment of the sweet atmosphere of Italy. In addition to these particulars, the following connected statement of my expenses, will better show the *minimum* cost of a two years' pilgrimage.

Voyage to Liverpool, in the second cabin,	$24 00
Three weeks' travel in Ireland and Scotland,	25 00
A week in London, at three shillings a day,	4 50
From London to Heidelberg,	15 00
Amount carried over,	$68 50

Amount brought forward, . .	$68 50
A month at Heidelberg, and trip to Frankfort,	20 00
Seven months in Frankfort, at $10 per month, . .	70 00
Fuel, passports, excursions and other expenses, . .	30 00
Tour through Cassel, the Hartz, Saxony, Austria, Bavaria, &c.,	40 00
A month in Frankfort, ...	10 00
From Frankfort through Switzerland, and over the Alps to Milan,	15 00
From Milan to Genoa, ...	60
Expenses from Genoa to Florence, ...	14 00
Four months in Florence, ...	50 00
Eight days' journey from Florence to Rome, two weeks in Rome, voyage to Marseilles, and journey to Paris, . .	40 00
Five weeks in Paris, ...	15 00
From Paris to London, ...	8 00
Six weeks in London, at three shillings a day, . .	31 00
Passage home, ...	60 00
	$472 10

The cost for places of amusement, guides' fees, and other small expenses, not included in this list, increase the sum total to $500, for which I made the tour, and for which others may make it. May the young reader, whom this book has encouraged to attempt the same pilgrimage, meet with equal kindness on his way, and come home as well repaid for his labors!

THE END.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

AND

TALES OF HOME

BY

BAYARD TAYLOR

AUTHOR'S REVISED EDITION

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BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A STORY OF OLD RUSSIA.

I.

E are about to relate a story of mingled fact and fancy. The facts are borrowed from the Russian author, Petjerski; the fancy is our own. Our task will chiefly be to soften the outlines of incidents almost too sharp and rugged for literary use, to supply them with the necessary coloring and sentiment, and to give a coherent and proportioned shape to the irregular fragments of an old chronicle. We know something, from other sources, of the customs described, something of the character of the people from personal observation, and may therefore the more freely take such liberties as we choose with the rude, vigorous sketches of the Russian original. One who happens to have read the work of Villebois can easily comprehend the existence of a state of society, on the banks

of the Volga, a hundred years ago, which is now impossible, and will soon become incredible. What is strangest in our narrative has been declared to be true.

II.

We are in Kinesma, a small town on the Volga, between Kostroma and Nijni-Novgorod. The time is about the middle of the last century, and the month October.

There was trouble one day, in the palace of Prince Alexis, of Kinesma. This edifice, with its massive white walls, and its pyramidal roofs of green copper, stood upon a gentle mound to the eastward of the town, overlooking it, a broad stretch of the Volga, and the opposite shore. On a similar hill, to the westward, stood the church, glittering with its dozen bulging, golden domes. These two establishments divided the sovereignty of Kinesma between them. Prince Alexis owned the bodies of the inhabitants, (with the exception of a few merchants and tradesmen,) and the Archimandrite Sergius owned their souls. But the shadow of the former stretched also over other villages, far beyond the ring of the wooded horizon. The number of his serfs was ten thousand, and his rule over them was even less disputed than theirs over their domestic animals.

The inhabitants of the place had noticed with dismay that the slumber-flag had not been hoisted on the castle, although it was half an hour after the usual time. So rare a circumstance betokened sudden wrath or disaster,

on the part of Prince Alexis. Long experience had prepared the people for anything that might happen, and they were consequently not astonished at the singular event which presently transpired.

The fact is, that in the first place, the dinner had been prolonged full ten minutes beyond its accustomed limit, owing to a discussion between the Prince, his wife, the Princess Martha, and their son Prince Boris. The last was to leave for St. Petersburg in a fortnight, and wished to have his departure preceded by a festival at the castle. The Princess Martha was always ready to second the desires of her only child. Between the two they had pressed some twenty or thirty thousand rubles out of the old Prince, for the winter diversions of the young one. The festival, to be sure, would have been a slight expenditure for a noble of such immense wealth as Prince Alexis; but he never liked his wife, and he took a stubborn pleasure in thwarting her wishes. It was no satisfaction that Boris resembled her in character. That weak successor to the sovereignty of Kinesma preferred a game of cards to a bear hunt, and could never drink more than a quart of vodki without becoming dizzy and sick.

"Ugh!" Prince Alexis would cry, with a shudder of disgust, "the whelp barks after the dam!"

A state dinner he might give; but a festival, with dances, dramatic representations, burning tar-barrels, and cannon,—no! He knitted his heavy brows and drank deeply, and his fiery gray eyes shot such incessant glances from side to side that Boris and the Princess Martha

could not exchange a single wink of silent advice. The pet bear, Mishka, plied with strong wines, which Prince Alexis poured out for him into a golden basin, became at last comically drunk, and in endeavoring to execute a dance, lost his balance, and fell at full length on his back.

The Prince burst into a yelling, shrieking fit of laughter. Instantly the yellow-haired serfs in waiting, the Calmucks at the hall-door, and the half-witted dwarf who crawled around the table in his tow shirt, began laughing in chorus, as violently as they could. The Princess Martha and Prince Boris laughed also; and while the old man's eyes were dimmed with streaming tears of mirth, quickly exchanged nods. The sound extended all over the castle, and was heard outside of the walls.

"Father!" said Boris, "let us have the festival, and Mishka shall perform again. Prince Paul of Kostroma would strangle, if he could see him."

"Good, by St. Vladimir!" exclaimed Prince Alexis. "Thou shalt have it, my Borka!* Where's Simon Petrovitch? May the Devil scorch that vagabond, if he doesn't do better than the last time! Sasha!"

A broad-shouldered serf stepped forward and stood with bowed head.

"Lock up Simon Petrovitch in the southwestern tower. Send the tailor and the girls to him, to learn their parts. Search every one of them before they go in and if any one dares to carry vodki to the beast, twenty five lashes on the back!"

* Little Boris

Sasha bowed again and departed. Simon Petrovitch was the court-poet of Kinesma. He had a mechanical knack of preparing allegorical diversions which suited the conventional taste of society at that time; but he had also a failing,—he was rarely sober enough to write. Prince Alexis, therefore, was in the habit of locking him up and placing a guard over him, until the inspiration had done its work. The most comely young serfs of both sexes were selected to perform the parts, and the court-tailor arranged for them the appropriate dresses. It depended very much upon accident—that is to say, the mood of Prince Alexis—whether Simon Petrovitch was rewarded with stripes or rubles.

The matter thus settled, the Prince rose from the table and walked out upon an overhanging balcony, where an immense reclining arm-chair of stuffed leather was ready for his siesta. He preferred this indulgence in the open air; and although the weather was rapidly growing cold, a pelisse of sables enabled him to slumber sweetly in the face of the north wind. An attendant stood with the pelisse outspread; another held the hal yards to which was attached the great red slumber-flag, ready to run it up and announce to all Kinesma that the noises of the town must cease; a few seconds more, and all things would have been fixed in their regular daily courses. The Prince, in fact, was just straightening his shoulders to receive the sables; his eyelids were dropping, and his eyes, sinking mechanically with them, fell upon the river-road, at the foot of the hill. Along this

road walked a man, wearing the long cloth caftan of a merchant.

Prince Alexis started, and all slumber vanished out of his eyes. He leaned forward for a moment, with a quick, eager expression; then a loud roar, like that of an enraged wild beast, burst from his mouth. He gave a stamp that shook the balcony.

"Dog!" he cried to the trembling attendent, "my cap! my whip!"

The sables fell upon the floor, the cap and whip appeared in a twinkling, and the red slumber-flag was folded up again for the first time in several years, as the Prince stormed out of the castle. The traveller below had heard the cry,—for it might have been heard half a mile. He seemed to have a presentiment of evil, for he had already set off towards the town at full speed.

To explain the occurence, we must mention one of the Prince's many peculiar habits. This was, to invite strangers or merchants of the neighborhood to dine with him, and, after regaling them bountifully, to take his pay in subjecting them to all sorts of outrageous tricks, with the help of his band of willing domestics. Now this particular merchant had been invited, and had attended; but, being a very wide-awake, shrewd person, he saw what was coming, and dexterously slipped away from the banquet without being perceived. The Prince vowed vengeance, on discovering the escape, and he was not a man to forget his word.

Impelled by such opposite passions, both parties ran

with astonishing speed. The merchant was the taller but his long caftan, hastily ungirdled, swung behind him and dragged in the air. The short, booted legs of the Prince beat quicker time, and he grasped his short, heavy, leathern whip more tightly as he saw the space diminishing. They dashed into the town of Kinesma a hundred yards apart. The merchant entered the main street, or bazaar, looking rapidly to right and left, as he ran, in the hope of espying some place of refuge. The terrible voice behind him cried,—

"Stop, scoundrel! I have a crow to pick with you!"

And the tradesmen in their shops looked on and laughed, as well they might, being unconcerned spectators of the fun. The fugitive, therefore, kept straight on, notwithstanding a pond of water glittered across the farther end of the street.

Although Prince Alexis had gained considerably in the race, such violent exercise, after a heavy dinner, deprived him of breath. He again cried,—

"Stop!"

"But the merchant answered,—

"No, Highness! You may come to me, but I will not go to you"

"Oh, the villian!" growled the Prince, in a hoarse whisper, for he had no more voice.

The pond cut of all further pursuit. Hastily kicking off his loose boots, the merchant plunged into the water, rather than encounter the princely whip, which already began to crack and snap in fierce anticipation. Prince

Alexis kicked off his boots and followed ; the pond gradually deepened, and in a minute the tall merchant stood up to his chin in the icy water, and his short pursuer likewise but out of striking distance. The latter coaxed and entreated, but the victim kept his ground.

"You lie, Highness!" he said, boldly. "If you want me, come to me."

"Ah-h-h!" roared the Prince, with chattering teeth, "what a stubborn rascal you are! Come here, and I give you my word that I will not hurt you. Nay,"—seeing that the man did not move,—"you shall dine with me as often as you please. You shall be my friend ; by St. Vladimir, I like you!"

"Make the sign of the cross, and swear it by all the Saints," said the merchant, composedly.

With a grim smile on his face, the Prince stepped back and shiveringly obeyed. Both then waded out, sat down upon the ground and pulled on their boots ; and presently the people of Kinesma beheld the dripping pair walking side by side up the street, conversing in the most cordial manner. The merchant dried his clothes *from within*, at the castle table ; a fresh keg of old Cognac was opened ; and although the slumber-flag was not unfurled that afternoon, it flew from the staff and hushed the town nearly all the next day.

III.

THE festival granted on behalf of Prince Boris was one of the grandest ever given at the castle. In charac

ter it was a singular cross between the old Muscovite revel and the French entertainments which were then introduced by the Empress Elizabeth. All the nobility, for fifty versts around, including Prince Paul and the chief families of Kostroma, were invited. Simon Petrovitch had been so carefully guarded that his work was actually completed and the parts distributed; his superintendence of the performance, however, was still a matter of doubt, as it was necessary to release him from the tower, and after several days of forced abstinence he always manifested a raging appetite. Prince Alexis, in spite of this doubt, had been assured by Boris that the dramatic part of the entertainment would not be a failure. When he questioned Sasha, the poet's strong-shouldered guard, the latter winked familiarly and answered with a proverb,—

"I sit on the shore and wait for the wind,"—which was as much as to say that Sasha had little fear of the result.

The tables were spread in the great hall, where places for one hundred chosen guests were arranged on the floor, while the three or four hundred of minor importance were provided for in the galleries above. By noon the whole party were assembled. The halls and passages of the castle were already permeated with rich and unctuous smells, and a delicate nose might have picked out and arranged, by their finer or coarser vapors, the dishes preparing for the upper and lower tables. One of the parasites of Prince Alexis, a dilapidated nobleman, officiated as Grand Marshal,—an office which more than com

pensated for the savage charity he received, for it was performed in continual fear and trembling. The Prince had felt the stick of the Great Peter upon his own back, and was ready enough to imitate any custom of the famous monarch.

An orchestra, composed principally of horns and brass instruments, occupied a separate gallery at one end of the dining-hall. The guests were assembled in the adjoining apartments, according to their rank; and when the first loud blast of the instruments announced the beginning of the banquet, two very differently attired and freighted processions of servants made their appearance at the same time. Those intended for the princely table numbered two hundred,—two for each guest. They were the handsomest young men among the ten thousand serfs, clothed in loose white trousers and shirts of pink or lilac silk; their soft golden hair, parted in the middle, fell upon their shoulders, and a band of gold-thread about the brow prevented it from sweeping the dishes they carried. They entered the reception-room, bearing huge trays of sculptured silver, upon which were anchovies, the finest Finnish caviar, sliced oranges, cheese, and crystal flagons of Cognac, rum, and *kümmel.* There were fewer servants for the remaining guests, who were gathered in a separate chamber, and regaled with the common black caviar, onions, bread, and vodki. At the second blast of trumpets, the two companies set themselves in motion and entered the dining-hall at opposite ends. Our business, however, is only with the principal personages, so we will

allow the common crowd quietly to mount to the galleries and satisfy their senses with the coarser viands, while their imagination is stimulated by the sight of the splendor and luxury below.

Prince Alexis entered first, with a pompous, mincing gait, leading the Princess Martha by the tips of her fingers. He wore a caftan of green velvet laced with gold, a huge vest of crimson brocade, and breeches of yellow satin. A wig, resembling clouds boiling in the confluence of opposing winds, surged from his low, broad forehead, and flowed upon his shoulders. As his small, fiery eyes swept the hall, every servant trembled: he was as severe at the commencement as he was reckless at the close of a banquet. The Princess Martha wore a robe of pink satin embroidered with flowers made of small pearls, and a train and head-dress of crimson velvet. Her emeralds were the finest outside of Moscow, and she wore them all. Her pale, weak, frightened face was quenched in the dazzle of the green fires which shot from her forehead, ears, and bosom, as she moved.

Prince Paul of Kostroma and the Princess Nadejda followed; but on reaching the table, the gentlemen took their seats at the head, while the ladies marched down to the foot. Their seats were determined by their relative rank, and woe to him who was so ignorant or so absent-minded as to make a mistake! The servants had been carefully trained in advance by the Grand Marshal; and whoever took a place above his rank or importance found, when he came to sit down, that his chair had miraculously

disappeared, or, not noticing the fact, seated himself absurdly and violently upon the floor. The Prince at the head of the table, and the Princess at the foot, with their nearest guests of equal rank, ate from dishes of massive gold; the others from silver. As soon as the last of the company had entered the hall, a crowd of jugglers, tumblers, dwarfs, and Calmucks followed, crowding themselves into the corners under the galleries, where they awaited the conclusion of the banquet to display their tricks, and scolded and pummelled each other in the mean time.

On one side of Prince Alexis the bear Mishka took his station. By order of Prince Boris he had been kept from wine for several days, and his small eyes were keener and hungrier than usual. As he rose now and then, impatiently, and sat upon his hind legs, he formed a curious contrast to the Prince's other supporter, the idiot, who sat also in his tow-shirt, with a large pewter basin in his hand. It was difficult to say whether the beast was most man or the man most beast. They eyed each other and watched the motions of their lord with equal jealousy; and the dismal whine of the bear found an echo in the drawling, slavering laugh of the idiot. The Prince glanced from one to the other; they put him in a capital humor, which was not lessened as he perceived an expression of envy pass over the face of Prince Paul.

The dinner commenced with a *botvinia*—something between a soup and a salad—of wonderful composition. It contained cucumbers, cherries, salt fish, melons, bread,

salt, pepper, and wine. While it was being served, four huge fishermen, dressed to represent mermen of the Volga, naked to the waist, with hair crowned with reeds, legs finned with silver tissue from the knees downward, and preposterous scaly tails, which dragged helplessly upon the floor, entered the hall, bearing a broad, shallow tank of silver. In the tank flapped and swam four superb sterlets, their ridgy backs rising out of the water like those of alligators. Great applause welcomed this new and classical adaptation of the old custom of showing the *living* fish, before cooking them, to the guests at the table. The invention was due to Simon Petrovitch, and was (if the truth must be confessed) the result of certain carefully measured supplies of brandy which Prince Boris himself had carried to the imprisoned poet.

After the sterlets had melted away to their backbones, and the roasted geese had shrunk into drumsticks and breastplates, and here and there a guest's ears began to redden with more rapid blood, Prince Alexis judged that the time for diversion had arrived. He first filled up the idiot's basin with fragments of all the dishes within his reach,—fish, stewed fruits, goose fat, bread, boiled cabbage, and beer,—the idiot grinning with delight all the while, and singing, "*Ne uyesjaï golubchik moï*," (Don't go away, my little pigeon), between the handfuls which he crammed into his mouth. The guests roared with laughter, especially when a juggler or Calmuck stole out from under the gallery, and pretended to have designs upon the basin. Mishka, the bear, had also been well fed, and greedily

drank ripe old Malaga from the golden dish. But, alas! he would not dance. Sitting up on his hind legs, with his fore paws hanging before him, he cast a drunken, languishing eye upon the company, lolled out his tongue, and whined with an almost human voice. The domestics, secretly incited by the Grand Marshal, exhausted their ingenuity in coaxing him, but in vain. Finally, one of them took a goblet of wine in one hand, and, embracing Mishka with the other, began to waltz. The bear stretched out his paw and clumsily followed the movements, whirling round and round after the enticing goblet. The orchestra struck up, and the spectacle, though not exactly what Prince Alexis wished, was comical enough to divert the company immensely.

But the close of the performance was not upon the programme. The impatient bear, getting no nearer his goblet, hugged the man violently with the other paw, striking his claws through the thin shirt. The dance-measure was lost; the legs of the two tangled, and they fell to the floor, the bear undermost. With a growl of rage and disappointment, he brought his teeth together through the man's arm, and it might have fared badly with the latter, had not the goblet been refilled by some one and held to the animal's nose. Then, releasing his hold, he sat up again, drank another bottle, and staggered out of the hall.

Now the health of Prince Alexis was drunk,—by the guests on the floor of the hall in Champagne, by those in the galleries in *kislischi* and hydromel. The orchestra

played ; a choir of serfs sang an ode by Simon Petrovitch, in which the departure of Prince Boris was mentioned ; the tumblers began to posture ; the jugglers came forth and played their tricks ; and the cannon on the ramparts announced to all Kinesma, and far up and down the Volga, that the company were rising from the table.

Half an hour later, the great red slumber-flag floated over the castle. All slept,—except the serf with the wounded arm, the nervous Grand Marshal, and Simon Petrovich with his band of dramatists, guarded by the indefatigable Sasha. All others slept,—and the curious crowd outside, listening to the music, stole silently away ; down in Kinesma, the mothers ceased to scold their children, and the merchants whispered to each other in the bazaar ; the captains of vessels floating on the Volga directed their men by gestures ; the mechanics laid aside hammer and axe, and lighted their pipes. Great silence fell upon the land, and continued unbroken so long as Prince Alexis and his guests slept the sleep of the just and the tipsy.

By night, however, they were all awake and busily preparing for the diversions of the evening. The ball-room was illuminated by thousands of wax-lights, so connected with inflammable threads, that the wicks could all be kindled in a moment. A pyramid of tar-barrels had been erected on each side of the castle-gate, and every hill or mound on the opposite bank of the Volga was similarly crowned. When, to a stately march,—the musicians blowing their loudest,—Prince Alexis and Princess Martha led the way to the ball-room, the signal was given : candles

and tar-barrels burst into flame, and not only within the castle, but over the landscape for five or six versts, around everything was bright and clear in the fiery day. Then the noises of Kinesma were not only permitted, but encouraged. Mead and *qvass* flowed in the very streets, and the castle trumpets could not be heard for the sound of *troikas* and *balalaïkas*.

After the Polonaise, and a few stately minuets, (copied from the court of Elizabeth), the company were ushered into the theatre. The hour of Simon Petrovitch had struck: with the inspiration smuggled to him by Prince Boris, he had arranged a performance which he felt to be his masterpiece. Anxiety as to its reception kept him sober. The overture had ceased, the spectators were all in their seats, and now the curtain rose. The background was a growth of enormous, sickly toad-stools, supposed to be clouds. On the stage stood a girl of eighteen, (the handsomest in Kinesma), in hoops and satin petticoat, powdered hair, patches, and high-heeled shoes. She held a fan in one hand, and a bunch of marigolds in the other. After a deep and graceful curtsy to the company, she came forward and said,—

"I am the goddess Venus. I have come to Olympus to ask some questions of Jupiter."

Thunder was heard, and a car rolled upon the stage. Jupiter sat therein, in a blue coat, yellow vest, ruffled shirt and three-cornered hat. One hand held a bunch of thunderbolts, which he occasionally lifted and shook; the other, a gold-headed cane.

"Here am, I Jupiter," said he; "what does Venus desire?"

A poetical dialogue then followed, to the effect that the favorite of the goddess, Prince Alexis of Kinesma, was about sending his son, Prince Boris, into the gay world, wherein himself had already displayed all the gifts of all the divinities of Olympus. He claimed from her, Venus, like favors for his son: was it possible to grant them? Jupiter dropped his head and meditated. He could not answer the question at once: Apollo, the Graces, and the Muses must be consulted: there were few precedents where the son had succeeded in rivalling the father,—yet the father's pious wishes could not be overlooked.

Venus said,—

"What I asked for Prince Alexis was for *his* sake what I ask for the son is for the father's sake."

Jupiter shook his thunderbolt and called "Apollo!"

Instantly the stage was covered with explosive and coruscating fires,—red, blue, and golden,—and amid smoke, and glare, and fizzing noises, and strong chemical smells, Apollo dropped down from above. He was accustomed to heat and smoke, being the cook's assistant, and was sweated down to a weight capable of being supported by the invisible wires. He wore a yellow caftan, and wide blue silk trousers. His yellow hair was twisted around and glued fast to gilded sticks, which stood out from his head in a circle, and represented rays of light. He first bowed to Prince Alexis, then to the guests, then to Jupiter, then to Venus. The matter was explained to him

He promised to do what he could towards favoring the world with a second generation of the beauty, grace, intellect, and nobility of character which had already won his regard. He thought, however, that their gifts were unnecessary, since the model was already in existence, and nothing more could be done than to *imitate* it.

(Here there was another meaning bow towards Prince Alexis,—a bow in which Jupiter and Venus joined. This was the great point of the evening, in the opinion of Simon Petrovitch. He peeped through a hole in one of the clouds, and, seeing the delight of Prince Alexis and the congratulations of his friends, immediately took a large glass of Cognac).

The Graces were then summoned, and after them the Muses,—all in hoops, powder, and paint. Their songs had the same burden,—intense admiration of the father, and good-will for the son, underlaid with a delicate doubt. The close was a chorus of all the deities and semi-deities in praise of the old Prince, with the accompaniment of fireworks. Apollo rose through the air like a frog, with his blue legs and yellow arms wide apart; Jupiter's chariot rolled off; Venus bowed herself back against a mouldy cloud; and the Muses came forward in a bunch, with a wreath of laurel, which they placed upon the venerated head.

Sasha was dispatched to bring the poet, that he might receive his well-earned praise and reward. But alas for Simon Petrovitch? His legs had already doubled under him. He was awarded fifty rubles and a new caftan,

which he was not in a condition to accept until several days afterward.

The supper which followed resembled the dinner, except that there were fewer dishes and more bottles. When the closing course of sweatmeats had either been consumed or transferred to the pockets of the guests, the Princess Martha retired with the ladies. The guests of lower rank followed; and there remained only some fifteen or twenty, who were thereupon conducted by Prince Alexis to a smaller chamber, where he pulled off his coat, lit his pipe, and called for brandy. The others followed his example, and their revelry wore out the night.

Such was the festival which preceded the departure of Prince Boris for St. Petersburg.

IV.

Before following the young Prince and his fortunes, in the capital, we must relate two incidents which somewhat disturbed the ordered course of life in the castle of Kinesma, during the first month or two after his departure.

It must be stated, as one favorable trait in the character of Prince Alexis, that, however brutally he treated his serfs, he allowed no other man to oppress them. All they had and were—their services, bodies, lives—belonged to him; hence injustice towards them was disrespect towards their lord. Under the fear which his barbarity inspired lurked a brute-like attachment, kept alive by the recognition of this quality.

One day it was reported to him that Gregor, a merchant in the bazaar at Kinesma, had cheated the wife of one of his serfs in the purchase of a piece of cloth. Mounting his horse, he rode at once to Gregor's booth, called for the cloth, and sent the entire piece to the woman, in the merchant's name, as a confessed act of reparation.

"Now, Gregor, my child," said he, as he turned his horse's head, "have a care in future, and play me no more dishonest tricks. Do you hear? I shall come and take your business in hand myself, if the like happens again."

Not ten days passed before the like—or something fully as bad—*did* happen. Gregor must have been a new comer in Kinesma, or he would not have tried the experiment. In an hour from the time it was announced, Prince Alexis appeared in the bazaar with a short whip under his arm.

He dismounted at the booth with an ironical smile on his face, which chilled the very marrow in the merchant's bones.

"Ah, Gregor, my child," he shouted, "you have already forgotten my commands. Holy St. Nicholas, what a bad memory the boy has! Why, he can't be trusted to do business: I must attend to the shop myself. Out of the way! march!"

He swung his terrible whip; and Gregor, with his two assistants, darted under the counter, and made their escape. The Prince then entered the booth, took up a yard-stick, and cried out in a voice which could be heard from one end of the town to the other,—"Ladies and

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gentlemen, have the kindness to come and examine our stock of goods! We have silks and satins, and all kinds of ladies' wear; also velvet, cloth, cotton, and linen for the gentlemen. Will your Lordships deign to choose? Here are stockings and handkerchiefs of the finest. We understand how to measure, your Lordships, and we sell cheap. We give no change, and take no small money. Whoever has no cash may have credit. Every thing sold below cost, on account of closing up the establishment. Ladies and gentlemen, give us a call?"

Everybody in Kinesma flocked to the booth, and for three hours Prince Alexis measured and sold, either for scant cash or long credit, until the last article had been disposed of and the shelves were empty. There was great rejoicing in the community over the bargains made that day. When all was over, Gregor was summoned, and the cash received paid into his hands.

"It won't take you long to count it," said the Prince; but here is a list of debts to be collected, which will furnish you with pleasant occupation, and enable you to exercise your memory. Would your Worship condescend to take dinner to-day with your humble assistant? He would esteem it a favor to be permitted to wait upon you with whatever his poor house can supply."

Gregor gave a glance at the whip under the Prince's arm, and begged to be excused. But the latter would take no denial, and carried out the comedy to the end by giving the merchant the place of honor at his table, and dismissing him with the present of a fine pup of his

favorite breed. Perhaps the animal acted as a mnemonic symbol, for Gregor was never afterwards accused of forgetfulness.

If this trick put the Prince in a good humor, something presently occurred which carried him to the opposite extreme. While taking his customary siesta one afternoon, a wild young fellow—one of his noble poor relations, who "sponged" at the castle—happened to pass along a corridor outside of the very hall where his Highness was snoring. Two ladies in waiting looked down from an upper window. The young fellow perceived them, and made signs to attract their attention. Having succeeded in this, he attempted, by all sorts of antics and grimaces, to make them laugh or speak; but he failed, for the slumber-flag waved over them, and its fear was upon them. Then, in a freak of incredible rashness, he sang, in a loud voice, the first line of a popular ditty, and took to his heels.

No one had ever before dared to insult the sacred quiet. The Prince was on his feet in a moment, and rushed into the corridor, (dropping his mantle of sables by the way,) shouting.—

"Bring me the wretch who sang!"

The domestics scattered before him, for his face was terrible to look upon. Some of them had heard the voice, indeed, but not one of them had seen the culprit, who already lay upon a heap of hay in one of the stables, and appeared to be sunk in innocent sleep.

"Who was it? who was it?" yelled the Prince, foam

ing at the mouth with rage, as he rushed from chamber to chamber.

At last he halted at the top of the great flight of steps leading into the court-yard, and repeated his demand in a voice of thunder. The servants, trembling, kept at a safe distance, and some of them ventured to state that the offender could not be discovered. The Prince turned and entered one of the state apartments, whence came the sound of porcelain smashed on the floor, and mirrors shivered on the walls. Whenever they heard that sound, the immates of the castle knew that a hurricane was let loose.

They deliberated hurriedly and anxiously. What was to be done? In his fits of blind animal rage, there was nothing of which the Prince was not capable, and the fit could be allayed only by finding a victim. No one, however, was willing to be a Curtius for the others, and meanwhile the storm was increasing from minute to minute. Some of the more active and shrewd of the household pitched upon the leader of the band, a simple-minded, good-natured serf, named Waska. They entreated him to take upon himself the crime of having sung, offering to have his punishment mitigated in every possible way. He was proof against their tears, but not against the money which they finally offered, in order to avert the storm. The agreement was made, although Waska both scratched his head and shook it, as he reflected upon the probable result.

The Prince, after his work of destruction, again ap-

peared upon the steps, and with hoarse voice and flashing eyes, began to announce that every soul in the castle should receive a hundred lashes, when a noise was heard in the court, and amid cries of "Here he is!" "We've got him, Highness!" the poor Waska, bound hand and foot, was brought forward. They placed him at the bottom of the steps. The Prince descended until the two stood face to face. The others looked on from court-yard, door, and window. A pause ensued, during which no one dared to breathe.

At last Prince Alexis spoke, in a loud and terrible voice—

"It was you who sang it?"

"Yes, your Highness, it was I," Waska replied, in a scarcely audible tone, dropping his head and mechanically drawing his shoulders together, as if shrinking from the coming blow.

It was full three minutes before the Prince again spoke. He still held the whip in his hand, his eyes fixed and the muscles of his face rigid. All at once the spell seemed to dissolve: his hand fell, and he said in his ordinary voice—

"You sing remarkably well. Go, now: you shall have ten rubles and an embroidered caftan for your singing."

But any one would have made a great mistake who dared to awaken Prince Alexis a second time in the same manner.

V.

PRINCE BORIS, in St. Petersburg, adopted the usual habits of his class. He dressed elegantly; he drove a dashing *troika;* he played, and lost more frequently than he won; he took no special pains to shun any form of fashionable dissipation. His money went fast, it is true; but twenty-five thousand rubles was a large sum in those days, and Boris did not inherit his father's expensive constitution. He was presented to the Empress; but his thin face, and mild, melancholy eyes did not make much impression upon that ponderous woman. He frequented the salons of the nobility, but saw no face so beautiful as that of Parashka, the serf-maiden who personated Venus for Simon Petrovitch. The fact is, he had a dim, undeveloped instinct of culture, and a crude, half-conscious worship of beauty,—both of which qualities found just enough nourishment in the life of the capital to tantalize and never satisfy his nature. He was excited by his new experience, but hardly happier.

Athough but three-and-twenty, he would never know the rich, vital glow with which youth rushes to clasp all forms of sensation. He had seen, almost daily, in his father's castle, excess in its most excessive development. It had grown to be repulsive, and he knew not how to fill the void in his life. With a single spark of genius, and a little more culture, he might have become a passable author or artist; but he was doomed to be one of those deaf and dumb natures that see the movements of the lips of others, yet have no conception of sound. No

wonder his savage old father looked upon him with contempt, for even his vices were without strength or character.

The dark winter days passed by, one by one, and the first week of Lent had already arrived to subdue the glittering festivities of the court, when the only genuine adventure of the season happened to the young Prince. For adventures, in the conventional sense of the word, he was not distinguished; whatever came to him must come by its own force, or the force of destiny.

One raw, gloomy evening, as dusk was setting in, he saw a female figure in a droschky, which was about turning from the great Morskoi into the Gorokhovaya (Pea) Street. He noticed, listlessly, that the lady was dressed in black, closely veiled, and appeared to be urging the *istvostchik* (driver) to make better speed. The latter cut his horse sharply: it sprang forward, just at the turning, and the droschky, striking a lamp-post was instantly overturned. The lady, hurled with great force upon the solidly frozen snow, lay motionless, which the driver observing, he righted the sled and drove off at full speed, without looking behind him. It was not inhumanity, but fear of the knout that hurried him away.

Prince Boris looked up and down the Morskoi, but perceived no one near at hand. He then knelt upon the snow, lifted the lady's head to his knee, and threw back her veil. A face so lovely, in spite of its deadly pallor, he had never before seen. Never had he even imagined so perfect an oval, such a sweet, fair forehead, such

delicately pencilled brows, so fine and straight a nose, such wonderful beauty of mouth and chin. It was fortunate that she was not very severely stunned, for Prince Boris was not only ignorant of the usual modes of restoration in such cases, but he totally forgot their necessity, in his rapt contemplation of the lady's face. Presently she opened her eyes, and they dwelt, expressionless, but bewildering in their darkness and depth, upon his own, while her consciousness of things slowly returned.

She strove to rise, and Boris gently lifted and supported her. She would have withdrawn from his helping arm, but was still too weak from the shock. He, also, was confused and (strange to say) embarrassed; but he had self-possession enough to shout, "*Davai!*" (Here!) at random. The call was answered from the Admiralty Square; a sled dashed up the Gorokhovaya and halted beside him. Taking the single seat, he lifted her gently upon his lap and held her very tenderly in his arms.

"Where?" asked the istvostchik.

Boris was about to answer "Anywhere!" but the lady whispered in a voice of silver sweetness, the name of a remote street, near the Smolnoi Church.

As the Prince wrapped the ends of his sable pelisse about her, he noticed that her furs were of the common foxskin worn by the middle classes. They, with her heavy boots and the threadbare cloth of her garments, by no means justified his first suspicion,—that she was a *grande dame*, engaged in some romantic "adventure." She was

not more than nineteen or twenty years of age, and he felt—without knowing what it was—the atmosphere of sweet, womanly purity and innocence which surrounded her. The shyness of a lost boyhood surprised him.

By the time they had reached the Liténie, she had fully recovered her consciousness and a portion of her strength. She drew away from him as much as the narrow sled would allow.

"You have been very kind, sir, and I thank you," she said; "but I am now able to go home without your further assistance."

"By no means, lady!" said the Prince. "The streets are rough, and here are no lamps. If a second accident were to happen, you would be helpless. Will you not allow me to protect you?"

She looked him in the face. In the dusky light, she saw not the peevish, weary features of the worldling, but only the imploring softness of his eyes, the full and perfect honesty of his present emotion. She made no further objection; perhaps she was glad that she could trust the elegant stranger.

Boris, never before at a loss for words, even in the presence of the Empress, was astonished to find how awkward were his attempts at conversation. She was presently the more self-possessed of the two, and nothing was ever so sweet to his ears as the few commonplace remarks she uttered. In spite of the darkness and the chilly air, the sled seemed to fly like lightning. Before he supposed they had made half the way, she gave a sign

to the istvostchik, and they drew up before a plain nouse of squared logs.

The two lower windows were lighted, and the dark figure of an old man, with a skull-cap upon his head, was framed in one of them. It vanished as the sled stopped; the door was thrown open and the man came forth hurriedly, followed by a Russian nurse with a lantern.

"Helena, my child, art thou come at last? What has befallen thee?"

He would evidently have said more, but the sight of Prince Boris caused him to pause, while a quick shade of suspicion and alarm passed over his face. The Prince stepped forward, instantly relieved of his unaccustomed timidity, and rapidly described the accident. The old nurse Katinka, had meanwhile assisted the lovely Helena into the house.

The old man turned to follow, shivering in the night-air. Suddenly recollecting himself, he begged the Prince to enter and take some refreshments, but with the air and tone of a man who hopes that his invitation will not be accepted. If such was really his hope, he was disappointed; for Boris instantly commanded the istvostchik to wait for him, and entered the humble dwelling.

The apartment into which he was ushered was spacious, and plainly, yet not shabbily furnished. A violoncello and clavichord, with several portfolios of music, and scattered sheets of ruled paper, proclaimed the profession or the taste of the occupant. Having excused himself a moment to look after his daughter's condition, the old

man, on his return, found Boris turning over the leaves of a musical work.

"You see my profession," he said. "I teach music?

"Do you not compose?" asked the Prince.

"That was once my ambition. I was a pupil of Sebastian Bach. But—circumstances—necessity—brought me here. Other lives changed the direction of mine. It was right!"

"You mean your daughter's?" the Prince gently suggested.

"Hers and her mother's. Our story was well known in St. Petersburg twenty years ago, but I suppose no one recollects it now. My wife was the daughter of a Baron von Plauen, and loved music and myself better than her home and a titled bridegroom. She escaped, we united our lives, suffered and were happy together,—and she died. That is all."

Further conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Helena, with steaming glasses of tea. She was even lovelier than before. Her close-fitting dress revealed the symmetry of her form, and the quiet, unstudied grace of her movements. Although her garments were of well-worn material, the lace which covered her bosom was genuine point d'Alençon, of an old and rare pattern. Boris felt that her air and manner were thoroughly noble; he rose and saluted her with the profoundest respect.

In spite of the singular delight which her presence occasioned him, he was careful not to prolong his visit beyond the limits of strict etiquette. His name, Boris Alex-

eivitch, only revealed to his guests the name of his father, without his rank; and when he stated that he was employed in one of the Departments, (which was true in a measure, for he was a staff officer,) they could only look upon him as being, at best, a member of some family whose recent elevation to the nobility did not release them from the necessity of Government service. Of course he employed the usual pretext of wishing to study music, and either by that or some other stratagem managed to leave matters in such a shape that a second visit could not occasion surprise.

As the sled glided homewards over the crackling snow, he was obliged to confess the existence of a new and powerful excitement. Was it the chance of an adventure, such as certain of his comrades were continually seeking? He thought not; no, decidedly not. Was it—could it be—love? He really could not tell; he had not the slightset idea what love was like.

VI.

It was something at least, that the plastic and not unvirtuous nature of the young man was directed towards a definite object. The elements out of which he was made, although somewhat diluted, were active enough to make him uncomfortable, so long as they remained in a confused state. He had very little power of introversion, but he was sensible that his temperament was changing,—that he grew more cheerful and contented with life,—that a chasm

somewhere was filling up,—just in proportion as his acquaintance with the old music-master and his daughter became more familiar. His visits were made so brief, were so adroitly timed and accounted for by circumstances, that by the close of Lent he could feel justified in making the Easter call of a friend, and claim its attendant privileges, without fear of being repulsed.

That Easter call was an era in his life. At the risk of his wealth and rank being suspected, he dressed himself in new and rich garments, and hurried away towards the Smolnoi. The old nurse, Katinka, in her scarlet gown, opened the door for him, and was the first to say, "Christ is arisen!" What could he do but give her the usual kiss? Formerly he had kissed hundreds of serfs, men and women, on the sacred anniversary, with a passive good-will. But Katinka's kiss seemed bitter, and he secretly rubbed his mouth after it. The music-master came next: grisly though he might be, he was the St. Peter who stood at the gate of heaven. Then entered Helena, in white, like an angel. He took her hand, pronounced the Easter greeting, and scarcely waited for the answer, "Truly he has arisen!" before his lips found the way to hers. For a second they warmly trembled and glowed together; and in another second some new and sweet and subtle relation seemed to be established between their natures.

That night Prince Boris wrote a long letter to his "*chère maman*," in piquantly misspelt French, giving her the gossip of the court, and such family news as she usually craved. The purport of the letter, however, was only

disclosed in the final paragraph, and then in so negative a way that it is doubtful whether the Princess Martha fully understood it.

"*Poing de mariages pour moix!*" he wrote,—but we will drop the original,—"I don't think of such a thing yet. Pashkoff dropped a hint, the other day, but I kept my eyes shut. Perhaps you remember her?—fat, thick lips, and crooked teeth. Natalie D—— said to me, "Have you ever been in love, Prince?" *Have I, maman?* I did not know what answer to make. What is love? How does one feel, when one has it? They laugh at it here, and of course I should not wish to do what is laughable. Give me a hint: forewarned is forearmed, you know,"—etc., etc.

Perhaps the Princess Martha *did* suspect something; perhaps some word in her son's letter touched a secret spot far back in her memory, and renewed a dim, if not very intelligible, pain. She answered his question at length, in the style of the popular French romances of that day. She had much to say of dew and roses, turtle-doves and the arrows of Cupid.

"Ask thyself," she wrote, "whether felicity comes with her presence, and distraction with her absence,—whether her eyes make the morning brighter for thee, and her tears fall upon thy heart like molten lava,—whether heaven would be black and dismal without her company, and the flames of hell turn into roses under her feet."

It was very evident that the good Princess Martha had never felt—nay, did not comprehend—a passion such as she described.

Prince Boris, however, whose veneration for his moth er was unbounded, took her words literally, and applied the questions to himself. Although he found it difficult, in good faith and sincerity, to answer all of them affirma tively (he was puzzled, for instance, to know the sensation of molten lava falling upon the heart), yet the general conclusion was inevitable: Helena was necessary to his happiness.

Instead of returning to Kinesma for the summer, as had been arranged, he determined to remain in St. Petersburg, under the pretence of devoting himself to military studies. This change of plan occasioned more disappointment to the Princess Martha than vexation to Prince Alexis. The latter only growled at the prospect of being called upon to advance a further supply of rubles, slightly comforting himself with the muttered reflection,—

"Perhaps the brat will make a man of himself, after all."

It was not many weeks, in fact, before the expected petition came to hand. The Princess Martha had also foreseen it, and instructed her son how to attack his father's weak side. The latter was furiously jealous of certain other noblemen of nearly equal wealth, who were with him at the court of Peter the Great, as their sons now were at that of Elizabeth. Boris compared the splendor of these young noblemen with his own moderate estate, fabled a few "adventures" and drinking-bouts, and announced his determination of doing honor to the name which Prince Alexis of Kinesma had left behind him in the capital.

There was cursing at the castle when the letter arrived. Many serfs felt the sting of the short whip, the slumber flag was hoisted five minutes later than usual, and the consumption of Cognac was alarming; but no mirror was smashed, and when Prince Alexis read the letter to his poor relations, he even chuckled over some portions of it. Boris had boldly demanded twenty thousand rubles, in the desperate hope of receiving half that amount,—and he had calculated correctly.

Before midsummer he was Helena's accepted lover. Not, however, until then, when her father had given his consent to their marriage in the autumn, did he disclose his true rank. The old man's face lighted up with a glow of selfish satisfaction; but Helena quietly took her lover's hand, and said,—

"Whatever you are, Boris, I will be faithful to you."

VII.

LEAVING Boris to discover the exact form and substance of the passion of love, we will return for a time to the castle of Kinesma.

Whether the Princess Martha conjectured what had transpired in St. Petersburg, or was partially informed of it by her son, cannot now be ascertained. She was sufficiently weak, timid, and nervous, to be troubled with the knowledge of the stratagem in which she had assisted in order to procure money, and that the ever-present consciousness thereof would betray itself to the sharp eyes

of her husband. Certain it is, that the demeanor of the latter towards her and his household began to change about the end of the summer. He seemed to have a haunting suspicion, that, in some way he had been, or was about to be, overreached. He grew peevish, suspicious, and more violent than ever in his excesses.

When Mishka, the dissipated bear already described, bit off one of the ears of Basil, a hunter belonging to the castle, and Basil drew his knife and plunged it into Mishka's heart, Prince Alexis punished the hunter by cutting off his other ear, and sending him away to a distant estate. A serf, detected in eating a few of the pickled cherries intended for the Prince's *botvinia*, was placed in a cask, and pickled cherries packed around him up to the chin. There he was kept until almost flayed by the acid. It was ordered that these two delinquents should never afterwards be called by any other names than "Crop-Ear" and "Cherry."

But the Prince's severest joke, which, strange to say, in no wise lessened his popularity among the serfs, occurred a month or two later. One of his leading passions was the chase,—especially the chase in his own forests, with from one to two hundred men, and no one to dispute his Lordship. On such occasions, a huge barrel of wine, mounted upon a sled, always accompanied the crowd, and the quantity which the hunters received depended upon the satisfaction of Prince Alexis with the game they collected.

Winter had set in early and suddenly, and one day, as

the Prince and his retainers emerged from the forest with their forenoon's spoil, and found themselves on the bank of the Volga, the water was already covered with a thin sheet of ice. Fires were kindled, a score or two of hares and a brace of deer were skinned, and the flesh placed on sticks to broil; skins of mead foamed and hissed into the wooden bowls, and the cask of unbroached wine towered in the midst. Prince Alexis had a good appetite; the meal was after his heart; and by the time he had eaten a hare and half a flank of venison, followed by several bowls of fiery wine, he was in the humor for sport. He ordered a hole cut in the upper side of the barrel, as it lay; then, getting astride of it, like a grisly Bacchus, he dipped out the liquor with a ladle, and plied his thirsty serfs until they became as recklessly savage as he.

They were scattered over a slope gently falling from the dark, dense fir-forest towards the Volga, where it terminated in a rocky palisade, ten to fifteen feet in height. The fires blazed and crackled merrily in the frosty air; the yells and songs of the carousers were echoed back from the opposite shore of the river. The chill atmosphere, the lowering sky, and the approaching night could not touch the blood of that wild crowd. Their faces glowed and their eyes sparkled; they were ready for any deviltry which their lord might suggest.

Some began to amuse themselves by flinging the clean-picked bones of deer and hare along the glassy ice of the Volga. Prince Alexis, perceiving this diverson, cried out in ecstasy,—

"Oh, by St. Nicholas the Miracle-Worker, I'll give you better sport than that, ye knaves! Here's the very place for a *reisak*,—do you hear me children?— a *reisak!* Could there be better ice? and then the rocks to jump from! Come, children, come! Waska, Ivan, Daniel, you dogs, over with you!"

Now the *reisak* was a gymnastic performance peculiar to old Russia, and therefore needs to be described. It could become popular only among a people of strong physical qualities, and in a country where swift rivers freeze rapidly from sudden cold. Hence we are of the opinion that it will not be introduced into our own winter diversions. A spot is selected where the water is deep and the current tolerably strong; the ice must be about half an inch in thickness. The performer leaps head foremost from a rock or platform, bursts through the ice, is carried under by the current, comes up some distance below, and bursts through again. Both skill and strength are required to do the feat successfully.

Waska, Ivan, Daniel, and a number of others, sprang to the brink of the rocks and looked over. The wall was not quite perpendicular, some large fragments having fallen from above and lodged along the base. It would therefore require a bold leap to clear the rocks and strike the smooth ice. They hesitated,—and no wonder.

Prince Alexis howled with rage and disappointment.

"The Devil take you, for a pack of whimpering hounds!" he cried. "Holy Saints! they are afraid to make a *reisak!*"

Ivan crossed himself and sprang. He cleared the rocks, but, instead of bursting through the ice with his head, fell at full length upon his back.

"O knave!" yelled the Prince,—"not to know where his head is! Thinks it's his back! Give him fifteen stripes."

Which was instantly done.

The second attempt was partially successful. One of the hunters broke through the ice, head foremost, going down, but he failed to come up again; so the feat was only half performed.

The Prince became more furiously excited.

"This is the way I'm treated!" he cried. "He forgets all about finishing the *reisak*, and goes to chasing sterlet! May the carps eat him up for an ungrateful vagabond! Here, you beggars!" (addressing the poor relations,) "take your turn, and let me see whether you are men."

Only one of the frightened parasites had the courage to obey. On reaching the brink, he shut his eyes in mortal fear, and made a leap at random. The next moment he lay on the edge of the ice with one leg broken against a fragment of rock.

This capped the climax of the Prince's wrath. He fell into a state bordering on despair, tore his hair, gnashed his teeth, and wept bitterly.

"They will be the death of me!" was his lament. "Not a man among them! It wasn't so in the old times. Such beautiful *reisaks* as I have seen! But the people are becoming women

lains, will you force me to kill you? You have dishon ored and disgraced me; I am ashamed to look my neigh bors in the face. Was ever a man so treated?"

The serfs hung down their heads, feeling somehow re sponsible for their master's misery Some of them wept out of a stupid sympathy with his tears.

All at once he sprang down from the cask, crying in a gay, triumphant tone,—

"I have it! Bring me Crop-Ear. He's the fellow for a *reisak*,—he can make three, one after another."

One of the boldest ventured to suggest that Crop-Ear had been sent away in disgrace to another of the Prince's estates.

"Bring him here, I say? Take horses, and don't draw rein going or coming. I will not stir from this spot until Crop-Ear comes."

With these words, he mounted the barrel, and recommenced ladling out the wine. Huge fires were made, for the night was falling, and the cold had become intense. Fresh game was skewered and set to broil, and the tragic interlude of the revel was soon forgotten.

Towards midnight the sound of hoofs was heard, and the messengers arrived with Crop-Ear. But, although the latter had lost his ears, he was not inclined to split his head. The ice, meanwhile, had become so strong that a cannon-ball would have made no impression upon it. Crop-Ear simply threw down a stone heavier than himself, and, as it bounced and slid along the solid floor, said to Prince Alexis,—

"Am I to go back, Highness, or stay here?"

"Here, my son. Thou'rt a man. Come hither to me."

Taking the serf's head in his hands, he kissed him on both cheeks. Then he rode homeward through the dark, iron woods, seated astride on the barrel, and steadying himself with his arms around Crop-Ear's and Waska's necks.

VIII.

THE health of the Princess Martha, always delicate, now began to fail rapidly. She was less and less able to endure her husband's savage humors, and lived almost exclusively in her own apartments. She never mentioned the name of Boris in his presence, for it was sure to throw him into a paroxysm of fury. Floating rumors in regard to the young Prince had reached him from the capital, and nothing would convince him that his wife was not cognizant of her son's doings. The poor Princess clung to her boy as to all that was left her of life, and tried to prop her failing strength with the hope of his speedy return. She was now too helpless to thwart his wishes in any way; but she dreaded, more than death, the terrible *something* which would surely take place between father and son if her conjectures should prove to be true.

One day, in the early part of November, she received a letter from Boris, announcing his marriage. She had barely strength and presence of mind enough to conceal

the paper in her bosom before sinking in a swoon. By some means or other the young Prince had succeeded in overcoming all the obstacles to such a step: probably the favor of the Empress was courted, in order to obtain her consent. The money he had received, he wrote, would be sufficient to maintain them for a few months, though not in a style befitting their rank. He was proud and happy; the Princess Helena would be the reigning beauty of the court, when he should present her, but he desired the sanction of his parents to the marriage, before taking his place in society. He would write immediately to his father, and hoped, that, if the news brought a storm Mishka might be on hand to divert its force, as on a former occasion.

Under the weight of this imminent secret, the Princess Martha could neither eat nor sleep. Her body wasted to a shadow; at every noise in the castle, she started and listened in terror, fearing that the news had arrived.

Prince Boris, no doubt, found his courage fail him when he set about writing the promised letter; for a fortnight elapsed before it made its appearance. Prince Alexis received it on his return from the chase. He read it hastily through, uttered a prolonged roar like that of a wounded bull, and rushed into the castle. The sound of breaking furniture, of crashing porcelain and shivered glass, came from the state apartments: the domestics fell on their knees and prayed; the Princess, who heard the noise and knew what it portended, became almost insensible from fright.

One of the upper servants entered a chamber as the Prince was in the act of demolishing a splendid malachite table, which had escaped all his previous attacks. He was immediately greeted with a cry of,—

"Send the Princess to me!"

"Her Highness is not able to leave her chamber," the man replied.

How it happened he could never afterwards describe but he found himself lying in a corner of the room. When he arose, there seemed to be a singular cavity in his mouth: his upper front teeth were wanting.

We will not narrate what took place in the chamber of the Princess. The nerves of the unfortunate woman had been so wrought upon by her fears, that her husband's brutal rage, familiar to her from long experience, now possessed a new and alarming significance. His threats were terrible to hear; she fell into convulsions, and before morning her tormented life was at an end.

There was now something else to think of, and the smashing of porcelain and cracking of whips came to an end. The Archimandrite was summoned, and preparations, both religious and secular, were made for a funeral worthy the rank of the deceased. Thousands flocked to Kinesma; and when the immense procession moved away from the castle, although very few of the persons had ever known or cared in the least, for the Princess Martha, all, without exception, shed profuse tears. Yes, there was one exception,—one bare, dry rock, rising alone out of the universal deluge,—Prince Alexis himself, who walked

behind the coffin, his eyes fixed and his features rigid as stone. They remarked that his face was haggard, and that the fiery tinge on his cheeks and nose had faded into livid purple. The only sign of emotion which he gave was a convulsive shudder, which from time to time passed over his whole body.

Three archimandrites (abbots) and one hundred priests headed the solemn funeral procession from the castle to the church on the opposite hill. There the mass for the dead was chanted, the responses being sung by a choir of silvery boyish voices. All the appointments were of the costliest character. Not only all those within the church, but the thousands outside, spared not their tears, but wept until the fountains were exhausted. Notice was given, at the close of the services, that "baked meats" would be furnished to the multitude, and that all beggars who came to Kinesma would be charitably fed for the space of six weeks. Thus, by her death, the amiable Princess Martha was enabled to dispense more charity than had been permitted to her life.

At the funeral banquet which followed, Prince Alexis placed the Abbot Sergius at his right hand, and conversed with him in the most edifying manner upon the necessity of leading a pure and godly life. His remarks upon the duty of a Christian, upon brotherly love, humility, and self-sacrifice, brought tears into the eyes of the listening priests. He expressed his conviction that the departed Princess, by the piety of her life, had attained unto salvation,—and added, that his own life had now no fur

ther value unless he should devote it to religious ex ercises.

"Can you not give me a place in your monastery?' he asked, turning to the Abbot. "I will endow it with a gift of forty thousand rubles, for the privilege of occupy ing a monk's cell."

"Pray, do not decide too hastily, Highness," the Ab bot replied. "You have yet a son."

"What!" yelled Prince Alexis, with flashing eyes, every trace of humility and renunciation vanishing like smoke,—"what! Borka? The infamous wretch who has ruined me, killed his mother, and brought disgrace upon our name? Do you know that he has married a wench of no family and without a farthing,—who would be honored, if I should allow her to feed my hogs? Live for *him?* live for *him?* Ah-*r-r-r*!"

This outbreak terminated in a sound between a snarl and a bellow. The priests turned pale, but the Abbot devoutly remarked—

"Encompassed by sorrows, Prince, you should humbly submit to the will of the Lord."

"Submit to Borka?" the Prince scornfully laughed. "I know what I'll do. There's time enough yet for a wife and another child,—ay,—a dozen children! I can have my pick in the province; and if I couldn't I'd sooner take Masha, the goose-girl, than leave Borka the hope of stepping into my shoes. Beggars they shall be, —beggars!"

What further he might have said was interrupted by

the priests rising to chant the *Blajennon uspennie* (blessed be the dead),—after which, the *trisna*, a drink composed of mead, wine, and rum, was emptied to the health of the departed soul. Every one stood during this ceremony, except Prince Alexis, who fell suddenly prostrate before the consecrated pictures, and sobbed so passionately that the tears of the guests flowed for the third time. There he lay until night; for whenever any one dared to touch him, he struck out furiously with fists and feet. Finally he fell asleep on the floor, and the servants then bore him to his sleeping apartment.

For several days afterward his grief continued to be so violent that the occupants of the castle were obliged to keep out of his way. The whip was never out of his hand, and he used it very recklessly, not always selecting the right person. The parasitic poor relations found their situation so uncomfortable, that they decided, one and all, to detach themselves from the tree upon which they fed and fattened, even at the risk of withering on a barren soil. Night and morning the serfs prayed upon their knees, with many tears and groans, that the Saints might send consolation, in any form, to their desperate lord.

The Saints graciously heard and answered the prayer. Word came that a huge bear had been seen in the forest stretching towards Juriewetz. The sorrowing Prince pricked up his ears, threw down his whip, and ordered a chase. Sasha, the broad-shouldered, the cunning, the ready, the untiring companion of his master, secretly or-

dered a cask of vodki to follow the crowd of hunters and serfs. There was a steel-bright sky, a low, yellow sun, and a brisk easterly wind from the heights of the Ural. As the crisp snow began to crunch under the Prince's sled, his followers saw the old expression come back to his face. With song and halloo and blast of horns, they swept away into the forest.

Saint John the Hunter must have been on guard over Russia that day. The great bear was tracked, and after a long and exciting chase, fell by the hand of Prince Alexis himself. Halt was made in an open space in the forest, logs were piled together and kindled on the snow, and just at the right moment (which no one knew better than Sasha) the cask of vodki rolled into its place. When the serfs saw the Prince mount astride of it, with his ladle in his hand, they burst into shouts of extravagant joy. "*Slava Bogu!*" (Glory be to God!) came fervently from the bearded lips of those hard, rough, obedient children. They tumbled headlong over each other, in their efforts to drink first from the ladle, to clasp the knees or kiss the hands of the restored Prince. And the dawn was glimmering against the eastern stars, as they took the way to the castle, making the ghostly fir-woods ring with shout and choric song.

Nevertheless, Prince Alexis was no longer the same man; his giant strength and furious appetite were broken. He was ever ready, as formerly, for the chase and the drinking-bout; but his jovial mood no longer grew into a crisis which only utter physical exhaustion or the stupidi-

ty of drunkenness could overcome. Frequently, while astride the cask, his shouts of laughter would suddenly cease, the ladle would drop from his hand, and he would sit motionless, staring into vacancy for five minutes at a time. Then the serfs, too, became silent, and stood still, awaiting a change. The gloomy mood passed away as suddenly. He would start, look about him, and say, in a melancholy voice,—

"Have I frightened you, my children? It seems to me that I am getting old. Ah, yes, we must all die, one day. But we need not think about it, until the time comes. The Devil take me for putting it into my head! Why, how now? can't you sing, children?"

Then he would strike up some ditty which they all knew: a hundred voices joined in the strain, and the hills once more rang with revelry.

Since the day when the Princess Martha was buried, the Prince had not again spoken of marriage. No one, of course, dared to mention the name of Boris in his presence.

IX.

THE young Prince had, in reality, become the happy husband of Helena. His love for her had grown to be a shaping and organizing influence, without which his nature would have fallen into its former confusion. If a thought of a less honorable relation had ever entered his mind, it was presently banished by the respect which a nearer intimacy inspired; and thus Helena, magnetically

drawing to the surface only his best qualities, loved, unconsciously to herself, her own work in him. Ere long, she saw that she might balance the advantages he had conferred upon her in their marriage by the support and encouragement which she was able to impart to him ; and this knowledge, removing all painful sense of obligation, made her both happy and secure in her new position.

The Princess Martha, under some presentiment of her approaching death, had intrusted one of the ladies in attendance upon her with the secret of her son's marriage, in addition to a tender maternal message, and such presents of money and jewelry as she was able to procure without her husband's knowledge. These presents reached Boris very opportunely ; for, although Helena developed a wonderful skill in regulating his expenses, the spring was approaching, and even the limited circle of society in which they had moved during the gay season had made heavy demands upon his purse. He became restless and abstracted, until his wife, who by this time clearly comprehended the nature of his trouble, had secretly decided how it must be met.

The slender hoard of the old music-master, with a few thousand rubles from Prince Boris, sufficed for his modest maintenance. Being now free from the charge of his daughter, he determined to visit Germany, and, if circumstances were propitious, to secure a refuge for his old age in his favorite Leipsic. Summer was at hand, and the court had already removed to Oranienbaum. In a few weeks the capital would be deserted.

"Shall we go to Germany with your father?" asked Boris, as he sat at a window with Helena, enjoying the long twilight.

"No, my Boris," she answered; "we will go to Kinesma."

"But— Helena,—*golubchik*,—*mon ange*,—are you in earnest?"

"Yes, my Boris. The last letter from your—our cousin Nadejda convinces me that the step must be taken. Prince Alexis has grown much older since your mother's death; he is lonely and unhappy. He may not welcome us, but he will surely suffer us to come to him; and we must then begin the work of reconciliation. Reflect, my Boris, that you have keenly wounded him in the tenderest part,—his pride,—and you must therefore cast away your own pride, and humbly and respectfully, as becomes a son, solicit his pardon."

"Yes," said he, hesitatingly, "you are right. But I know his violence and recklessness, as you do not. For myself, alone, I am willing to meet him; yet I fear for your sake. Would you not tremble to encounter a maddened and brutal *mujik*?—then how much more to meet Alexis Pavlovitch of Kinesma!"

"I do not and shall not tremble," she replied. "It is not your marriage that has estranged your father, but your marriage with *me*. Having been, unconsciously, the cause of the trouble, I shall deliberately, and as a sacred duty, attempt to remove it. Let us go to Kinesma, as humble, penitent children, and cast ourselves upon your

father's mercy. At the worst, he can but reject us; and you will have given me the consolation of knowing that I have tried, as your wife, to annul the sacrifice you have made for my sake."

"Be it so, then!" cried Boris, with a mingled feeling of relief and anxiety.

He was not unwilling that the attempt should be made, especially since it was his wife's desire; but he knew his father too well to anticipate immediate success. All threatening *possibilities* suggested themselves to his mind; all forms of insult and outrage which he had seen perpetrated at Kinesma filled his memory. The suspense became at last worse than any probable reality. He wrote to his father, announcing a speedy visit from himself and his wife; and two days afterwards the pair left St. Petersburg in a large travelling *kibitka*.

X.

When Prince Alexis received his son's letter, an expression of fierce, cruel delight crept over his face, and there remained, horribly illuminating its haggard features. The orders given for swimming horses in the Volga—one of his summer diversions—were immediately countermanded; he paced around the parapet of the castle-wall until near midnight, followed by Sasha with a stone jug of vodki. The latter had the useful habit, notwithstanding his stupid face, of picking up the fragments of soliloquy which the Prince dropped, and answering them as if

talking to himself. Thus he improved upon and perfected many a hint of cruelty, and was too discreet ever to dispute his master's claim to the invention.

Sasha, we may be sure, was busy with his devil's work that night. The next morning the stewards and agents of Prince Alexis, in castle, village, and field, were summoned to his presence.

"Hark ye!" said he; "Borka and his trumpery wife send me word that they will be here to-morrow. See to it that every man, woman, and child, for ten versts out on the Moskovskoi road, knows of their coming. Let it be known that whoever uncovers his head before them shall uncover his back for a hundred lashes. Whomsoever they greet may bark like a dog, meeouw like a cat, or bray like an ass, as much as he chooses; but if he speaks a decent word, his tongue shall be silenced with stripes. Whoever shall insult them has my pardon in advance. Oh, let them come!—ay, let them come! Come they may: but how they go away again"——

The Prince Alexis suddenly stopped, shook his head, and walked up and down the hall, muttering to himself. His eyes were bloodshot, and sparkled with a strange light. What the stewards had heard was plain enough; but that something more terrible than insult was yet held in reserve they did not doubt. It was safe, therefore, not only to fulfil, but to exceed, the letter of their instructions. Before night the whole population were acquainted with their duties; and an unusual mood of expectancy not unmixed with brutish glee, fell upon Kinesma.

By the middle of the next forenoon, Boris and his wife, seated in the open kibitka, drawn by post-horses, reached the boundaries of the estate, a few versts from the village. They were both silent and slightly pale at first, but now began to exchange mechanical remarks, to divert each other's thoughts from the coming reception.

"Here are the fields of Kinesma at last!" exclaimed Prince Boris. "We shall see the church and castle from the top of that hill in the distance. And there is Peter, my playmate, herding the cattle! Peter! Good-day, brotherkin!"

Peter looked, saw the carriage close upon him, and, after a moment of hesitation, let his arms drop stiffly by his sides, and began howling like a mastiff by moonlight. Helena laughed heartily at this singular response to the greeting; but Boris, after the first astonishment was over, looked terrified.

"That was done by order," said he, with a bitter smile. "The old bear stretches his claws out. Dare you try his hug?"

"I do not fear," she answered; her face was calm.

Every serf they passed obeyed the order of Prince Alexis according to his own idea of disrespect. One turned his back; another made contemptuous grimaces and noises; another sang a vulgar song; another spat upon the ground or held his nostrils. Nowhere was a cap raised, or the stealthy welcome of a friendly glance given.

The Princess Helena met these insults with a calm

proud indifference. Boris felt them more keenly; for the fields and hills were prospectively his property, and so also were the brutish peasants. It was a form of chastisement which he had never before experienced, and knew not how to resist. The affront of an entire community was an offence against which he felt himself to be helpless.

As they approached the town, the demonstrations of insolence were redoubled. About two hundred boys, between the ages of ten and fourteen, awaited them on the hill below the church, forming themselves into files on either side of the road. These imps had been instructed to stick out their tongues in derision, and howl, as the carriage passed between them. At the entrance of the long main street of Kinesma, they were obliged to pass under a mock triumphal arch, hung with dead dogs and drowned cats; and from this point the reception assumed an outrageous character. Howls, hootings, and hisses were heard on all sides; bouquets of nettles and vile weeds were flung to them; even wreaths of spoiled fish dropped from the windows. The women were the most eager and uproarious in this carnival of insult: they beat their saucepans, threw pails of dirty water upon the horses, pelted the coachman with rotten cabbages, and filled the air with screeching and foul words.

It was impossible to pass through this ordeal with indifference. Boris, finding that his kindly greetings were thrown away,—that even his old acquaintances in the bazaar howled like the rest,—sat with head bowed and

despair in his heart. The beautiful eyes of Helena were heavy with tears; but she no longer trembled, for she knew the crisis was yet to come.

As the kibitka slowly climbed the hill on its way to the castle-gate, Prince Alexis, who had heard and enjoyed the noises in the village from a balcony on the western tower, made his appearance on the head of the steps which led from the court-yard to the state apartments. The dreaded whip was in his hand; his eyes seemed about to start from their sockets, in their wild, eager, hungry gaze; the veins stood out like cords on his forehead; and his lips, twitching involuntarily, revealed the glare of his set teeth. A frightened hush filled the castle. Some of the domestics were on their knees; others watching, pale and breathless, from the windows: for all felt that a greater storm than they had ever experienced was about to burst. Sasha and the castle-steward had taken the wise precaution to summon a physician and a priest, provided with the utensils for extreme unction. Both of these persons had been smuggled in through a rear entrance, and were kept concealed until their services should be required.

The noise of wheels was heard outside the gate, which stood invitingly open. Prince Alexis clutched his whip with iron fingers, and unconsciously took the attitude of a wild beast about to spring from its ambush. Now the hard clatter of hoofs and the rumbling of wheels echoed from the archway, and the kibitka rolled into the court-yard. It stopped near the foot of the grand staircase.

Boris, who sat upon the farther side, rose to alight, in order to hand down his wife; but no sooner had he made a movement than Prince Alexis, with lifted whip and face flashing fire, rushed down the steps. Helena rose, threw back her veil, let her mantle (which Boris had grasped, in his anxiety to restrain her action,) fall behind her, and stepped upon the pavement.

Prince Alexis had already reached the last step, and but a few feet separated them. He stopped as if struck by lightning,—his body still retaining, in every limb, the impress of motion. The whip was in his uplifted fist; one foot was on the pavement of the court, and the other upon the edge of the last step; his head was bent forward, his mouth open, and his eyes fastened upon the Princess Helena's face.

She, too, stood motionless, a form of simple and perfect grace, and met his gaze with soft, imploring, yet courageous and trustful eyes. The women who watched the scene from the galleries above always declared that an invisible saint stood beside her in that moment, and surrounded her with a dazzling glory. The few moments during which the suspense of a hundred hearts hung upon those encountering eyes seemed an eternity.

Prince Alexis did not move, but he began to tremble from head to foot. His fingers relaxed, and the whip fell ringing upon the pavement. The wild fire of his eyes changed from wrath into an ecstasy as intense, and a piercing cry of mingled wonder, admiration and delight burst from his throat. At that cry Boris rushed forward

and knelt at his feet. Helena, clasping her fairest hands, sank beside her husband, with upturned face, as if seeking the old man's eyes, and perfect the miracle she had wrought.

The sight of that sweet face, so near his own, tamed the last lurking ferocity of the beast. His tears burst forth in a shower; he lifted and embraced the Princess, kissing her brow, her cheeks, her chin, and her hands, calling her his darling daughter, his little white dove his lambkin.

"And, father, my Boris, too!" said she.

The pure liquid voice sent thrills of exquisite delight through his whole frame. He embraced and blessed Boris, and then, throwing an arm around each, held them to his breast, and wept passionately upon their heads. By this time the whole castle overflowed with weeping. Tears fell from every window and gallery; they hissed upon the hot saucepans of the cooks; they moistened the oats in the manger; they took the starch out of the ladies' ruffles, and weakened the wine in the goblets of the guests. Insult was changed into tenderness in a moment. Those who had barked or stuck out their tongues at Boris rushed up to kiss his boots; a thousand terms of endearment were showered upon him.

Still clasping his children to his breast, Prince Alexis mounted the steps with them. At the top he turned, cleared his throat, husky from sobbing, and shouted—

"A feast! a feast for all Kinesma! Let there be rivers of vodki, wine and hydromel! Proclaim it everywhere

that my dear son Boris and my dear daughter Helena have arrived, and whoever fails to welcome them to Kinesma shall be punished with a hundred stripes! Off, ye scoundrels, ye vagabonds, and spread the news!"

It was not an hour before the whole sweep of the circling hills resounded with the clang of bells, the blare of horns, and the songs and shouts of the rejoicing multitude. The triumphal arch of unsavory animals was whirled into the Volga; all signs of the recent reception vanished like magic; festive fir-boughs adorned the houses, and the gardens and window-pots were stripped of their choicest flowers to make wreaths of welcome. The two hundred boys, not old enough to comprehend this sudden *bouleversement* of sentiment, did not immediately desist from sticking out their tongues: whereupon they were dismissed with a box on the ear. By the middle of the afternoon all Kinesma was eating, drinking, and singing, and every song was sung, and every glass emptied in honor of the dear, good Prince Boris, and the dear, beautiful Princess Helena. By night all Kinesma was drunk.

XI.

In the castle a superb banquet was improvised. Music, guests, and rare dishes were brought together with wonderful speed, and the choicest wines of the cellar were drawn upon. Prince Boris, bewildered by this sudden and incredible change in his fortunes, sat at his father's right hand, while the Princess filled, but with much

more beauty and dignity, the ancient place of the Princess Martha. The golden dishes were set before her, and the famous family emeralds—in accordance with the command of Prince Alexis—gleamed among her dark hair and flashed around her milk-white throat. Her beauty was of a kind so rare in Russia that it silenced all question and bore down all rivalry. Every one acknowledged that so lovely a creature had never before been seen. "Faith, the boy has eyes!" the old Prince constantly repeated, as he turned away from a new stare of admiration, down the table.

The guests noticed a change in the character of the entertainment. The idiot, in his tow shirt, had been crammed to repletion in the kitchen, and was now asleep in the stable. Razboi, the new bear,—the successor of the slaughtered Mishka,—was chained up out of hearing. The jugglers, tumblers, and Calmucks still occupied their old place under the gallery, but their performances were of a highly decorous character. At the least sign of a relapse into certain old tricks, more grotesque than refined, the brows of Prince Alexis would grow dark, and a sharp glance at Sasha was sufficient to correct the indiscretion. Every one found this natural enough; for they were equally impressed with the elegance and purity of the young wife. After the healths had been drunk and the slumber-flag was raised over the castle, Boris led her into the splendid apartments of his mother,—now her own,—and knelt at her feet.

"Have I done my part, my Boris?" she asked.

"You are an angel!" he cried. "It was a miracle My life was not worth a *copek*, and I feared for yours. Il it will only last!—if it will only last!"

"It *will*," said she. "You have taken me from poverty, and given me rank, wealth, and a proud place in the world: let it be my work to keep the peace which God has permitted me to establish between you and your father!"

The change in the old Prince, in fact, was more radical than any one who knew his former ways of life would have considered possible. He stormed and swore occasionally, flourished his whip to some purpose, and rode home from the chase, not outside of a brandy cask, as once, but with too much of its contents inside of him: but these mild excesses were comparative virtues. His accesses of blind rage seemed to be at an end. A powerful, unaccustomed feeling of content subdued his strong nature, and left its impress on his voice and features. He joked and sang with his "children," but not with the wild recklessness of the days of *reisaks* and indiscriminate floggings. Both his exactions and his favors diminished in quantity. Week after week passed by, and there was no sign of any return to his savage courses.

Nothing annoyed him so much as a reference to his former way of life, in the presence of the Princess Helena. If her gentle, questioning eyes happened to rest on him at such times, something very like a blush rose into his face, and the babbler was silenced with a terribly significant look. It was enough for her to say, when

he threatened an act of cruelty and injustice, "Father, is that right?" He confusedly retracted his orders, rather than bear the sorrow of her face.

The promise of another event added to his happiness: Helena would soon become a mother. As the time drew near he stationed guards at the distance of a verst around the castle, that no clattering vehicles should pass, no dogs bark loudly, nor any other disturbance occur which might agitate the Princess. The choicest sweetmeats and wines, flowers from Moscow and fruits from Astrakhan, were procured for her; and it was a wonder that the midwife performed her duty, for she had the fear of death before her eyes. When the important day at last arrived the slumber-flag was instantly hoisted, and no mouse dared to squeak in Kinesma until the cannon announced the advent of a new soul.

That night Prince Alexis lay down in the corridor, outside of Helena's door: he glared fiercely at the nurse as she entered with the birth-posset for the young mother. No one else was allowed to pass, that night, nor the next. Four days afterwards, Sasha, having a message to the Princess, and supposing the old man to be asleep, attempted to step noiselessly over his body. In a twinkle the Prince's teeth fastened themselves in the serf's leg, and held him with the tenacity of a bull-dog. Sasha did not dare to cry out: he stood, writhing with pain, until the strong jaws grew weary of their hold, and then crawled away to dress the bleeding wound. After that, no one tried to break the Prince's guard.

The christening was on a magnificent scale. Prince Paul of Kostroma was godfather, and gave the babe the name of Alexis. As the Prince had paid his respects to Helena just before the ceremony, it may be presumed that the name was not of his own inspiration. The father and mother were not allowed to be present, but they learned that the grandfather had comported himself throughout with great dignity and propriety. The Archimandrite Sergius obtained from the Metropolitan at Moscow a very minute fragment of the true cross, which was encased in a hollow bead of crystal, and hung around the infant's neck by a fine gold chain, as a precious amulet.

Prince Alexis was never tired of gazing at his grandson and namesake.

"He has more of his mother than of Boris," he would say. "So much the better! Strong dark eyes, like the Great Peter,—and what a goodly leg for a babe! Ha! he makes a tight little fist already,—fit to handle a whip, —or" (seeing the expression of Helena's face)—"or a sword. He'll be a proper Prince of Kinesma, my daughter, and we owe it to you."

Helena smiled, and gave him a grateful glance in return. She had had her secret fears as to the complete conversion of Prince Alexis; but now she saw in this babe a new spell whereby he might be bound. Slight as was her knowledge of men, she yet guessed the tyranny of long-continued habits; and only her faith, powerful in proportion as it was ignorant, gave her confidence in the result of the difficult work she had undertaken.

XII.

Alas! the proud predictions of Prince Alexis, and the protection of the sacred amulet, were alike unavailing. The babe sickened, wasted away, and died in less than two months after its birth. There was great and genuine sorrow among the serfs of Kinesma. Each had received a shining ruble of silver at the christening; and, moreover, they were now beginning to appreciate the milder *régime* of their lord, which this blow might suddenly terminate. Sorrow, in such natures as his, exasperates instead of chastening: they knew him well enough to recognize the danger.

At first the old man's grief appeared to be of a stubborn, harmless nature. As soon as the funeral ceremonies were over he betook himself to his bed, and there lay for two days and nights, without eating a morsel of food. The poor Princess Helena, almost prostrated by the blow, mourned alone, or with Boris, in her own apartments. Her influence, no longer kept alive by her constant presence, as formerly, began to decline. When the old Prince aroused somewhat from his stupor, it was not meat that he demanded, but drink; and he drank to angry excess. Day after day the habit resumed its ancient sway, and the whip and the wild-beast yell returned with it. The serfs even began to tremble as they never had done, so long as his vices were simply those of a strong man; for now a fiendish element seemed to be slowly creeping in. He became horribly profane: they shuddered when he cursed the venerable Metropolitan of Moscow, declaring that the

old sinner had deliberately killed his grandson, by sending to him, instead of the true cross of the Saviour, a piece of the tree to which the impenitent thief was nailed.

Boris would have spared his wife the knowledge of this miserable relapse, in her present sorrow, but the information soon reached her in other ways. She saw the necessity of regaining, by a powerful effort, what she had lost. She therefore took her accustomed place at the table, and resumed her inspection of household matters. Prince Alexis, as if determined to cast off the yoke which her beauty and gentleness had laid upon him, avoided looking at her face or speaking to her, as much as possible: when he did so, his manner was cold and unfriendly. During her few days of sad retirement he had brought back the bear Razboi and the idiot to his table, and vodki was habitually poured out to him and his favorite serfs in such a measure that the nights became hideous with drunken tumult.

The Princess Helena felt that her beauty no longer possessed the potency of its first surprise. It must now be a contest of nature with nature, spiritual with animal power. The struggle would be perilous, she foresaw, but she did not shrink; she rather sought the earliest occasion to provoke it.

That occasion came. Some slight disappointment brought on one of the old paroxysms of rage, and the ox-like bellow of Prince Alexis rang through the castle. Boris was absent, but Helena delayed not a moment to venture into his father's presence. She found him in a hall over

looking the court-yard, with his terrible whip in his hand, giving orders for the brutal punishment of some scores of serfs. The sight of her, coming thus unexpectedly upon him, did not seem to produce the least effect.

"Father!" she cried, in an earnest, piteous tone, "what is it you do?"

"Away, witch!" he yelled. "I am the master in Kinesma, not thou! Away, or- "

The fierceness with which he swung and cracked the whip was more threatening than any words. Perhaps she grew a shade paler, perhaps her hands were tightly clasped in order that they might not tremble; but she did not flinch from the encounter. She moved a step nearer, fixed her gaze upon his flashing eyes, and said, in a low, firm voice—

"It is true, father, you are master here. It is easy to rule over those poor, submissive slaves. But you are not master over yourself; you are lashed and trampled upon by evil passions, and as much a slave as any of these. Be not weak, my father, but strong!"

An expression of bewilderment came into his face. No such words had ever before been addressed to him, and he knew not how to reply to them. The Princess Helena followed up the effect—she was not sure that it was an advantage—by an appeal to the simple, childish nature which she believed to exist under his ferocious exterior. For a minute it seemed as if she were about to re-establish her ascendancy: then the stubborn resistance of the beast returned.

Among the portraits in the hall was one of the deceased Princess Martha. Pointing to this, Helena cried—

"See, my father! here are the features of your sainted wife! Think that she looks down from her place among the blessed, sees you, listens to your words, prays that your hard heart may be softened! Remember her last farewell to you on earth, her hope of meeting you—"

A cry of savage wrath checked her. Stretching one huge, bony hand, as if to close her lips, trembling with rage and pain, livid and convulsed in every feature of his face, Prince Alexis reversed the whip in his right hand, and weighed its thick, heavy butt for one crashing, fatal blow. Life and death were evenly balanced. For an instant the Princess became deadly pale, and a sickening fear shot through her heart. She could not understand the effect of her words: her mind was paralyzed, and what followed came without her conscious volition.

Not retreating a step, not removing her eyes from the terrible picture before her, she suddenly opened her lips and sang. Her voice of exquisite purity, power, and sweetness, filled the old hall and overflowed it, throbbing in scarcely weakened vibrations through court-yard and castle. The melody was a prayer—the cry of a tortured heart for pardon and repose; and she sang it with almost supernatural expression. Every sound in the castle was hushed: the serfs outside knelt and uncovered their heads.

The Princess could never afterwards describe, or more than dimly recall, the exaltation of that moment. She

sang in an inspired trance : from the utterance of the first note the horror of the imminent fate sank out of sight. Her eyes were fixed upon the convulsed face, but she beheld it not : all the concentrated forces of her life flowed into the music. She remembered, however, that Prince Alexis looked alternately from her face to the portrait of his wife ; that he at last shuddered and grew pale ; and that, when with the closing note her own strength suddenly dissolved, he groaned and fell upon the floor.

She sat down beside him, and took his head upon her lap. For a long time he was silent, only shivering as if in fever.

" Father ! " she finally whispered, " let me take you away ! "

He sat up on the floor and looked around ; but as his eyes encountered the portrait, he gave a loud howl and covered his face with his hands.

" She turns her head ! " he cried. " Take her away,— she follows me with her eyes ! Paint her head black, and cover it up ! "

With some difficulty he was borne to his bed, but he would not rest until assured that his orders had been obeyed, and the painting covered for the time with a coat of lamp-black. A low, prolonged attack of fever followed, during which the presence of Helena was indispensable to his comfort. She ventured to leave the room only while he slept. He was like a child in her hands ; and when she commended his patience or his good resolutions, his face beamed with joy and gratitude. He determined (in

good faith, this time) to enter a monastery and devote the rest of his life to pious works.

But, even after his recovery, he was still too weak and dependent on his children's attentions to carry out this resolution. He banished from the castle all those of his poor relations who were unable to drink vodki in moderation; he kept careful watch over his serfs, and those who became intoxicated (unless they concealed the fact in the stables and outhouses) were severely punished: all excess disappeared, and a reign of peace and gentleness descended upon Kinesma.

In another year another Alexis was born, and lived, and soon grew strong enough to give his grandfather the greatest satisfaction he had ever known in his life, by tugging at his gray locks, and digging the small fingers into his tamed and merry eyes. Many years after Prince Alexis was dead the serfs used to relate how they had seen him, in the bright summer afternoons, asleep in his armchair on the balcony, with the rosy babe asleep on his bosom, and the slumber-flag waving over both.

Legends of the Prince's hunts, *reisaks*, and brutal revels are still current along the Volga; but they are now linked to fairer and more gracious stories; and the free Russian farmers (no longer serfs) are never tired of relating incidents of the beauty, the courage, the benevolence, and the saintly piety of the Good Lady of Kinesma.

TALES OF HOME.

THE STRANGE FRIEND.

IT would have required an intimate familiarity with the habitual demeanor of the people of Londongrove to detect in them an access of interest (we dare not say excitement), of whatever kind. Expression with them was pitched to so low a key that its changes might be compared to the slight variations in the drabs and grays in which they were clothed. Yet that there was a moderate, decorously subdued curiosity present in the minds of many of them on one of the First-days of the Ninth-month, in the year 1815, was as clearly apparent to a resident of the neighborhood as are the indications of a fire or a riot to the member of a city mob.

The agitations of the war which had so recently come to an end had hardly touched this quiet and peaceful community. They had stoutly "borne their testimony," and faced the question where it could not be evaded, and although the dashing Philadelphia militia had been

stationed at Camp Bloomfield, within four miles of them, the previous year, these good people simply ignored the fact. If their sons ever listened to the trumpets at a distance, or stole nearer to have a peep at the uniforms, no report of what they had seen or heard was likely to be made at home. Peace brought to them a relief, like the awakening from an uncomfortable dream: their lives at once reverted to the calm which they had breathed for thirty years preceding the national disturbance. In their ways they had not materially changed for a hundred years. The surplus produce of their farms more than sufficed for the very few needs which those farms did not supply, and they seldom touched the world outside of their sect except in matters of business. They were satisfied with themselves and with their lot; they lived to a ripe and beautiful age, rarely "borrowed trouble," and were patient to endure that which came in the fixed course of things. If the spirit of curiosity, the yearning for an active, joyous grasp of life, sometimes pierced through this placid temper, and stirred the blood of the adolescent members, they were persuaded by grave voices, of almost prophetic authority, to turn their hearts towards "the Stillness and the Quietness."

It was the pleasant custom of the community to arrive at the meeting-house some fifteen or twenty minutes before the usual time of meeting, and exchange quiet and kindly greetings before taking their places on the plain benches inside. As most of the families had lived during the week on the solitude of their farms, they liked to see

their neighbors' faces, and resolve, as it were, their sense of isolation into the common atmosphere, before yielding to the assumed abstraction of their worship. In this preliminary meeting, also, the sexes were divided, but rather from habit than any prescribed rule. They were already in the vestibule of the sanctuary; their voices were subdued and their manner touched with a kind of reverence.

If the Londongrove Friends gathered together a few minutes earlier on that September First-day; if the younger members looked more frequently towards one of the gates leading into the meeting-house yard than towards the other; and if Abraham Bradbury was the centre of a larger circle of neighbors than Simon Pennock (although both sat side by side on the highest seat of the gallery), —the cause of these slight deviations from the ordinary behavior of the gathering was generally known. Abraham's son had died the previous Sixth-month, leaving a widow incapable of taking charge of his farm on the Street Road, which was therefore offered for rent. It was not always easy to obtain a satisfactory tenant in those days, and Abraham was not more relieved than surprised on receiving an application from an unexpected quarter. A strange Friend, of stately appearance, called upon him, bearing a letter from William Warner, in Adams County, together with a certificate from a Monthly Meeting on Long Island. After inspecting the farm and making close inquiries in regard to the people of the neighborhood, he accepted the terms of rent, and had now, with his family, been three or four days in possession

In this circumstance, it is true, there was nothing strange, and the interest of the people sprang from some other particulars which had transpired. The new-comer, Henry Donnelly by name, had offered, in place of the usual security, to pay the rent annually in advance; his speech and manner were not, in all respects, those of Friends, and he acknowledged that he was of Irish birth; and moreover, some who had passed the wagons bearing his household goods had been struck by the peculiar patterns of the furniture piled upon them. Abraham Bradbury had of course been present at the arrival, and the Friends upon the adjoining farms had kindly given their assistance, although it was a busy time of the year. While, therefore, no one suspected that the farmer could possibly accept a tenant of doubtful character, a general sentiment of curious expectancy went forth to meet the Donnelly family.

Even the venerable Simon Pennock, who lived in the opposite part of the township, was not wholly free from the prevalent feeling. "Abraham," he said, approaching his colleague, "I suppose thee has satisfied thyself that the strange Friend is of good repute."

Abraham was assuredly satisfied of one thing—that the three hundred silver dollars in his antiquated secretary at home were good and lawful coin. We will not say that this fact disposed him to charity, but will only testify that he answered thus:

"I don't think we have any right to question the certificate from Islip, Simon; and William Warner's word

(whom thee knows by hearsay) is that of a good and honest man. Henry himself will stand ready to satisfy thee, if it is needful."

Here he turned to greet a tall, fresh-faced youth, who had quietly joined the group at the men's end of the meeting-house. He was nineteen, blue-eyed, and rosy, and a little embarrassed by the grave, scrutinizing, yet not unfriendly eyes fixed upon him.

"Simon, this is Henry's oldest son, De Courcy," said Abraham.

Simon took the youth's hand, saying, "Where did thee get thy outlandish name?"

The young man colored, hesitated, and then said, in a low, firm voice, "It was my grandfather's name."

One of the heavy carriages of the place and period, new and shiny, in spite of its sober colors, rolled into the yard. Abraham Bradbury and De Courcy Donnelly set forth, side by side, to meet it. Out of it descended a tall, broad-shouldered figure—a man in the prime of life, whose ripe, aggressive vitality gave his rigid Quaker garb the air of a military undress. His blue eyes seemed to laugh above the measured accents of his plain speech, and the close crop of his hair could not hide its tendency to curl. A bearing expressive of energy and the habit of command was not unusual in the sect, strengthening, but not changing, its habitual mask; yet in Henry Donnelly this bearing suggested—one could scarcely explain why—a different experience. Dress and speech, in him, expressed condescension rather than fraternal equality.

He carefully assisted his wife to alight, and De Courcy led the horse to the hitching-shed. Susan Donnelly was a still blooming woman of forty; her dress, of the plainest color, was yet of the richest texture; and her round, gen tle, almost timid face looked forth like a girl's from the shadow of her scoop bonnet. While she was greeting Abraham Bradbury, the two daughters, Sylvia and Alice, who had been standing shyly by themselves on the edge of the group of women, came forward. The latter was a model of the demure Quaker maiden; but Abraham experienced as much surprise as was possible to his nature on observing Sylvia's costume. A light-blue dress, a dark-blue cloak, a hat with ribbons, and hair in curls—what Friend of good standing ever allowed his daughter thus to array herself in the fashion of the world?

Henry read the question in Abraham's face, and preferred not to answer it at that moment. Saying, "Thee must make me acquainted with the rest of our brethren," he led the way back to the men's end. When he had been presented to the older members, it was time for them to assemble in meeting.

The people were again quietly startled when Henry Donnelly deliberately mounted to the third and highest bench facing them, and sat down beside Abraham and Simon. These two retained, possibly with some little inward exertion, the composure of their faces, and the strange Friend became like unto them. His hands were clasped firmly in his lap; his full, decided lips were set together, and his eyes gazed into vacancy from under the

broad brim. De Courcy had removed his hat on entering the house, but, meeting his father's eyes, replaced it suddenly, with a slight blush.

When Simon Pennock and Ruth Treadwell had spoken the thoughts which had come to them in the stillness, the strange Friend arose. Slowly, with frequent pauses, as if waiting for the guidance of the Spirit, and with that *inward* voice which falls so naturally into the measure of a chant, he urged upon his hearers the necessity of seeking the Light and walking therein. He did not always employ the customary phrases, but neither did he seem to speak the lower language of logic and reason; while his tones were so full and mellow that they gave, with every slowly modulated sentence, a fresh satisfaction to the ear. Even his broad *a*'s and the strong roll of his *r*'s, which verified the rumor of his foreign birth, did not detract from the authority of his words. The doubts which had preceded him somehow melted away in his presence, and he came forth, after the meeting had been dissolved by the shaking of hands, an accepted tenant of the high seat.

That evening, the family were alone in their new home. The plain rush-bottomed chairs and sober carpet, in contrast with the dark, solid mahogany table, and the silver branched candle-stick which stood upon it, hinted of former wealth and present loss; and something of the same contrast was reflected in the habits of the inmates. While the father, seated in a stately arm-chair, read aloud to his wife and children, Sylvia's eyes rested on a guitar-

case in the corner, and her fingers absently adjusted themselves to the imaginary frets. De Courcy twisted his neck as if the straight collar of his coat were a bad fit, and Henry, the youngest boy, nodded drowsily from time to time.

"There, my lads and lasses!" said Henry Donnelly, as he closed the book, "now we're plain farmers at last, —and the plainer the better, since it must be. There's only one thing wanting—"

He paused; and Sylvia, looking up with a bright, arch determination, answered: "It's too late now, father, —they have seen me as one of the world's people, as I meant they should. When it is once settled as something not to be helped, it will give us no trouble."

"Faith, Sylvia!" exclaimed De Courcy, "I almost wish I had kept you company."

"Don't be impatient, my boy," said the mother, gently. "Think of the vexations we have had, and what a rest this life will be!"

"Think, also," the father added, "that I have the heaviest work to do, and that thou'lt reap the most of what may come of it. Don't carry the old life to a land where it's out of place. We must be what we seem to be, every one of us!"

"So we will!" said Sylvia, rising from her seat,—"I, as well as the rest. It was what I said in the beginning, you—no, *thee* knows, father. Somebody must be interpreter when the time comes; somebody must remember while the rest of you are forgetting. Oh, I shall be talked

about, and set upon, and called hard names; it won't be so easy. Stay where you are, De Courcy; that coat will fit sooner than you think."

Her brother lifted his shoulders and made a grimace. "I've an unlucky name, it seems," said he. "The old fellow—I mean Friend Simon—pronounced it outlandish. Couldn't I change it to Ezra or Adonijah?"

"Boy, boy—"

"Don't be alarmed, father. It will soon be as Sylvia says; thee's right, and mother is right. I'll let Sylvia keep my memory, and start fresh from here. We must into the field to-morrow, Hal and I. There's no need of a collar at the plough-tail."

They went to rest, and on the morrow not only the boys, but their father were in the field. Shrewd, quick, and strong, they made available what they knew of farming operations, and disguised much of their ignorance, while they learned. Henry Donnelly's first public appearance had made a strong public impression in his favor, which the voice of the older Friends soon stamped as a settled opinion. His sons did their share, by the amiable, yielding temper they exhibited, in accommodating themselves to the manners and ways of the people. The graces which came from a better education, and possibly, more refined associations, gave them an attraction, which was none the less felt because it was not understood, to the simple-minded young men who worked with the hired hands in their fathers' fields. If the Donnelly family had not been accustomed, in former

days, to sit at the same table with laborers in shirt-sleeves, and be addressed by the latter in fraternal phrase, no little awkwardnesses or hesitations betrayed the fact. They were anxious to make their naturalization complete, and it soon became so.

The "strange Friend" was now known in Londongrove by the familiar name of "Henry." He was a constant attendant at meeting, not only on First-days, but also on Fourth-days, and whenever he spoke his words were listened to with the reverence due to one who was truly led towards the Light. This respect kept at bay the curiosity that might still have lingered in some minds concerning his antecedent life. It was known that he answered Simon Pennock, who had ventured to approach him with a direct question, in these words:

"Thee knows, Friend Simon, that sometimes a seal is put upon our mouths for a wise purpose. I have learned not to value the outer life except in so far as it is made the manifestation of the inner life, and I only date my own from the time when I was brought to a knowledge of the truth. It is not pleasant to me to look upon what went before; but a season may come when it shall be lawful for me to declare all things—nay, when it shall be put upon me as a duty. Thee must suffer me to wait the call."

After this there was nothing more to be said. The family was on terms of quiet intimacy with the neighbors; and even Sylvia, in spite of her defiant eyes and worldly ways, became popular among the young men and maid

ens. She touched her beloved guitar with a skill which seemed marvellous to the latter; and when it was known that her refusal to enter the sect arose from her fondness for the prohibited instrument, she found many apologists among them. She was not set upon, and called hard names, as she had anticipated. It is true that her father, when appealed to by the elders, shook his head and said, "It is a cross to us!"—but he had been known to remain in the room while she sang "Full high in Kilbride," and the keen light which arose in his eyes was neither that of sorrow nor anger.

At the end of their first year of residence the farm presented evidences of much more orderly and intelligent management than at first, although the adjoining neighbors were of the opinion that the Donnellys had hardly made their living out of it. Friend Henry, nevertheless, was ready with the advance rent, and his bills were promptly paid. He was close at a bargain, which was considered rather a merit than otherwise,—and almost painfully exact in observing the strict letter of it, when made.

As time passed by, and the family became a permanent part and parcel of the remote community, wearing its peaceful color and breathing its untroubled atmosphere, nothing occurred to disturb the esteem and respect which its members enjoyed. From time to time the postmaster at the corner delivered to Henry Donnelly a letter from New York, always addressed in the same hand. The first which arrived had an "Esq." added to the name, but this "compliment" (as the Friends termed it) soon

ceased. Perhaps the official may have vaguely wondered whether there was any connection between the occasional absence of Friend Henry—not at Yearly-Meeting time—and these letters. If he had been a visitor at the farm-house he might have noticed variations in the moods of its inmates, which must have arisen from some other cause than the price of stock or the condition of the crops. Outside of the family circle, however, they were serenely reticent.

In five or six years, when De Courcy had grown to be a hale, handsome man of twenty-four, and as capable of conducting a farm as any to the township born, certain aberrations from the strict line of discipline began to be rumored. He rode a gallant horse, dressed a little more elegantly than his membership prescribed, and his unusually high, straight collar took a knack of falling over. Moreover, he was frequently seen to ride up the Street Road, in the direction of Fagg's Manor, towards those valleys where the brick Presbyterian church displaces the whitewashed Quaker meeting-house. Had Henry Donnelly not occupied so high a seat, and exercised such an acknowledged authority in the sect, he might sooner have received counsel, or proffers of sympathy, as the case might be; but he heard nothing until the rumors of De Courcy's excursions took a more definite form.

But one day, Abraham Bradbury, after discussing some Monthly-Meeting matters, suddenly asked: "Is this true that I hear, Henry,—that thy son De Courcy keeps company with one of the Alison girls?"

"Who says that?" Henry asked, in a sharp voice.

"Why, it's the common talk! Surely, thee's heard of it before?"

"No!"

Henry set his lips together in a manner which Abraham understood. Considering that he had fully performed his duty, he said no more.

That evening, Sylvia, who had been gently thrumming to herself at the window, began singing "Bonnie Peggie Alison." Her father looked at De Courcy, who caught his glance, then lowered his eyes, and turned to leave the room.

"Stop, De Courcy," said the former; "I've heard a piece of news about thee to-day, which I want thee to make clear."

"Shall I go, father?" asked Sylvia.

"No; thee may stay to give De Courcy his memory. I think he is beginning to need it. I've learned which way he rides on Seventh-day evenings."

"Father, I am old enough to choose my way," said De Courcy.

"But no such ways *now*, boy! Has thee clean forgotten? This was among the things upon which we agreed, and you all promised to keep watch and guard over yourselves. I had my misgivings then, but for five years I've trusted you, and now, when the time of probation is so nearly over—"

He hesitated, and De Courcy, plucking up courage, spoke again. With a strong effort the young man threw

off the yoke of a self-taught restraint, and asserted his true nature. "Has O'Neil written?" he asked.

"Not yet."

"Then, father," he continued, "I prefer the certainty of my present life to the uncertainty of the old. I will not dissolve my connection with the Friends by a shock which might give thee trouble; but I will slowly work away from them. Notice will be taken of my ways; there will be family visitations, warnings, and the usual routine of discipline, so that when I marry Margaret Alison, nobody will be surprised at my being read out of meeting. I shall soon be twenty-five, father, and this thing has gone on about as long as I can bear it. I must decide to be either a man or a milksop."

The color rose to Henry Donnelly's cheeks, and his eyes flashed, but he showed no signs of anger. He moved to De Courcy's side and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Patience, my boy!" he said. "It's the old blood, and I might have known it would proclaim itself. Suppose I were to shut my eyes to thy ridings, and thy merry-makings, and thy worldly company. So far I might go; but the girl is no mate for thee. If O'Neil is alive, we are sure to hear from him soon; and in three years, at the utmost, if the Lord favors us, the end will come. How far has it gone with thy courting? Surely, surely, not too far to withdraw, at least under the plea of my prohibition?"

De Courcy blushed, but firmly met his father's eyes

"I have spoken to her," he replied, "and it is not the custom of our family to break plighted faith."

"Thou art our cross, not Sylvia. Go thy ways now. I will endeavor to seek for guidance."

"Sylvia," said the father, when De Courcy had left the room, "what is to be the end of this?"

"Unless we hear from O'Neil, father, I am afraid it cannot be prevented. De Courcy has been changing for a year past; I am only surprised that you did not sooner notice it. What I said in jest has become serious truth; he has already half forgotten. We might have expected, in the beginning, that one of two things would happen: either he would become a plodding Quaker farmer or take to his present courses. Which would be worse, when this life is over,—if that time ever comes?"

Sylvia sighed, and there was a weariness in her voice which did not escape her father's ear. He walked up and down the room with a troubled air. She sat down, took the guitar upon her lap, and began to sing the verse, commencing, "Erin, my country, though sad and forsaken," when—perhaps opportunely—Susan Donnelly entered the room.

"Eh, lass!" said Henry, slipping his arm around his wife's waist, "art thou tired yet? Have I been trying thy patience, as I have that of the children? Have there been longings kept from me, little rebellions crushed, battles fought that I supposed were over?"

"Not by me, Henry," was her cheerful answer. "I have never have been happier than in these quiet ways

with thee. I've been thinking, what if something has happened, and the letters cease to come? And it has seemed to me—now that the boys are as good farmers as any, and Alice is such a tidy housekeeper—that we could manage very well without help. Only for thy sake, Henry: I fear it would be a terrible disappointment to thee. Or is thee as accustomed to the high seat as I to my place on the women's side?"

"No!" he answered emphatically. "The talk with De Courcy has set my quiet Quaker blood in motion. The boy is more than half right; I am sure Sylvia thinks so too. What could I expect? He has no birthright, and didn't begin his task, as I did, after the bravery of youth was over. It took six generations to establish the serenity and content of our brethren here, and the dress we wear don't give us the nature. De Courcy is tired of the masquerade, and Sylvia is tired of seeing it. Thou, my little Susan, who wert so timid at first, puttest us all to shame now!"

"I think I was meant for it,—Alice, and Henry, and I," said she.

No outward change in Henry Donnelly's demeanor betrayed this or any other disturbance at home. There were repeated consultations between the father and son, but they led to no satisfactory conclusion. De Courcy was sincerely attached to the pretty Presbyterian maiden, and found livelier society in her brothers and cousins than among the grave, awkward Quaker youths of Londongrove. With the occasional freedom from restraint there

awoke in him a desire for independence—a thirst for the suppressed license of youth. His new acquaintances were accustomed to a rigid domestic *régime*, but of a different character, and they met on a common ground of rebellion. Their aberrations, it is true, were not of a very formidable character, and need not have been guarded but for the severe conventionalities of both sects. An occasional fox-chase, horse-race, or a "stag party" at some outlying tavern, formed the sum of their dissipation; they sang, danced reels, and sometimes ran into little excesses through the stimulating sense of the trespass they were committing.

By and by reports of certain of these performances were brought to the notice of the Londongrove Friends, and, with the consent of Henry Donnelly himself, De Courcy received a visit of warning and remonstrance. He had foreseen the probability of such a visit and was prepared. He denied none of the charges brought against him, and accepted the grave counsel offered, simply stating that his nature was not yet purified and chastened; he was aware he was not walking in the Light; he believed it to be a troubled season through which he must needs pass His frankness, as he was shrewd enough to guess, was a scource of perplexity to the elders; it prevented them from excommunicating him without further probation, while it left him free to indulge in further recreations.

Some months passed away, and the absence from which Henry Donnelly always returned with a good supply of ready money did not take place. The knowledge of

farming which his sons had acquired now came into play. It was necessary to exercise both skill and thrift in order to keep up the liberal footing upon which the family had lived; for each member of it was too proud to allow the community to suspect the change in their circumstances. De Courcy, retained more than ever at home, and bound to steady labor, was man enough to subdue his impatient spirit for the time; but he secretly determined that with the first change for the better he would follow the fate he had chosen for himself.

Late in the fall came the opportunity for which he had longed. One evening he brought home a letter, in the well-known handwriting. His father opened and read it in silence.

"Well, father?" he said.

"A former letter was lost, it seems. This should have come in the spring; it is only the missing sum."

"Does O'Neil fix any time?"

"No; but he hopes to make a better report next year."

"Then, father," said De Courcy, "it is useless for me to wait longer; I am satisfied as it is. I should not have given up Margaret in any case; but now, since thee can live with Henry's help, I shall claim her."

"*Must* it be, De Courcy?"

"It must."

But it was not to be. A day or two afterwards the young man, on his mettled horse, set off up the Street Road, feeling at last that the fortune and the freedom of his life were approaching. He had become, in habits and

in feelings, one of the people, and the relinquishment of the hope in which his father still indulged brought him a firmer courage, a more settled content. His sweetheart's family was in good circumstances; but, had she been poor, he felt confident of his power to make and secure for her a farmer's home. To the past—whatever it might have been—he said farewell, and went carolling some cheerful ditty, to look upon the face of his future.

That night a country wagon slowly drove up to Henry Donnelly's door. The three men who accompanied it hesitated before they knocked, and, when the door was opened, looked at each other with pale, sad faces, before either spoke. No cries followed the few words that were said, but silently, swiftly, a room was made ready, while the men lifted from the straw and carried up stairs an unconscious figure, the arms of which hung down with a horrible significance as they moved. He was not dead, for the heart beat feebly and slowly; but all efforts to restore his consciousness were in vain. There was concussion of the brain the physician said. He had been thrown from his horse, probably alighting upon his head, as there were neither fractures nor external wounds. All that night and next day the tenderest, the most unwearied care was exerted to call back the flickering gleam of life. The shock had been too great; his deadly torpor deepened into death.

In their time of trial and sorrow the family received the fullest sympathy, the kindliest help, from the whole neighborhood. They had never before so fully apprecia

ted the fraternal character of the society whereof they were members. The plain, plodding people living on the adjoining farms became virtually their relatives and fellow mourners. All the external offices demanded by the sad occasion were performed for them, and other eyes than their own shed tears of honest grief over De Courcy's coffin. All came to the funeral, and even Simon Pennock, in the plain yet touching words which he spoke beside the grave, forgot the young man's wandering from the Light, in the recollection of his frank, generous, truthful nature.

If the Donnellys had sometimes found the practical equality of life in Londongrove a little repellent they were now gratefully moved by the delicate and refined ways in which the sympathy of the people sought to express itself. The better qualities of human nature always develop a temporary good-breeding. Wherever any of the family went, they saw the reflection of their own sorrow; and a new spirit informed to their eyes the quiet pastoral landscapes.

In their life at home there was little change. Abraham Bradbury had insisted on sending his favorite grandson, Joel, a youth of twenty-two, to take De Courcy's place for a few months. He was a shy, quiet creature, with large brown eyes like a fawn's, and young Henry Donnelly and he became friends at once. It was believed that he would inherit the farm at his grandfather's death; but he was as subservient to Friend Donnelly's wishes in regard to the farming operations as if the latter held the fee of the property. His coming did not fill the terrible gap

which De Courcy's death had made, but seemed to make it less constantly and painfully evident.

Susan Donnelly soon remarked a change, which she could neither clearly define nor explain to herself, both in her husband and in their daughter Sylvia. The former, although in public he preserved the same grave, stately face,—its lines, perhaps, a little more deeply marked,—seemed to be devoured by an internal unrest. His dreams were of the old times: words and names long unused came from his lips as he slept by her side. Although he bore his grief with more strength than she had hoped, he grew nervous and excitable,—sometimes unreasonably petulant, sometimes gay to a pitch which impressed her with pain. When the spring came around, and the mysterious correspondence again failed, as in the previous year, his uneasiness increased. He took his place on the high seat on First-days, as usual, but spoke no more.

Sylvia, on the other hand, seemed to have wholly lost her proud, impatient character. She went to meeting much more frequently than formerly, busied herself more actively about household matters, and ceased to speak of the uncertain contingency which had been so constantly present in her thoughts. In fact, she and her father had changed places. She was now the one who preached patience, who held before them all the bright side of their lot, who brought Margaret Alison to the house and justified her dead brother's heart to his father's, and who repeated to the latter, in his restless moods, "De Courcy foresaw the truth, and we must all in the end decide as he did."

"Can *thee* do it, Sylvia?" her father would ask.

"I believe I have done it already," she said. "If it seems difficult, pray consider how much later I begin my work. I have had all your memories in charge, and now I must not only forget for myself, but for you as well."

Indeed, as the spring and summer months came and went, Sylvia evidently grew stronger in her determination. The fret of her idle force was allayed, and her content increased as she saw and performed the possible duties of her life. Perhaps her father might have caught something of her spirit, but for his anxiety in regard to the suspended correspondence. He wearied himself in guesses, which all ended in the simple fact that, to escape embarrassment, the rent must again be saved from the earnings of the farm.

The harvests that year were bountiful; wheat, barley, and oats stood thick and heavy in the fields. No one showed more careful thrift or more cheerful industry than young Joel Bradbury, and the family felt that much of the fortune of their harvest was owing to him.

On the first day after the crops had been securely housed, all went to meeting, except Sylvia. In the walled graveyard the sod was already green over De Courcy's unmarked mound, but Alice had planted a little rose-tree at the head, and she and her mother always visited the spot before taking their seats on the women's side. The meeting-house was very full that day, as the busy season of the summer was over, and the horses of those who lived at a distance had no longer such need of rest.

It was a sultry forenoon, and the windows and doors of the building were open. The humming of insects was heard in the silence, and broken lights and shadows of the poplar-leaves were sprinkled upon the steps and sills. Outside there were glimpses of quiet groves and orchards, and blue fragments of sky,—no more semblance of life in the external landscape than there was in the silent meeting within. Some quarter of an hour before the shaking of hands took place, the hoofs of a horse were heard in the meeting-house yard—the noise of a smart trot on the turf, suddenly arrested.

The boys pricked up their ears at this unusual sound, and stole glances at each other when they imagined themselves unseen by the awful faces in the gallery. Presently those nearest the door saw a broader shadow fall over those flickering upon the stone. A red face appeared for a moment, and was then drawn back out of sight. The shadow advanced and receded, in a state of peculiar restlessness. Sometimes the end of a riding-whip was visible, sometimes the corner of a coarse gray coat. The boys who noticed these apparitions were burning with impatience, but they dared not leave their seats until Abraham Bradbury had reached his hand to Henry Donnelly.

Then they rushed out. The mysterious personage was still beside the door, leaning against the wall. He was a short, thick-set man of fifty, with red hair, round gray eyes, a broad pug nose, and projecting mouth. He wore a heavy gray coat, despite the heat, and a waistcoat with many brass buttons; also corduroy breeches and riding

boots. When they appeared, he started forward with open mouth and eyes, and stared wildly in their faces. They gathered around the poplar-trunks, and waited with some uneasiness to see what would follow.

Slowly and gravely, with the half-broken ban of silence still hanging over them, the people issued from the house. The strange man stood, leaning forward, and seemed to devour each, in turn, with his eager eyes. After the young men came the fathers of families, and lastly the old men from the gallery seats. Last of these came Henry Donnelly. In the meantime, all had seen and wondered at the waiting figure; its attitude was too intense and self-forgetting to be misinterpreted. The greetings and remarks were suspended until the people had seen for whom the man waited, and why.

Henry Donnelly had no sooner set his foot upon the door-step than, with something between a shout and a howl, the stranger darted forward, seized his hand, and fell upon one knee, crying: "O my lord! my lord! Glory be to God that I've found ye at last!"

If these words burst like a bomb on the ears of the people, what was their consternation when Henry Donnelly exclaimed, "The Divel! Jack O'Neil, can that be you?"

"It's me, meself, my lord! When we heard the letters went wrong last year, I said 'I'll trust no such good news to their blasted mail-posts: I'll go meself and carry it to his lordship,—if it is t'other side o the say. Him and my lady and all the children went, and sure I can go too.

And as I was the one that went with you from Dunleigh Castle, I'll go back with you to that same, for it stands awaitin', and blessed be the day that sees you back in your ould place!"

"All clear, Jack? All mine again?"

"You may believe it, my lord! And money in the chest beside. But where's my lady, bless her sweet face! Among yon women, belike, and you'll help me to find her, for it's herself must have the news next, and then the young master—"

With that word Henry Donnelly awoke to a sense of time and place. He found himself within a ring of staring, wondering, scandalized eyes. He met them boldly, with a proud, though rather grim smile, took hold of O'Neil's arm and led him towards the women's end of the house, where the sight of Susan in her scoop bonnet so moved the servant's heart that he melted into tears. Both husband and wife were eager to get home and hear O'Neil's news in private; so they set out at once in their plain carriage, followed by the latter on horseback. As for the Friends, they went home in a state of bewilderment.

Alice Donnelly, with her brother Henry and Joel Bradbury, returned on foot. The two former remembered O'Neil, and, although they had not witnessed his first interview with their father, they knew enough of the family history to surmise his errand. Joel was silent and troubled.

"Alice, I hope it doesn't mean that we are going back, don't you?" said Henry.

"Yes," she answered, and said no more.

They took a foot-path across the fields, and reached the farm-house at the same time with the first party. As they opened the door Sylvia descended the staircase dressed in a rich shimmering brocade, with a necklace of amethysts around her throat. To their eyes, so long accustomed to the absence of positive color, she was completely dazzling. There was a new color on her cheeks, and her eyes seemed larger and brighter. She made a stately courtesy, and held open the parlor door.

"Welcome, Lord Henry Dunleigh, of Dunleigh Castle!" she cried; "welcome, Lady Dunleigh!"

Her father kissed her on the forehead. "Now give us back our memories, Sylvia!" he said, exultingly.

Susan Donnelly sank into a chair, overcome by the mixed emotions of the moment.

"Come in, my faithful Jack! Unpack thy portmanteau of news, for I see thou art bursting to show it; let us have every thing from the beginning. Wife, it's a little too much for thee, coming so unexpectedly. Set out the wine, Alice!"

The decanter was placed upon the table. O'Neil filled a tumbler to the brim, lifted it high, made two or three hoarse efforts to speak, and then walked away to the window, where he drank in silence. This little incident touched the family more than the announcement of their good fortune. Henry Donnelly's feverish exultation subsided: he sat down with a grave, thoughtful face, while his wife wept quietly beside him. Sylvia stood waiting with an

abstracted air; Alice removed her mother's bonnet and shawl; and Henry and Joel, seated together at the farther end of the room, looked on in silent anticipation.

O'Neil's story was long, and frequently interrupted. He had been Lord Dunleigh's steward in better days, as his father had been to the old lord, and was bound to the family by the closest ties of interest and affection. When the estates became so encumbered that either an immediate change or a catastrophe was inevitable, he had been taken into his master's confidence concerning the plan which had first been proposed in jest, and afterwards adopted in earnest. The family must leave Dunleigh Castle for a period of probably eight or ten years, and seek some part of the world where their expenses could be reduced to the lowest possible figure. In Germany or Italy there would be the annoyance of a foreign race and language, of meeting of tourists belonging to the circle in which they had moved, a dangerous idleness for their sons, and embarrassing restrictions for their daughters. On the other hand, the suggestion to emigrate to America and become Quakers during their exile offered more advantages the more they considered it. It was original in character; it offered them economy, seclusion, entire liberty of action inside the limits of the sect, the best moral atmosphere for their children, and an occupation which would not deteriorate what was best in their blood and breeding.

How Lord Dunleigh obtained admission into the sect as plain Henry Donnelly is a matter of conjecture with

the Londongrove Friends. The deception which had been practised upon them—although it was perhaps less complete than they imagined—left a soreness of feeling behind it. The matter was hushed up after the departure of the family, and one might now live for years in the neighborhood without hearing the story. How the shrewd plan was carried out by Lord Dunleigh and his family, we have already learned. O'Neil, left on the estate, in the north of Ireland, did his part with equal fidelity. He not only filled up the gaps made by his master's early profuseness, but found means to move the sympathies of a cousin of the latter—a rich, eccentric old bachelor, who had long been estranged by a family quarrel. To this cousin he finally confided the character of the exile, and at a lucky time; for the cousin's will was altered in Lord Dunleigh's favor, and he died before his mood of reconciliation passed away. Now, the estate was not only unencumbered, but there was a handsome surplus in the hands of the Dublin bankers. The family might return whenever they chose, and there would be a festival to welcome them, O'Neil said, such as Dunleigh Castle had never known since its foundations were laid.

"Let us go at once!" said Sylvia, when he had concluded his tale. "No more masquerading,—I never knew until to-day how much I have hated it! I will not say that your plan was not a sensible one, father; but I wish it might have been carried out with more honor to ourselves. Since De Courcy's death I have begun to appreciate our neighbors: I was resigned to become one of

these people had our luck gone the other way. Will they give us any credit for goodness and truth, I wonder? Yes, in mother's case, and Alice's; and I believe both of them would give up Dunleigh Castle for this little farm."

"Then," her father exclaimed, "it *is* time that we should return, and without delay. But thee wrongs us somewhat, Sylvia: it has not all been masquerading. We have become the servants, rather than the masters, of our own parts, and shall live a painful and divided life until we get back in our old place. I fear me it will always be divided for thee, wife, and Alice and Henry. If I am subdued by the element which I only meant to asssume, how much more deeply must it have wrought in your natures! Yes, Sylvia is right, we must get away at once. To-morrow we must leave Londongrove forever!"

He had scarcely spoken, when a new surprise fell upon the family. Joel Bradbury arose and walked forward, as if thrust by an emotion so powerful that it transformed his whole being. He seemed to forget every thing but Alice Donnelly's presence. His soft brown eyes were fixed on her face with an expression of unutterable tenderness and longing. He caught her by the hands. "Alice, O, Alice!" burst from his lips; "you are not going to leave me?"

The flush in the girl's sweet face faded into a deadly paleness. A moan came from her lips; her head dropped, and she would have fallen, swooning, from the chair had not Joel knelt at her feet and caught her upon his breast.

For a moment there was silence in the room.

Presently, Sylvia, all her haughtiness gone, knelt beside the young man, and took her sister from his arms. "Joel, my poor, dear friend," she said, "I am sorry that the last, worst mischief we have done must fall upon you."

Joel covered his face with his hands, and convulsively uttered the words, "*Must* she go?"

Then Henry Donnelly—or, rather, Lord Dunleigh, as we must now call him—took the young man's hand. He was profoundly moved; his strong voice trembled, and his words came slowly. "I will not appeal to thy heart, Joel," he said, "for it would not hear me now. But thou hast heard all our story, and knowest that we must leave these parts, never to return. We belong to another station and another mode of life than yours, and it must come to us as a good fortune that our time of probation is at an end. Bethink thee, could we leave our darling Alice behind us, parted as if by the grave? Nay, could we rob her of the life to which she is born—of her share in our lives? On the other hand, could we take thee with us into relations where thee would always be a stranger, and in which a nature like thine has no place? This is a case where duty speaks clearly, though so hard, so very hard, to follow."

He spoke tenderly, but inflexibly, and Joel felt that his fate was pronounced. When Alice had somewhat revived, and was taken to another room, he stumbled blindly out of the house, made his way to the barn, and there flung himself upon the harvest-sheaves which, three

days before, he had bound with such a timid, delicious nope working in his arm.

The day which brought such great fortune had thus a sad and troubled termination. It was proposed that the family should start for Philadelphia on the morrow, leaving O'Neil to pack up and remove such furniture as they wished to retain; but Susan, Lady Dunleigh, could not forsake the neighborhood without a parting visit to the good friends who had mourned with her over her first-born; and Sylvia was with her in this wish. So two more days elapsed, and then the Dunleighs passed down the Street Road, and the plain farm-house was gone from their eyes forever. Two grieved over the loss of their happy home; one was almost broken-hearted; and the remaining two felt that the trouble of the present clouded all their happiness in the return to rank and fortune.

They went, and they never came again. An account of the great festival at Dunleigh Castle reached Londongrove two years later, through an Irish laborer, who brought to Joel Bradbury a letter of recommendation signed "Dunleigh." Joel kept the man upon his farm, and the two preserved the memory of the family long after the neighborhood had ceased to speak of it. Joel never married; he still lives in the house where the great sorrow of his life befell. His head is gray, and his face deeply wrinkled; but when he lifts the shy lids of his soft brown eyes, I fancy I can see in their tremulous depths the lingering memory of his love for Alice Dunleigh.

JACOB FLINT'S JOURNEY.

IF there ever was a man crushed out of all courage, all self-reliance, all comfort in life, it was Jacob Flint. Why this should have been, neither he nor any one else could have explained; but so it was. On the day that he first went to school, his shy, frightened face marked him as fair game for the rougher and stronger boys, and they subjected him to all those exquisite refinements of torture which boys seem to get by the direct inspiration of the Devil. There was no form of their bullying meanness or the cowardice of their brutal strength which he did not experience. He was born under a fading or falling star, —the inheritor of some anxious or unhappy mood of his parents, which gave its fast color to the threads out of which his innocent being was woven.

Even the good people of the neighborhood, never accustomed to look below the externals of appearance and manner, saw in his shrinking face and awkward motions only the signs of a cringing, abject soul. "You'll be no

more of a man than Jake Flint!" was the reproach which many a farmer addressed to his dilatory boy; and thus the parents, one and all, came to repeat the sins of the children.

If, therefore, at school and "before folks," Jacob's position was always uncomfortable and depressing, it was little more cheering at home. His parents, as all the neighbors believed, had been unhappily married, and, though the mother died in his early childhood, his father remained a moody, unsocial man, who rarely left his farm except on the 1st of April every year, when he went to the county town for the purpose of paying the interest upon a mortgage. The farm lay in a hollow between two hills, separated from the road by a thick wood, and the chimneys of the lonely old house looked in vain for a neighbor-smoke when they began to grow warm of a morning.

Beyond the barn and under the northern hill there was a log tenant-house, in which dwelt a negro couple, who, in the course of years had become fixtures on the place and almost partners in it. Harry, the man, was the medium by which Samuel Flint kept up his necessary intercourse with the world beyond the valley; he took the horses to the blacksmith, the grain to the mill, the turkeys to market, and through his hands passed all the incomings and outgoings of the farm, except the annual interest on the mortgage. Sally, his wife, took care of the household, which, indeed, was a light and comfortable task, since the table was well supplied for her own sake, and there was

no sharp eye to criticise her sweeping, dusting, and bed-making. The place had a forlorn, tumble-down aspect, quite in keeping with its lonely situation; but perhaps this very circumstance flattered the mood of its silent, melancholy owner and his unhappy son.

In all the neighborhood there was but one person with whom Jacob felt completely at ease—but one who never joined in the general habit of making his name the butt of ridicule or contempt. This was Mrs. Ann Pardon, the hearty, active wife of Farmer Robert Pardon, who lived nearly a mile farther down the brook. Jacob had won her good-will by some neighborly services, something so trifling, indeed, that the thought of a favor conferred never entered his mind. Ann Pardon saw that it did not; she detected a streak of most unconscious goodness under his uncouth, embarrassed ways, and she determined to cultivate it. No little tact was required, however, to coax the wild, forlorn creature into so much confidence as she desired to establish; but tact is a native quality of the heart no less than a social acquirement, and so she did the very thing necessary without thinking much about it.

Robert Pardon discovered by and by that Jacob was a steady, faithful hand in the harvest-field at husking-time, or whenever any extra labor was required, and Jacob's father made no objection to his earning a penny in this way; and so he fell into the habit of spending his Saturday evenings at the Pardon farm-house, at first to talk over matters of work, and finally because it had become a welcome relief from his dreary life at home.

Now it happened that on a Saturday in the beginning of haying-time, the village tailor sent home by Harry a new suit of light summer clothes, for which Jacob had been measured a month before. After supper he tried them on, the day's work being over, and Sally's admiration was so loud and emphatic that he felt himself growing red even to the small of his back.

"Now, don't go for to take 'em off, Mr. Jake," said she. "I spec' you're gwine down to Pardon's, and so you jist keep 'em on to show 'em all how nice you *kin* look."

The same thought had already entered Jacob's mind. Poor fellow! It was the highest form of pleasure of which he had ever allowed himself to conceive. If he had been called upon to pass through the village on first assuming the new clothes, every stitch would have pricked him as if the needle remained in it; but a quiet walk down the brookside, by the pleasant path through the thickets and over the fragrant meadows, with a consciousness of his own neatness and freshness at every step, and with kind Ann Pardon's commendation at the close, and the flattering curiosity of the children,—the only ones who never made fun of him,—all that was a delightful prospect. He could never, *never* forget himself, as he had seen other young fellows do; but to remember himself agreeably was certainly the next best thing.

Jacob was already a well-grown man of twenty-three, and would have made a good enough appearance but for the stoop in his shoulders, and the drooping, uneasy way in which he carried his head. Many a time when he was

alone in the fields or woods he had straightened himself, and looked courageously at the buts of the oak trees or in the very eyes of the indifferent oxen; but, when a human face drew near, some spring in his neck seemed to snap, some buckle around his shoulders to be drawn three holes tighter, and he found himself in the old posture. The ever-present thought of this weakness was the only drop of bitterness in his cup, as he followed the lonely path through the thickets.

Some spirit in the sweet, delicious freshness of the air, some voice in the mellow babble of the stream, leaping in and out of sight between the alders, some smile of light, lingering on the rising corn-fields beyond the meadow and the melting purple of a distant hill, reached to the seclusion of his heart. He was soothed and cheered; his head lifted itself in the presentiment of a future less lonely than the past, and the everlasting trouble vanished from his eyes.

Suddenly, at a turn of the path, two mowers from the meadow, with their scythes upon their shoulders, came upon him. He had not heard their feet on the deep turf. His chest relaxed, and his head began to sink; then, with the most desperate effort in his life, he lifted it again, and, darting a rapid side glance at the men, hastened by. They could not understand the mixed defiance and supplication of his face; to them he only looked "queer."

"Been committin' a murder, have you?" asked one of them, grinning.

"Startin' off on his journey, I guess," said the other

The next instant they were gone, and Jacob, with set teeth and clinched hands, smothered something that would have been a howl if he had given it voice. Sharp lines of pain were marked on his face, and, for the first time, the idea of resistance took fierce and bitter possession of his heart. But the mood was too unusual to last; presently he shook his head, and walked on towards Pardon's farm-house.

Ann wore a smart gingham dress, and her first exclamation was: "Why, Jake! how nice you look. And so you know all about it, too?"

"About what?"

"I see you don't," said she. "I was too fast; but it makes no difference. I know you are willing to lend me a helping hand."

"Oh, to be sure," Jacob answered.

"And not mind a little company?"

Jacob's face suddenly clouded; but he said, though with an effort: "No—not much—if I can be of any help."

"It's rather a joke, after all," Ann Pardon continued, speaking rapidly; "they meant a surprise, a few of the young people; but sister Becky found a way to send me word, or I might have been caught like Meribah Johnson last week, in the middle of my work; eight or ten, she said, but more may drop in: and it's moonlight and warm, so they'll be mostly under the trees; and Robert won't be home till late, and I *do* want help in carrying chairs, and getting up some ice, and handing around; and,

though I know you don't care for merry-makings, you *can* help me out, you see—"

Here she paused. Jacob looked perplexed, but said nothing.

"Becky will help what she can, and while I'm in the kitchen she'll have an eye to things outside," she said.

Jacob's head was down again, and, moreover, turned on one side, but his ear betrayed the mounting blood. Finally he answered, in a quick, husky voice: "Well, I'll do what I can. What's first?"

Thereupon he began to carry some benches from the veranda to a grassy bank beside the sycamore-tree. Ann Pardon wisely said no more of the coming surprise-party, but kept him so employed that, as the visitors arrived by twos and threes, the merriment was in full play almost before he was aware of it. Moreover, the night was a protecting presence: the moonlight poured splendidly upon the open turf beyond the sycamore, but every lilac-bush or trellis of woodbine made a nook of shade, wherein he could pause a moment and take courage for his duties. Becky Morton, Ann Pardon's youngest sister, frightened him a little every time she came to consult about the arrangement of seats or the distribution of refreshments; but it was a delightful, fascinating fear, such as he had never felt before in his life. He knew Becky, but he had never seen her in white and pink, with floating tresses, until now. In fact, he had hardly looked at her fairly, but now, as she glided into the moonlight and he paused in the shadow, his eyes took note of her

exceeding beauty. Some sweet, confusing influence, he knew not what, passed into his blood.

The young men had brought a fiddler from the village, and it was not long before most of the company were treading the measures of reels or cotillons on the grass. How merry and happy they all were! How freely and unembarrassedly they moved and talked! By and by all became involved in the dance, and Jacob, left alone and unnoticed, drew nearer and nearer to the gay and beautiful life from which he was expelled.

With a long-drawn scream of the fiddle the dance came to an end, and the dancers, laughing, chattering, panting, and fanning themselves, broke into groups and scattered over the enclosure before the house. Jacob was surrounded before he could escape. Becky, with two lively girls in her wake, came up to him and said: "Oh Mr. Flint, why don't you dance?"

If he had stopped to consider, he would no doubt have replied very differently. But a hundred questions, stirred by what he had seen, were clamoring for light, and they threw the desperate impulse to his lips.

"If I *could* dance, would you dance with me?"

The two lively girls heard the words, and looked at Becky with roguish faces.

"Oh yes, take him for your next partner!" cried one.

"I will," said Becky, "after he comes back from his journey.'

Then all three laughed. Jacob leaned against the tree, his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Is it a bargain?" asked one of the girls.

"No," said he, and walked rapidly away.

He went to the house, and, finding that Robert had arrived, took his hat, and left by the rear door. There was a grassy alley between the orchard and garden, from which it was divided by a high hawthorn hedge. He had scarcely taken three paces on his way to the meadow, when the sound of the voice he had last heard, on the other side of the hedge, arrested his feet.

"Becky, I think you rather hurt Jake Flint," said the girl.

"Hardly," answered Becky; "he's used to that."

"Not if he likes you; and you might go further and fare worse."

"Well, I *must* say!" Becky exclaimed, with a laugh; "you'd like to see me stuck in that hollow, out of *your* way!"

"It's a good farm, I've heard," said the other.

"Yes, and covered with as much as it'll bear!"

Here the girls were called away to the dance. Jacob slowly walked up the dewy meadow, the sounds of fiddling, singing, and laughter growing fainter behind him.

"My journey!" he repeated to himself,—"my journey! why shouldn't I start on it now? Start off, and never come back?"

It was a very little thing, after all, which annoyed him, but the mention of it always touched a sore nerve of his nature. A dozen years before, when a boy at school, he had made a temporary friendship with another boy of his

age, and had one day said to the latter, in the warmth of his first generous confidence : " When I am a little older, I shall make a great journey, and come back rich, and buy Whitney's place ! "

Now, Whitney's place, with its stately old brick mansion, its avenue of silver firs, and its two hundred acres of clean, warm-lying land, was the finest, the most aristocratic property in all the neighborhood, and the boy-friend could not resist the temptation of repeating Jacob's grand design, for the endless amusement of the school. The betrayal hurt Jacob more keenly than the ridicule. It left a wound that never ceased to rankle ; yet, with the inconceivable perversity of unthinking natures, precisely this joke (as the people supposed it to be) had been perpetuated, until " Jake Flint's Journey " was a synonyme for any absurd or extravagant expectation. Perhaps no one imagined how much pain he was keeping alive ; for almost any other man than Jacob would have joined in the laugh against himself and thus good-naturedly buried the joke in time. " He's used to that," the people said, like Becky Morton, and they really supposed there was nothing unkind in the remark !

After Jacob had passed the thickets and entered the lonely hollow in which his father's house lay, his pace became slower and slower. He looked at the shabby old building, just touched by the moonlight behind the swaying shadows of the weeping-willow, stopped, looked again, and finally seated himself on a stump beside the path.

" If I knew what to do ! " he said to himself, rocking

backwards and forwards, with his hands clasped over his knees,—"if I knew what to do!"

The spiritual tension of the evening reached its climax: he could bear no more. With a strong bodily shudder his tears burst forth, and the passion of his weeping filled him from head to foot. How long he wept he knew not; it seemed as if the hot fountains would never run dry. Suddenly and startlingly a hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Boy, what does this mean?"

It was his father who stood before him.

Jacob looked up like some shy animal brought to bay, his eyes full of a feeling mixed of fierceness and terror; but he said nothing.

His father seated himself on one of the roots of the old stump, laid one hand upon Jacob's knee, and said with an unusual gentleness of manner, "I'd like to know what it is that troubles you so much."

After a pause, Jacob suddenly burst forth with: "Is there any reason why I should tell you? Do you care any more for me than the rest of 'em?"

"I didn't know as you wanted me to care for you particularly," said the father, almost deprecatingly. "I always thought you had friends of your own age."

"Friends? Devils!" exclaimed Jacob. "Oh, what have I done—what is there so dreadful about me that I should always be laughed at, and despised, and trampled upon? You are a great deal older than I am, father: what do you see in me? Tell me what it is, and how to get over it!"

The eyes of the two men met. Jacob saw his father's face grow pale in the moonlight, while he pressed his hand involuntarily upon his heart, as if struggling with some physical pain. At last he spoke, but his words were strange and incoherent.

"I couldn't sleep," he said; "I got up again and came out o doors. The white ox had broken down the fence at the corner, and would soon have been in the cornfield. I thought it was that, maybe, but still your—your mother would come into my head. I was coming down the edge of the wood when I saw you, and I don't know why it was that you seemed so different, all at once—"

Here he paused, and was silent for a minute. Then he said, in a grave, commanding tone: "Just let me know the whole story. I have that much right yet."

Jacob related the history of the evening, somewhat awkwardly and confusedly, it is true; but his father's brief, pointed questions kept him to the narrative, and forced him to explain the full significance of the expressions he repeated. At the mention of "Whitney's place," a singular expression of malice touched the old man's face.

"Do you love Becky Morton?" he asked bluntly, when all had been told.

"I don't know," Jacob stammered; "I think not; because when I seem to like her most, I feel afraid of her.'

"It's lucky that you're not sure of it!" exclaimed the old man with energy; "because you should never have her."

"No," said Jacob, with a mournful acquiescence, "I can never have her, or any other one."

"But you shall—and will! when I help you. It's true I've not seemed to care much about you, and I suppose you're free to think as you like; but this I say: I'll not stand by and see you spit upon! 'Covered with as much as it'll bear!' *That's* a piece o' luck anyhow. If we're poor, your wife must take your poverty with you, or she don't come into *my* doors. But first of all you must make your journey!"

"My journey!" repeated Jacob.

"Weren't you thinking of it this night, before you took your seat on that stump? A little more, and you'd have gone clean off, I reckon."

Jacob was silent, and hung his head.

"Never mind! I've no right to think hard of it. In a week we'll have finished our haying, and then it's a fortnight to wheat; but, for that matter, Harry and I can manage the wheat by ourselves. You may take a month, two months, if any thing comes of it. Under a month I don't mean that you shall come back. I'll give you twenty dollars for a start; if you want more you must earn it on the road, any way you please. And, mark you, Jacob! since you *are* poor, don't let anybody suppose you are rich. For my part, I shall not expect you to buy Whitney's place; all I ask is that you'll tell me, fair and square, just what things and what people you've got acquainted with. Get to bed now—the matter's settled; I will have it so."

They rose and walked across the meadow to the house. Jacob had quite forgotten the events of the evening in the

new prospect suddenly opened to him, which filled him with a wonderful confusion of fear and desire. His father said nothing more. They entered the lonely house together at midnight, and went to their beds; but Jacob slept very little.

Six days afterwards he left home, on a sparkling June morning, with a small bundle tied in a yellow silk handkerchief under his arm. His father had furnished him with the promised money, but had positively refused to tell him what road he should take, or what plan of action he should adopt. The only stipulation was that his absence from home should not be less than a month.

After he had passed the wood and reached the highway which followed the course of the brook, he paused to consider which course to take. Southward the road led past Pardon's, and he longed to see his only friends once more before encountering untried hazards; but the village was beyond, and he had no courage to walk through its one long street with a bundle, denoting a journey, under his arm. Northward he would have to pass the mill and blacksmith's shop at the cross-roads. Then he remembered that he might easily wade the stream at a point where it was shallow, and keep in the shelter of the woods on the opposite hill until he struck the road farther on, and in that direction two or three miles would take him into a neighborhood where he was not known.

Once in the woods, an exquisite sense of freedom came upon him. There was nothing mocking in the soft, graceful stir of the expanded foliage, in the twittering of

the unfrightened birds, or the scampering of the squirrels, over the rustling carpet of dead leaves. He lay down upon the moss under a spreading beech-tree and tried to think; but the thoughts would not come. He could not even clearly recall the keen troubles and mortifications he had endured: all things were so peaceful and beautiful that a portion of their peace and beauty fell upon men and invested them with a more kindly character.

Towards noon Jacob found himself beyond the limited geography of his life. The first man he encountered was a stranger, who greeted him with a hearty and respectful "How do you do, sir?"

"Perhaps," thought Jacob, "I am not so very different from other people, if I only thought so myself."

At noon, he stopped at a farm-house by the roadside to get a drink of water. A pleasant woman, who came from the door at that moment with a pitcher, allowed him to lower the bucket and haul it up dripping with precious coolness. She looked upon him with good-will, for he had allowed her to see his eyes, and something in their honest, appealing expression went to her heart.

"We're going to have dinner in five minutes," said she; "won't you stay and have something?"

Jacob stayed and brake bread with the plain, hospitable family. Their kindly attention to him during the meal gave him the lacking nerve; for a moment he resolved to offer his services to the farmer, but he presently saw that they were not really needed, and, besides, the place was still too near home.

Towards night he reached an old country tavern, lording it over an incipient village of six houses. The landlord and hostler were inspecting a drooping-looking horse in front of the stables. Now, if there was any thing which Jacob understood, to the extent of his limited experience, it was horse nature. He drew near, listened to the views of the two men, examined the animal with his eyes, and was ready to answer, "Yes, I guess so," when the landlord said, "Perhaps, sir, you can tell what is the matter with him."

His prompt detection of the ailment, and prescription of a remedy which in an hour showed its good effects, installed him in the landlord's best graces. The latter said, "Well, it shall cost you nothing to-night," as he led the way to the supper-room. When Jacob went to bed he was surprised on reflecting that he had not only been talking for a full hour in the bar-room, but had been looking people in the face.

Resisting an offer of good wages if he would stay and help look after the stables, he set forward the next morning with a new and most delightful confidence in himself. The knowledge that now nobody knew him as "Jake Flint" quite removed his tortured self-consciousness. When he met a person who was glum and ungracious of speech, he saw, nevertheless, that he was not its special object. He was sometimes asked questions, to be sure, which a little embarrassed him, but he soon hit upon answers which were sufficiently true without betraying his purpose.

Wandering sometimes to the right and sometimes

to the left, he slowly made his way into the land, until, on the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving home, he found himself in a rougher region—a rocky, hilly tract, with small and not very flourishing farms in the valleys. Here the season appeared to be more backward than in the open country; the hay harvest was not yet over.

Jacob's taste for scenery was not particularly cultivated, but something in the loneliness and quiet of the farms reminded him of his own home; and he looked at one house after another, deliberating with himself whether it would not be a good place to spend the remainder of his month of probation. He seemed to be very far from home—about forty miles, in fact,—and was beginning to feel a little tired of wandering.

Finally the road climbed a low pass of the hills, and dropped into a valley on the opposite side. There was but one house in view—a two-story building of logs and plaster, with a garden and orchard on the hillside in the rear. A large meadow stretched in front, and when the whole of it lay clear before him, as the road issued from a wood, his eye was caught by an unusual harvest picture.

Directly before him, a woman, whose face was concealed by a huge, flapping sun-bonnet, was seated upon a mowing machine, guiding a span of horses around the great tract of thick grass which was still uncut. A little distance off, a boy and girl were raking the drier swaths together, and a hay-cart, drawn by oxen and driven by a man, was just entering the meadow from the side next the barn.

Jacob hung his bundle upon a stake, threw his coat and waistcoat over the rail, and, resting his chin on his shirted arms, leaned on the fence, and watched the hay-makers. As the woman came down the nearer side she appeared to notice him, for her head was turned from time to time in his direction. When she had made the round, she stopped the horses at the corner, sprang lightly from her seat and called to the man, who, leaving his team, met her half-way. They were nearly a furlong distant, but Jacob was quite sure that she pointed to him, and that the man looked in the same direction. Presently she set off across the meadow, directly towards him.

When within a few paces of the fence, she stopped, threw back the flaps of her sun-bonnet, and said, "Good day to you!"

Jacob was so amazed to see a bright, fresh, girlish face, that he stared at her with all his eyes, forgetting to drop his head. Indeed, he could not have done so, for his chin was propped upon the top rail of the fence.

"You are a stranger, I see," she added.

"Yes, in these parts," he replied.

"Looking for work?"

He hardly knew what answer to make, so he said, at a venture, "That's as it happens." Then he colored a little, for the words seemed foolish to his ears.

"Time's precious," said the girl, "so I'll tell you at once we want help. Our hay *must* be got in while the fine weather lasts."

"I'll help you!" Jacob exclaimed, taking his arms from the rail, and looking as willing as he felt.

"I'm so glad! But I must tell you, at first, that we're not rich, and the hands are asking a great deal now. How much do you expect?"

"Whatever you please?" said he, climbing the fence.

"No, that's not our way of doing business. What do you say to a dollar a day, and found?"

"All right!" and with the words he was already at her side, taking long strides over the elastic turf.

"I will go on with my mowing," said she, when they reached the horses, "and you can rake and load with my father. What name shall I call you by?"

"Everybody calls me Jake."

"'Jake!' Jacob is better. Well, Jacob, I hope you'll give us all the help you can."

With a nod and a light laugh she sprang upon the machine. There was a sweet throb in Jacob's heart, which, if he could have expressed it, would have been a triumphant shout of "I'm not afraid of her! I'm not afraid of her!"

The farmer was a kindly, depressed man, with whose quiet ways Jacob instantly felt himself at home. They worked steadily until sunset, when the girl, detaching her horses from the machine, mounted one of them and led the other to the barn. At the supper-table, the farmer's wife said: "Susan, you must be very tired."

"Not now, mother!" she cheerily answered. "I was, I think, but after I picked up Jacob I felt sure we should get our hay in."

"It was a good thing," said the farmer; "Jacob don't need to be told how to work."

Poor Jacob! He was so happy he could have cried. He sat and listened, and blushed a little, with a smile on his face which it was a pleasure to see. The honest people did not seem to regard him in the least as a stranger they discussed their family interests and troubles and hopes before him, and in a little while it seemed as if he had known them always.

How faithfully he worked! How glad and tired he felt when night came, and the hay-mow was filled, and the great stacks grew beside the barn! But ah! the haying came to an end, and on the last evening, at supper, everybody was constrained and silent. Even Susan looked grave and thoughtful.

"Jacob," said the farmer, finally, "I wish we could keep you until wheat harvest; but you know we are poor, and can't afford it. Perhaps you could—"

He hesitated; but Jacob, catching at the chance and obeying his own unselfish impulse, cried: "Oh, yes, I can; I'll be satisfied with my board, till the wheat's ripe."

Susan looked at him quickly, with a bright, speaking face.

"It's hardly fair to you," said the farmer.

"But I like to be here so much!" Jacob cried. "I like—all of you!"

"We *do* seem to suit," said the farmer, "like as one family. And that reminds me, we've not heard your family name yet."

"Flint."

"Jacob *Flint!*" exclaimed the farmer's wife, with sudden agitation.

Jacob was scared and troubled. They had heard of him, he thought, and who knew what ridiculous stories? Susan noticed an anxiety on his face which she could not understand, but she unknowingly came to his relief.

"Why, mother," she asked, "do you know Jacob's family?"

"No, I think not," said her mother, "only somebody of the name, long ago."

His offer, however, was gratefully accepted. The bright, hot summer days came and went, but no flower of July ever opened as rapidly and richly and warmly as his chilled, retarded nature. New thoughts and instincts came with every morning's sun, and new conclusions were reached with every evening's twilight. Yet as the wheat harvest drew towards the end, he felt that he must leave the place. The month of absence had gone by, he scarce knew how. He was free to return home, and, though he might offer to bridge over the gap between wheat and oats, as he had already done between hay and wheat, he imagined the family might hesitate to accept such an offer. Moreover, this life at Susan's side was fast growing to be a pain, unless he could assure himself that it would be so forever.

They were in the wheat-field, busy with the last sheaves, she raking and he binding. The farmer and younger children had gone to the barn with a load. Jacob was working silently and steadily, but when they

had reached the end of a row, he stopped, wiped his wet brow, and suddenly said, "Susan, I suppose to-day finishes my work here."

"Yes," she answered very slowly.

"And yet I'm very sorry to go."

"I—*we* don't want you to go, if we could help it."

Jacob appeared to struggle with himself. He attempted to speak. "If I could—" he brought out, and then paused. "Susan, would you be glad if I came back?"

His eyes implored her to read his meaning. No doubt she read it correctly, for her face flushed, her eyelids fell, and she barely murmured, "Yes, Jacob."

"Then I'll come!" he cried; "I'll come and help you with the oats. Don't talk of pay! Only tell me I'll be welcome! Susan, don't you believe I'll keep my word?"

"I do indeed," said she, looking him firmly in the face.

That was all that was said at the time; but the two understood each other tolerably well.

On the afternoon of the second day, Jacob saw again the lonely house of his father. His journey was made, yet, if any of the neighbors had seen him, they would never have believed that he had come back rich.

Samuel Flint turned away to hide a peculiar smile when he saw his son; but little was said until late that evening, after Harry and Sally had left. Then he required and received an exact account of Jacob's experience

during his absence. After hearing the story to the end, he said, "And so you love this Susan Meadows?"

"I'd—I'd do any thing to be with her."

"Are you afraid of her?"

"No!" Jacob uttered the word so emphatically that it rang through the house.

"Ah, well!" said the old man, lifting his eyes, and speaking in the air, "all the harm may be mended yet. But there must be another test." Then he was silent for some time.

"I have it!" he finally exclaimed. "Jacob, you must go back for the oats harvest. You must ask Susan to be your wife, and ask her parents to let you have her. But, —pay attention to my words!—you must tell her that you are a poor, hired man on this place, and that she can be engaged as housekeeper. Don't speak of me as your father, but as the owner of the farm. Bring her here in that belief, and let me see how honest and willing she is. I can easily arrange matters with Harry and Sally while you are away; and I'll only ask you to keep up the appearance of the thing for a month or so."

"But, father,"—Jacob began.

"Not a word! Are you not willing to do that much for the sake of having her all your life, and this farm after me? Suppose it is covered with a mortgage, if she is all you say, you two can work it off. Not a word more! It is no lie, after all, that you will tell her."

"I am afraid," said Jacob, "that she could not leave her home now. She is too useful there, and the family is so poor."

"Tell them that both your wages, for the first year, shall go to them. It'll be my business to rake and scrape the money together somehow. Say, too, that the housekeeper's place can't be kept for her—must be filled at once. Push matters like a man, if you mean to be a complete one, and bring her here, if she carries no more with her than the clothes on her back!"

During the following days Jacob had time to familiarize his mind with this startling proposal. He knew his father's stubborn will too well to suppose that it could be changed; but the inevitable soon converted itself into the possible and desirable. The sweet face of Susan as she had stood before him in the wheat-field was continually present to his eyes, and ere long, he began to place her, in his thoughts, in the old rooms at home, in the garden, among the thickets by the brook, and in Ann Pardon's pleasant parlor. Enough; his father's plan became his own long before the time was out.

On his second journey everybody seemed to be an old acquaintance and an intimate friend. It was evening as he approached the Meadows farm, but the younger children recognized him in the dusk, and their cry of, "Oh, here's Jacob!" brought out the farmer and his wife and Susan, with the heartiest of welcomes. They had all missed him, they said—even the horses and oxen had looked for him, and they were wondering how they should get the oats harvested without him.

Jacob looked at Susan as the farmer said this, and her eyes seemed to answer, "I said nothing, but I knew

you would come." Then, first, he felt sufficient courage for the task before him.

He rose the next morning, before any one was stirring, and waited until she should come down stairs. The sun had not risen when she appeared, with a milk-pail in each hand, walking unsuspectingly to the cow-yard. He waylaid her, took the pails in his hand and said in nervous haste, "Susan, will you be my wife?"

She stopped as if she had received a sudden blow; then a shy, sweet consent seemed to run through her heart. "O Jacob!" was all she could say.

"But you will, Susan?" he urged; and then (neither of them exactly knew how it happened) all at once his arms were around her, and they had kissed each other.

"Susan," he said, presently, "I am a poor man—only a farm hand, and must work for my living. You could look for a better husband."

"I could never find a better than you, Jacob."

"Would you work with me, too, at the same place?"

"You know I am not afraid of work," she answered, "and I could never want any other lot than yours."

Then he told her the story which his father had prompted. Her face grew bright and happy as she listened, and he saw how from her very heart she accepted the humble fortune. Only the thought of her parents threw a cloud over the new and astonishing vision. Jacob, however, grew bolder as he saw fulfilment of his hope so near. They took the pails and seated themselves beside neighbor cows, one raising objections or misgivings which the

other manfully combated. Jacob's earnestness unconsciously ran into his hands, as he discovered when the impatient cow began to snort and kick.

The harvesting of the oats was not commenced that morning. The children were sent away, and there was a council of four persons held in the parlor. The result of mutual protestations and much weeping was, that the farmer and his wife agreed to receive Jacob as a son-in-law; the offer of the wages was four times refused by them, and then accepted; and the chance of their being able to live and labor together was finally decided to be too fortunate to let slip. When the shock and surprise was over all gradually became cheerful, and, as the matter was more calmly discussed, the first conjectured difficulties somehow resolved themselves into trifles.

It was the simplest and quietest wedding,—at home on an August morning. Farmer Meadows then drove the bridal pair half-way on their journey, to the old country tavern, where a fresh conveyance had been engaged for them. The same evening they reached the farm-house in the valley, and Jacob's happy mood gave place to an anxious uncertainty as he remembered the period of deception upon which Susan was entering. He keenly watched his father's face when they arrived, and was a little relieved when he saw that his wife had made a good first impression.

"So, this is my new housekeeper," said the old man. "I hope you will suit me as well as your husband does."

"I'll do my best, sir," said she; "but you must have

patience with me for a few days, until I know your ways and wishes."

"Mr. Flint," said Sally, "shall I get supper ready?"

Susan looked up in astonishment at hearing the name

"Yes," the old man remarked, "we both have the same name. The fact is, Jacob and I are a sort of relations."

Jacob, in spite of his new happiness, continued ill at ease, although he could not help seeing how his father brightened under Susan's genial influence, how satisfied he was with her quick, neat, exact ways and the cheerfulness with which she fulfilled her duties. At the end of a week, the old man counted out the wages agreed upon for both, and his delight culminated at the frank simplicity with which Susan took what she supposed she had fairly earned.

"Jacob," he whispered when she had left the room, "keep quiet one more week, and then I'll let her know."

He had scarcely spoken, when Susan burst into the room again, crying, "Jacob, they are coming, they have come!"

"Who?"

"Father and mother; and we didn't expect them, you know, for a week yet."

All three went to the door as the visitors made their appearance on the veranda. Two of the party stood as if thunderstruck, and two exclamations came together:

"Samuel Flint!"

"Lucy Wheeler!"

There was a moment's silence ; then the farmer's wife, with a visible effort to compose herself, said, " Lucy Meadows, now."

The tears came into Samuel Flint's eyes. " Let us shake hands, Lucy," he said : " my son has married your naughter."

All but Jacob were freshly startled at these words. The two shook hands, and then Samuel, turning to Susan s father, said : " And this is your husband, Lucy. I am glad to make his acquaintance."

" Your father, Jacob ! " Susan cried ; " what does it all mean ? "

Jacob's face grew red, and the old habit of hanging his head nearly came back upon him. He knew not what to say, and looked wistfully at his father.

" Come into the house and sit down," said the latter. " I think we shall all fee! better when we have quietly and comfortably talked the matter over."

They went into the quaint, old-fashioned parlor, which had already been transformed by Susan's care, so that much of its shabbiness was hidden. When all were seated, and Samuel Flint perceived that none of the others knew what to say, he took a resolution which, for a man of his mood and habit of life, required some courage.

" Three of us here are old people," he began, " and the two young ones love each other. It was so long ago, Lucy, that it cannot be laid to my blame if I speak of it now. Your husband, I see, has an honest heart, and will not misunderstand either of us. The same thing often

turns up in life; it is one of those secrets that everybody knows, and that everybody talks about except the persons concerned. When I was a young man, Lucy, I loved you truly, and I faithfully meant to make you my wife."

"I thought so too, for a while," said she, very calmly.

Farmer Meadows looked at his wife, and no face was ever more beautiful than his, with that expression of generous pity shining through it.

"You know how I acted," Samuel Flint continued, "but our children must also know that I broke off from you without giving any reason. A woman came between us and made all the mischief. I was considered rich then, and she wanted to secure my money for her daughter. I was an innocent and unsuspecting young man, who believed that everybody else was as good as myself; and the woman never rested until she had turned me from my first love, and fastened me for life to another. Little by little I discovered the truth; I kept the knowledge of the injury to myself; I quickly got rid of the money which had so cursed me, and brought my wife to this, the loneliest and dreariest place in the neighborhood, where I forced upon her a life of poverty. I thought it was a just revenge, but I was unjust. She really loved me: she was, if not quite without blame in the matter, ignorant of the worst that had been done (I learned all that too late), and she never complained, though the change in me slowly wore out her life. I know now that I was cruel; but at the same time I punished myself, and was innocently punishing my son. But to *him* there was one way to make

amends. 'I will help him to a wife,' I said, 'who will gladly take poverty with him and for his sake. I forced him, against his will, to say that he was a hired hand on this place, and that Susan must be content to be a hired housekeeper. Now that I know Susan, I see that this proof might have been left out; but I guess it has done no harm. The place is not so heavily mortgaged as people think, and it will be Jacob's after I am gone. And now forgive me, all of you,—Lucy first, for she has most cause; Jacob next; and Susan,—that will be easier; and you, Friend Meadows, if what I have said has been hard for you to hear."

The farmer stood up like a man, took Samuel's hand and his wife's, and said, in a broken voice: "Lucy, I ask you, too, to forgive him, and I ask you both to be good friends to each other."

Susan, dissolved in tears, kissed all of them in turn; but the happiest heart there was Jacob's.

It was now easy for him to confide to his wife the complete story of his troubles, and to find his growing self-reliance strengthened by her quick, intelligent sympathy. The Pardons were better friends than ever, and the fact, which at first created great astonishment in the neighborhood, that Jacob Flint had really gone upon a journey and brought home a handsome wife, began to change the attitude of the people towards him. The old place was no longer so lonely; the nearest neighbors began to drop in and insist on return visits. Now that Jacob kept his head up, and they got a fair view of his face,

they discovered that he was not lacking, after all, in sense or social qualities.

In October, the Whitney place, which had been leased for several years, was advertised to be sold at public sale. The owner had gone to the city and become a successful merchant, had outlived his local attachments, and now took advantage of a rise in real estate to disburden himself of a property which he could not profitably control.

Everybody from far and wide attended the sale, and, when Jacob Flint and his father arrived, everybody said to the former: "Of course *you*'ve come to buy, Jacob." But each man laughed at his own smartness, and considered the remark original with himself.

Jacob was no longer annoyed. He laughed, too, and answered: "I'm afraid I can't do that; but I've kept half my word, which is more than most men do."

"Jake's no fool, after all," was whispered behind him.

The bidding commenced, at first very spirited, and then gradually slacking off, as the price mounted above the means of the neighboring farmers. The chief aspirant was a stranger, a well-dressed man with a lawyer's air, whom nobody knew. After the usual long pauses and passionate exhortations, the hammer fell, and the auctioneer, turning to the stranger, asked, "What name?"

"Jacob Flint!"

There was a general cry of surprise. All looked at Jacob, whose eyes and mouth showed that he was as dumbfoundered as the rest.

The stranger walked coolly through the midst of the

crowd to Samuel Flint, and said, "When shall I have the papers drawn up?"

"As soon as you can," the old man replied; then seizing Jacob by the arm, with the words, "Let's go home now!" he hurried him on.

The explanation soon leaked out. Samuel Flint had not thrown away his wealth, but had put it out of his own hands. It was given privately to trustees, to be held for his son, and returned when the latter should have married with his father's consent. There was more than enough to buy the Whitney place.

Jacob and Susan are happy in their stately home, and good as they are happy. If any person in the neighborhood ever makes use of the phrase "Jacob Flint's Journey," he intends thereby to symbolize the good fortune which sometimes follows honesty, reticence, and shrewdness.

CAN A LIFE HIDE ITSELF?

HAD been reading, as is my wont from time to time, one of the many volumes of "The New Pitaval," that singular record of human crime and human cunning, and also of the inevitable fatality which, in every case, leaves a gate open for detection. Were it not for the latter fact, indeed, one would turn with loathing from such endless chronicles of wickedness. Yet these may be safely contemplated, when one has discovered the incredible fatuity of crime, the certain weak mesh in a network of devilish texture; or is it rather the agency of a power outside of man, a subtile protecting principle, which allows the operation of the evil element only that the latter may finally betray itself? Whatever explanation we may choose, the fact is there, like a tonic medicine distilled from poisonous plants, to brace our faith in the ascendancy of Good in the government of the world.

Laying aside the book, I fell into a speculation concerning the mixture of the two elements in man's nature. The life of an individual is usually, it seemed to me, a

series of *results*, the processes leading to which are not often visible, or observed when they are so. Each act is the precipitation of a number of mixed influences, more or less unconsciously felt; the qualities of good and evil are so blended therein that they defy the keenest moral analysis; and how shall we, then, pretend to judge of any one? Perhaps the surest indication of evil (I further reflected) is that it always tries to conceal itself, and the strongest incitement to good is that evil cannot be concealed. The crime, or the vice, or even the self-acknowledged weakness, becomes a part of the individual consciousness; it cannot be forgotten or outgrown. It follows a life through all experiences and to the uttermost ends of the earth, pressing towards the light with a terrible, demoniac power. There are noteless lives, of course—lives that accept obscurity, mechanically run their narrow round of circumstance, and are lost; but when a life endeavors to lose itself,—to hide some conscious guilt or failure,—can it succeed? Is it not thereby lifted above the level of common experience, compelling attention to itself by the very endeavor to escape it?

I turned these questions over in my mind, without approaching, or indeed expecting, any solution,—since I knew, from habit, the labyrinths into which they would certainly lead me,—when a visitor was announced. It was one of the directors of our county almshouse, who came on an errand to which he attached no great importance. I owed the visit, apparently, to the circumstance that my home lay in his way, and he could at once relieve

his conscience of a very trifling pressure and his pocket of a small package, by calling upon me. His story was told in a few words; the package was placed upon my table, and I was again left to my meditations.

Two or three days before, a man who had the appearance of a "tramp" had been observed by the people of a small village in the neighborhood. He stopped and looked at the houses in a vacant way, walked back and forth once or twice as if uncertain which of the cross-roads to take, and presently went on without begging or even speaking to any one. Towards sunset a farmer, on his way to the village store, found him sitting at the roadside, his head resting against a fence-post. The man's face was so worn and exhausted that the farmer kindly stopped and addressed him; but he gave no other reply than a shake of the head.

The farmer thereupon lifted him into his light country-wagon, the man offering no resistance, and drove to the tavern, where, his exhaustion being so evident, a glass of whiskey was administered to him. He afterwards spoke a few words in German, which no one understood. At the almshouse, to which he was transported the same evening, he refused to answer the customary questions, although he appeared to understand them. The physician was obliged to use a slight degree of force in administering nourishment and medicine, but neither was of any avail. The man died within twenty-four hours after being received. His pockets were empty, but two small leathern wallets were found under his pillow; and these

formed the package which the director left in my charge They were full of papers in a foreign language, he said, and he supposed I might be able to ascertain the stranger's name and home from them.

I took up the wallets, which were worn and greasy from long service, opened them, and saw that they were filled with scraps, fragments, and folded pieces of paper, nearly every one of which had been carried for a long time loose in the pocket. Some were written in pen and ink, and some in pencil, but all were equally brown, worn, and unsavory in appearance. In turning them over, however, my eye was caught by some slips in the Russian character, and three or four notes in French; the rest were German. I laid aside "Pitaval" at once, emptied all the leathern pockets carefully, and set about examining the pile of material.

I first ran rapidly through the papers to ascertain the dead man's name, but it was nowhere to be found. There were half a dozen letters, written on sheets folded and addressed in the fashion which prevailed before envelopes were invented; but the name was cut out of the address in every case. There was an official permit to embark on board a Bremen steamer, mutilated in the same way; there was a card photograph, from which the face had been scratched by a penknife. There were Latin sentences; accounts of expenses; a list of New York addresses. covering eight pages; and a number of notes, written either in Warsaw or Breslau. A more incongruous collection I never saw, and I am sure that had it not been for

the train of thought I was pursuing when the director called upon me, I should have returned the papers to him without troubling my head with any attempt to unravel the man s story.

The evidence, however, that he had endeavored to hide his life, had been revealed by my first superficial examination ; and here, I reflected, was a singular opportunity to test both his degree of success and my own power of constructing a coherent history out of the detached fragments. Unpromising as is the matter, said I, let me see whether he can conceal his secret from even such unpractised eyes as mine.

I went through the papers again, read each one rapidly, and arranged them in separate files, according to the character of their contents. Then I rearranged these latter in the order of time, so far as it was indicated ; and afterwards commenced the work of picking out and threading together whatever facts might be noted. The first thing I ascertained, or rather conjectured, was that the man's life might be divided into three very distinct phases, the first ending in Breslau, the second in Poland, and the third and final one in America. Thereupon I once again rearranged the material, and attacked that which related to the first phase.

It consisted of the following papers : Three letters, in a female hand, commencing "My dear brother," and terminating with "Thy loving sister, Elise ;" part of a diploma from a gymnasium, or high school, certifying that [here the name was cut out] had successfully passed his

examination, and was competent to teach,—and here again, whether by accident or design, the paper was torn off; a note, apparently to a jeweller, ordering a certain gold ring to be delivered to "Otto," and signed "B. v. H.;" a receipt from the package-post for a box forwarded to Warsaw, to the address of Count Ladislas Kasincsky; and finally a washing-list, at the bottom of which was written, in pencil, in a trembling hand: "May God protect thee! But do not stay away so very long."

In the second collection, relating to Poland, I found the following: Six orders in Russian and three in French, requesting somebody to send by "Jean" sums of money, varying from two to eight hundred rubles. These orders were in the same hand, and all signed "Y." A charming letter in French, addressed "*cher ami*," and declining, in the most delicate and tender way, an offer of marriage made to the sister of the writer, of whose signature only "Amélie de" remained, the family name having been torn off. A few memoranda of expenses, one of which was curious: "Dinner with Jean, 58 rubles;" and immediately after it: "Doctor, 10 rubles." There were, moreover, a leaf torn out of a journal, and half of a note which had been torn down the middle, both implicating "Jean" in some way with the fortunes of the dead man.

The papers belonging to the American phase, so far as they were to be identified by dates, or by some internal evidence, were fewer, but even more enigmatical in character. The principal one was a list of addresses in New York, divided into sections, the street boundaries of

which were given. There were no names, but some of the addresses were marked +, and others ?, and a few had been crossed out with a pencil. Then there were some leaves of a journal of diet and bodily symptoms, of a very singular character; three fragments of drafts of letters, in pencil, one of them commencing, "Dog and villain!" and a single note of "Began work, September 10th, 1865." This was about a year before his death.

The date of the diploma given by the gymnasium at Breslau was June 27, 1855, and the first date in Poland was May 3, 1861. Belonging to the time between these two periods there were only the order for the ring (1858), and a little memorandum in pencil, dated "Posen, Dec., 1859." The last date in Poland was March 18, 1863, and the permit to embark at Bremen was dated in October of that year. Here, at least, was a slight chronological framework. The physician who attended the county almshouse had estimated the man's age at thirty, which, supposing him to have been nineteen at the time of receiving the diploma, confirmed the dates to that extent.

I assumed, at the start, that the name which had been so carefully cut out of all the documents was the man's own. The "Elise" of the letters was therefore his sister. The first two letters related merely to "mother's health," and similar details, from which it was impossible to extract any thing, except that the sister was in some kind of service. The second letter closed with: "I have enough work to do, but I keep well. Forget thy disappointment

so far as *I* am concerned, for I never expected any thing; I don't know why, but I never did."

Here was a disappointment, at least, to begin with. I made a note of it opposite the date, on my blank programme, and took up the next letter. It was written in November, 1861, and contained a passage which keenly excited my curiosity. It ran thus: "Do, pray, be more careful of thy money. It may be all as thou sayest, and inevitable, but I dare not mention the thing to mother, and five thalers is all I can spare out of my own wages. As for thy other request, I have granted it, as thou seest, but it makes me a little anxious. What is the joke? And how can it serve thee? That is what I do not understand, and I have plagued myself not a little to guess."

Among the Polish memoranda was this: "Sept. 1 to Dec. 1, 200 rubles," which I assumed to represent a salary. This would give him eight hundred a year, at least twelve times the amount which his sister—who must either have been cook or housekeeper, since she spoke of going to market for the family—could have received. His application to her for money, and the manner of her reference to it, indicated some imprudence or irregularity on his part. What the "other request" was, I could not guess; but as I was turning and twisting the worn leaf in some perplexity, I made a sudden discovery. One side of the bottom edge had been very slightly doubled over in folding, and as I smoothed it out, I noticed some diminutive letters in the crease. The paper had been worn

nearly through, but I made out the words: "Write very soon, dear Otto!"

This was the name in the order for the gold ring, signed "B. v. H."—a link, indeed, but a fresh puzzle. Knowing the stubborn prejudices of caste in Germany, and above all in Eastern Prussia and Silesia, I should have been compelled to accept "Otto," whose sister was in service, as himself the servant of "B. v. H.," but for the tenderly respectful letter of "Amélie de——," declining the marriage offer for her sister. I re-read this letter very carefully, to determine whether it was really intended for "Otto." It ran thus:

"DEAR FRIEND,—I will not say that your letter was entirely unexpected, either to Helmine or myself. I should, perhaps, have less faith in the sincerity of your attachment if you had not already involuntarily betrayed it. When I say that although I detected the inclination of your heart some weeks ago, and that I also saw it was becoming evident to my sister, yet I refrained from mentioning the subject at all until she came to me last evening with your letter in her hand,—when I say this, you will understand that I have acted towards you with the respect and sympathy which I profoundly feel. Helmine fully shares this feeling, and her poor heart is too painfully moved to allow her to reply. Do I not say, in saying this, what her reply must be? But, though her heart cannot respond to your love, she hopes you will always believe her a friend to whom your proffered devotion was an honor, and will be—if you will subdue it to her deserts—a grateful thing to remember. We shall remain in Warsaw a fortnight longer, as I think yourself will agree

that it is better we should not immediately return to the castle. Jean, who must carry a fresh order already, will bring you this, and we hope to have good news of Henri. I send back the papers, which were unnecessary; we never doubted you, and we shall of course keep your secret so long as you choose to wear it.

"AMÉLIE DE——"

The more light I seemed to obtain, the more inexplicable the circumstances became. The diploma and the note of salary were grounds for supposing that "Otto" occupied the position of tutor in a noble Polish family. There was the receipt for a box addressed to Count Ladislas Kasincsky, and I temporarily added his family name to the writer of the French letter, assuming her to be his wife. "Jean" appeared to be a servant, and "Henri" I set down as the son whom Otto was instructing in the castle or family seat in the country, while the parents were in Warsaw. Plausible, so far; but the letter was not such a one as a countess would have written to her son's tutor, under similar circumstances. It was addressed to a social equal, apparently to a man younger than herself, and for whom—supposing him to have been a tutor, secretary, or something of the kind—she must have felt a special sympathy. Her mention of "the papers" and "your secret" must refer to circumstances which would explain the mystery. "So long as you choose to *wear* it," she had written: then it was certainly a secret connected with his personal history.

Further, it appeared that "Jean" was sent to him with

"an order." What could this be, but one of the nine orders for money which lay before my eyes? I examined the dates of the latter, and lo! there was one written upon the same day as the lady's letter. The sums drawn by these orders amounted in all to four thousand two hundred rubles. But how should a tutor or secretary be in possession of his employer's money? Still, this might be accounted for; it would imply great trust on the part of the latter, but no more than one man frequently reposes in another. Yet, if it were so, one of the memoranda confronted me with a conflicting fact: "Dinner with Jean, 58 rubles." The unusual amount—nearly fifty dollars—indicated an act of the most reckless dissipation, and in company with a servant, if "Jean," as I could scarcely doubt, acted in that character. I finally decided to assume both these conjectures as true, and apply them to the remaining testimony.

I first took up the leaf which had been torn out of a small journal or pocket note-book, as was manifested by the red edge on three sides. It was scribbled over with brief notes in pencil, written at different times. Many of them were merely mnemonic signs; but the recurrence of the letters J and Y seemed to point to transactions with "Jean," and the drawer of the various sums of money. The letter Y reminded me that I had been too hasty in giving the name of Kasincsky to the noble family; indeed, the name upon the post-office receipt might have no connection with the matter I was trying to investigate. Suddenly I noticed a "Ky" among the mnemonic signs,

and the suspicion flashed across my mind that Count Kasincsky had signed the order with the last letter of his family name! To assume this, however, suggested a secret reason for doing so; and I began to think that I had already secrets enough on hand.

The leaf was much rubbed and worn, and it was not without considerable trouble that I deciphered the following (omitting the unintelligible signs):

"Oct. 30 (Nov. 12)—talk with Y; 20—Jean. Consider.

"Nov. 15—with J—H—hope.

"Dec. 1—Told the C. No knowledge of S—therefore safe. Uncertain of —— C. to Warsaw. Met J. as agreed. Further and further.

"Dec. 27—All for naught! All for naught!

"Jan. 19, '63—Sick. What is to be the end? Threats. No tidings of Y. Walked the streets all day. At night as usual.

"March 1—News. The C. and H. left yesterday. No more to hope. Let it come, then!"

These broken words warmed my imagination powerfully. Looking at them in the light of my conjecture, I was satisfied that "Otto" was involved in some crime, or dangerous secret, of which "Jean" was either the instigator or the accomplice. "Y.," or Count Kasincsky,—and I was more than ever inclined to connect the two,—also had his mystery, which might, or might not, be identical with the first. By comparing dates, I found that the entry made December 27 was three days later than the date of the letter of "Amélie de ——"; and the exclamation

"All for naught!" certainly referred to the disappointment it contained. I now guessed the "H." in the second entry to mean "Helmine." The two last suggested a removal to Warsaw from the country. Here was a little more ground to stand on; but how should I ever get at the secret?

I took up the torn half of a note, which, after the first inspection, I had laid aside as a hopeless puzzle. A closer examination revealed several things which failed to impress me at the outset. It was written in a strong and rather awkward masculine hand; several words were underscored, two misspelled, and I felt—I scarcely knew why—that it was written in a spirit of mingled contempt and defiance. Let me give the fragment just as it lay before me:

"ARON!

It is quite time
be done. Who knows
is not his home by this
concern for the
that they are well off,
sian officers are
cide at once, my
risau, or I must
t *ten days delay*
money can be divi-
tier, and you may
ever you please.
untess goes, and she
will know who you

time, unless you carry
friend or not
decide,
ann Helm."

Here, I felt sure, was the clue to much of the mystery. The first thing that struck me was the appearance of a new name. I looked at it again, ran through in my mind all possible German names, and found that it could only be "Johann,"—and in the same instant I recalled the frequent habit of the Prussian and Polish nobility of calling their German valets by French names. This, then, was "Jean!" The address was certainly "Baron," and why thrice underscored, unless in contemptuous satire? Light began to break upon the matter at last. "Otto" had been playing the part, perhaps assuming the name, of a nobleman, seduced to the deception by his passion for the Countess' sister, Helmine. This explained the reference to "the papers," and "the secret," and would account for the respectful and sympathetic tone of the Countess' letter. But behind this there was certainly another secret, in which "Y." (whoever he might be) was concerned, and which related to money. The close of the note, which I filled out to read, "Your friend or not, as you may decide," conveyed a threat, and, to judge from the halves of lines immediately preceding it, the threat referred to the money, as well as to the betrayal of an assumed character.

Here, just as the story began to appear in faint outline, my discoveries stopped for a while. I ascertained the

breadth of the original note by a part of the middle-crease which remained, filled out the torn part with blank paper, completed the divided words in the same character of manuscript, and endeavored to guess the remainder, but no clairvoyant power of divination came to my aid. I turned over the letters again, remarking the neatness with which the addresses had been cut off, and wondering why the man had not destroyed the letters and other memoranda entirely, if he wished to hide a possible crime. The fact that they were not destroyed showed the hold which his past life had had upon him even to his dying hour. Weak and vain, as I had already suspected him to be,—wanting in all manly fibre, and of the very material which a keen, energetic villain would mould to his needs,—I felt that his love for his sister and for "Helmine," and other associations connected with his life in Germany and Poland, had made him cling to these worn records.

I know not what gave me the suspicion that he had not even found the heart to destroy the exscinded names; perhaps the care with which they had been removed; perhaps, in two instances, the circumstance of their taking words out of the body of the letters with them. But the suspicion came, and led to a re-examination of the leathern wallets. I could scarcely believe my eyes, when feeling something rustle faintly as I pressed the thin lining of an inner pocket, I drew forth three or four small pellets of paper, and unrolling them, found the lost addresses! I fitted them to the vacant places, and found that the first letters of the sister in Breslau had been forwarded to

"Otto Lindenschmidt," while the letter to Poland was addressed "Otto von Herisau."

I warmed with this success, which exactly tallied with the previous discoveries, and returned again to the Polish memoranda. The words "[Rus]sian officers" in "Jean's" note led me to notice that it had been written towards the close of the last insurrection in Poland—a circumstance which I immediately coupled with some things in the note and on the leaf of the journal. "No tidings of Y" might indicate that Count Kasincsky had been concerned in the rebellion, and had fled, or been taken prisoner. Had he left a large amount of funds in the hands of the supposed Otto von Herisau, which were drawn from time to time by orders, the form of which had been previously agreed upon? Then, when he had disappeared, might it not have been the remaining funds which Jean urged Otto to divide with him, while the latter, misled and entangled in deception rather than naturally dishonest, held back from such a step? I could hardly doubt so much, and it now required but a slight effort of the imagination to complete the torn note.

The next letter of the sister was addressed to Bremen. After having established so many particulars, I found it easily intelligible. "I have done what I can," she wrote. "I put it in this letter; it is all I have. But do not ask me for money again; mother is ailing most of the time, and I have not yet dared to tell her all. I shall suffer great anxiety until I hear that the vessel has sailed. My mistress is very good; she has given me an advance on my

wages, or I could not have sent thee any thing. Mother thinks thou art still in Leipzig: why didst thou stay there so long? but no difference; thy money would have gone anyhow."

It was nevertheless singular that Otto should be without money, so soon after the appropriation of Count Kasincsky's funds. If the "20" in the first memorandum on the leaf meant "twenty thousand rubles," as I conjectured, and but four thousand two hundred were drawn by the Count previous to his flight or imprisonment, Otto's half of the remainder would amount to nearly eight thousand rubles; and it was, therefore, not easy to account for his delay in Leipzig, and his destitute condition.

Before examining the fragments relating to the American phase of his life,—which illustrated his previous history only by occasional revelations of his moods and feelings,—I made one more effort to guess the cause of his having assumed the name of "Von Herisau." The initials signed to the order for the ring ("B. v. H.") certainly stood for the same family name; and the possession of papers belonging to one of the family was an additional evidence that Otto had either been in the service of, or was related to, some Von Herisau. Perhaps a sentence in one of the sister's letters—"Forget thy disappointment so far as *I* am concerned, for I never expected any thing'—referred to something of the kind. On the whole, service seemed more likely than kinship; but in that case the papers must have been stolen.

I had endeavored, from the start, to keep my sympa-

thies out of the investigation, lest they should lead me tc misinterpret the broken evidence, and thus defeat my object. It must have been the Countess' letter, and the brief, almost stenographic, signs of anxiety and unhappiness on the leaf of the journal, that first beguiled me into a commiseration, which the simple devotion and self-sacrifice of the poor, toiling sister failed to neutralize. However, I detected the feeling at this stage of the examination, and turned to the American records, in order to get rid of it.

The principal paper was the list of addresses of which I have spoken. I looked over it in vain, to find some indication of its purpose ; yet it had been carefully made out and much used. There was no name of a person upon it, —only numbers and streets, one hundred and thirty-eight in all. Finally, I took these, one by one, to ascertain if any of the houses were known to me, and found three, out of the whole number, to be the residences of persons whom I knew. One was a German gentleman, and the other two were Americans who had visited Germany. The riddle was read ! During a former residence in New York, I had for a time been quite overrun by destitute Germans, —men, apparently, of some culture, who represented themselves as theological students, political refugees, or unfortunate clerks and secretaries,—soliciting assistance. I found that, when I gave to one, a dozen others came within the next fortnight ; when I refused, the persecution ceased for about the same length of time. I became convinced, at last, that these persons were members of an or-

ganized society of beggars, and the result proved it; for when I made it an inviolable rule to give to no one who could not bring me an indorsement of his need by some person whom I knew, the annoyance ceased altogether.

The meaning of the list of addresses was now plain. My nascent commiseration for the man was not only checked, but I was in danger of changing my *rôle* from that of culprit's counsel to that of prosecuting attorney.

When I took up again the fragment of the first draught of a letter commencing, "Dog and villain!" and applied it to the words "Jean" or "Johann Helm," the few lines which could be deciphered became full of meaning. "Don't think," it began, "that I have forgotten you, or the trick you played me! If I was drunk or drugged the last night, I know how it happened, for all that. I left, but I shall go back. And if you make use of" (here some words were entirely obliterated) . . . . "is true. He gave me the ring, and meant" . . . . This was all I could make out. The other papers showed only scattered memoranda, of money, or appointments, or addresses, with the exception of the diary in pencil.

I read the letter attentively, and at first with very little idea of its meaning. Many of the words were abbreviated, and there were some arbitrary signs. It ran over a period of about four months, terminating six weeks before the man's death. He had been wandering about the country during this period, sleeping in woods and barns, and living principally upon milk. The condition of his pulse and other physical functions was scrupulously

set down, with an occasional remark of "good" or "bad." The conclusion was at last forced upon me that he had been endeavoring to commit suicide by a slow course of starvation and exposure. Either as the cause or the result of this attempt, I read, in the final notes, signs of an aberration of mind. This also explained the singular demeanor of the man when found, and his refusal to take medicine or nourishment. He had selected a long way to accomplish his purpose,but had reached the end at last.

The confused material had now taken shape ; the dead man, despite his will, had confessed to me his name and the chief events of his life. It now remained—looking at each event as the result of a long chain of causes—to deduce from them the elements of his individual character, and then fill up the inevitable gaps in the story from the probabilities of the operation of those elements. This was not so much a mere venture as the reader may suppose, because the two actions of the mind test each other. If they cannot, thus working towards a point and back again, actually discover what *was*, they may at least fix upon a very probable *might have been.*

A person accustomed to detective work would have obtained my little stock of facts with much less trouble, and would, almost instinctively, have filled the blanks as he went along. Being an apprentice in such matters, I had handled the materials awkwardly. I will not here retrace my own mental zigzags between character and act, but simply repeat the story as I finally settled and accepted it.

Otto Lindenschmidt was the child of poor parents in or near Breslau. His father died when he was young; his mother earned a scanty subsistence as a washerwoman; his sister went into service. Being a bright, handsome boy, he attracted the attention of a Baron von Herisau, an old, childless, eccentric gentleman, who took him first as page or attendant, intending to make him a superior *valet de chambre.* Gradually, however, the Baron fancied that he detected in the boy a capacity for better things; his condescending feeling of protection had grown into an attachment for the handsome, amiable, grateful young fellow, and he placed him in the gymnasium at Breslau, perhaps with the idea, now, of educating him to be an intelligent companion.

The boy and his humble relatives, dazzled by this opportunity, began secretly to consider the favor as almost equivalent to his adoption as a son. (The Baron had once been married, but his wife and only child had long been dead.) The old man, of course, came to look upon the growing intelligence of the youth as his own work: vanity and affection became inextricably blended in his heart, and when the *cursus* was over, he took him home as the companion of his lonely life. After two or three years, during which the young man was acquiring habits of idleness and indulgence, supposing his future secure, the Baron died,—perhaps too suddenly to make full provision for him, perhaps after having kept up the appearance of wealth on a life-annuity, but, in any case, leaving very little, if any, property to Otto. In his dis-

appointment, the latter retained certain family papers which the Baron had intrusted to his keeping. The ring was a gift, and he wore it in remembrance of his benefactor.

Wandering about, Micawber-like, in hopes that something might turn up, he reached Posen, and there either met or heard of the Polish Count, Ladislas Kasincsky, who was seeking a tutor for his only son. His accomplishments, and perhaps, also, a certain aristocratic grace of manner unconsciously caught from the Baron von Herisau, speedily won for him the favor of the Count and Countess Kasincsky, and emboldened him to hope for the hand of the Countess' sister, Helmine ——, to whom he was no doubt sincerely attached. Here Johann Helm, or "Jean," a confidential servant of the Count, who looked upon the new tutor as a rival, yet adroitly flattered his vanity for the purpose of misleading and displacing him, appears upon the stage. "Jean" first detected Otto's passion; "Jean," at an epicurean dinner, wormed out of Otto the secret of the Herisau documents, and perhaps suggested the part which the latter afterwards played.

This "Jean" seemed to me to have been the evil agency in the miserable history which followed. After Helmine's rejection of Otto's suit, and the flight or captivity of Count Kasincsky, leaving a large sum of money in Otto's hands, it would be easy for "Jean," by mingled persuasions and threats, to move the latter to flight, after dividing the money still remaining in his hands. After the theft, and the partition, which took place beyond the

Polish frontier, "Jean" in turn, stole his accomplice's share, together with the Von Herisau documents.

Exile and a year's experience of organized mendicancy did the rest. Otto Lindenschmidt was one of those natures which possess no moral elasticity—which have neither the power nor the comprehension of atonement. The first real, unmitigated guilt—whether great or small—breaks them down hopelessly. He expected no chance of self-redemption, and he found none. His life in America was so utterly dark and hopeless that the brightest moment in it must have been that which showed him the approach of death.

My task was done. I had tracked this weak, vain, erring, hunted soul to its last refuge, and the knowledge bequeathed to me but a single duty. His sins were balanced by his temptations; his vanity and weakness had revenged themselves; and there only remained to tell the simple, faithful sister that her sacrifices were no longer required. I burned the evidences of guilt, despair and suicide, and sent the other papers, with a letter relating the time and circumstances of Otto Lindenschmidt's death, to the civil authorities of Breslau, requesting that they might be placed in the hands of his sister Elise.

This, I supposed, was the end of the history, so far as my connection with it was concerned. But one cannot track a secret with impunity; the fatality connected with the act and the actor clings even to the knowledge of the act. I had opened my door a little, in order to look out upon the life of another, but in doing so a ghost had en-

tered in, and was not to be dislodged until I had done its service.

In the summer of 1867 I was in Germany, and during a brief journey of idlesse and enjoyment came to the lovely little watering-place of Liebenstein, on the southern slope of the Thüringian Forest. I had no expectation or even desire of making new acquaintances among the gay company who took their afternoon coffee under the noble linden trees on the terrace; but, within the first hour of my after-dinner leisure, I was greeted by an old friend, an author, from Coburg, and carried away, in my own despite, to a group of his associates. My friend and his friends had already been at the place a fortnight, and knew the very tint and texture of its gossip. While I sipped my coffee, I listened to them with one ear, and to Wagner's overture to "Lohengrin" with the other; and I should soon have been wholly occupied with the fine orchestra had I not been caught and startled by an unexpected name.

"Have you noticed," some one asked, "how much attention the Baron von Herisau is paying her?"

I whirled round and exclaimed, in a breath, "The Baron von Herisau!"

"Yes," said my friend; "do you know him?"

I was glad that three crashing, tremendous chords came from the orchestra just then, giving me time to collect myself before I replied: "I am not sure whether it is the same person: I knew a Baron von Herisau long ago: how old is the gentleman here?"

"About thirty-five, I should think,' my friend answered.

"Ah, then it can't be the same person," said I: "still, if he should happen to pass near us, will you point him out to me?"

It was an hour later, and we were all hotly discussing the question of Lessing's obligations to English literature, when one of the gentlemen at the table said: "There goes the Baron von Herisau: is it perhaps your friend, sir?"

I turned and saw a tall man, with prominent nose, opaque black eyes, and black mustache, walking beside a pretty, insipid girl. Behind the pair went an elderly couple, overdressed and snobbish in appearance. A carriage, with servants in livery, waited in the open space below the terrace, and having received the two couples, whirled swiftly away towards Altenstein.

Had I been more of a philosopher I should have wasted no second thought on the Baron von Herisau. But the Nemesis of the knowledge which I had throttled poor Otto Lindenschmidt's ghost to obtain had come upon me at last, and there was no rest for me until I had discovered who and what was the Baron. The list of guests which the landlord gave me whetted my curiosity to a painful degree; for on it I found the entry: "Aug. 15—Otto v. Herisau, *Rentier*, East Prussia."

It was quite dark when the carriage returned. I watched the company into the supper-room, and then, whisking in behind them, secured a place at the nearest

table. I had an hour of quiet, stealthy observation before my Coburg friend discovered me, and by that time I was glad of his company and had need of his confidence. But, before making use of him in the second capacity, I desired to make the acquaintance of the adjoining *partie carrée.* He had bowed to them familiarly in passing, and when the old gentleman said, "Will you not join us, Herr ——?" I answered my friend's interrogative glance with a decided affirmative, and we moved to the other table.

My seat was beside the Baron von Herisau, with whom I exchanged the usual commonplaces after an introduction. His manner was cold and taciturn, I thought, and there was something forced in the smile which accompanied his replies to the remarks of the coarse old lady, who continually referred to the "Herr Baron" as authority upon every possible subject. I noticed, however, that he cast a sudden, sharp glance at me, when I was presented to the company as an American.

The man's neighborhood disturbed me. I was obliged to let the conversation run in the channels already selected, and stupid enough I found them. I was considering whether I should not give a signal to my friend and withdraw, when the Baron stretched his hand across the table for a bottle of Affenthaler, and I caught sight of a massive gold ring on his middle finger. Instantly I remembered the ring which "B. v. H." had given to Otto Lindenschmidt, and I said to myself, "That is it!' The inference followed like lightning that it was "Johann Helm" who sat beside me, and not a Baron von Herisau!

That evening my friend and I had a long, absorbing conversation in my room. I told him the whole story, which came back vividly to memory, and learned, in return, that the reputed Baron was supposed to be wealthy, that the old gentleman was a Bremen merchant or banker, known to be rich, that neither was considered by those who had met them to be particularly intelligent or refined, and that the wooing of the daughter had already become so marked as to be a general subject of gossip. My friend was inclined to think my conjecture correct, and willingly co-operated with me in a plan to test the matter. We had no considerable sympathy with the snobbish parents, whose servility to a title was so apparent; but the daughter seemed to be an innocent and amiable creature, however silly, and we determined to spare her the shame of an open scandal.

If our scheme should seem a little melodramatic, it must not be forgotten that my friend was an author. The next morning, as the Baron came up the terrace after his visit to the spring, I stepped forward and greeted him politely, after which I said: "I see by the strangers' list that you are from East Prussia, Baron; have you ever been in Poland?" At that moment, a voice behind him called out rather sharply, "Jean!" The Baron started, turned round and then back to me, and all his art could not prevent the blood from rushing to his face. I made, as if by accident, a gesture with my hand, indicating success, and went a step further.

"Because," said I, "I am thinking of making a visit

to Cracow and Warsaw, and should be glad of any information—"

"Certainly!" he interrupted me, "and I should be very glad to give it, if I had ever visited Poland."

"At least," I continued, "you can advise me upon one point; but excuse me, shall we not sit down a moment yonder? As my question relates to money, I should not wish to be overheard."

I pointed out a retired spot, just before reaching which we were joined by my friend, who suddenly stepped out from behind a clump of lilacs. The Baron and he saluted each other.

"Now," said I to the former, "I can ask your advice, Mr. Johann Helm!"

He was not an adept, after all. His astonishment and confusion were brief, to be sure, but they betrayed him so completely that his after-impulse to assume a haughty, offensive air only made us smile.

"If I had a message to you from Otto Lindenschmidt, what then?" I asked.

He turned pale, and presently stammered out, "He—he is dead!"

"Now," said my friend, "it is quite time to drop the mask before us. You see we know you, and we know your history. Not from Otto Lindenschmidt alone; Count Ladislas Kasincsky—"

"What! Has he come back from Siberia?" exclaimed Johann Helm. His face expressed abject terror; I think he would have fallen upon his knees before

us if he had not somehow felt, by a rascal's instinct, that we had no personal wrongs to redress in unmasking him.

Our object, however, was to ascertain through him the complete facts of Otto Lindenschmidt's history, and then to banish him from Liebenstein. We allowed him to suppose for awhile that we were acting under the authority of persons concerned, in order to make the best possible use of his demoralized mood, for we knew it would not last long.

My guesses were very nearly correct. Otto Lindenschmidt had been educated by an old Baron, Bernhard von Herisau, on account of his resemblance in person to a dead son, whose name had also been Otto. He could not have adopted the plebeian youth, at least to the extent of giving him an old and haughty name, but this the latter nevertheless expected, up to the time of the Baron's death. He had inherited a little property from his benefactor, but soon ran through it. "He was a light-headed fellow," said Johann Helm, "but he knew how to get the confidence of the old *Junkers*. If he hadn't been so cowardly and fidgety, he might have made himself a career."

The Polish episode differed so little from my interpretation that I need not repeat Helm's version. He denied having stolen Otto's share of the money, but could not help admitting his possession of the Von Herisau papers, among which were the certificates of birth and baptism of the old Baron's son, Otto. It seems that he

had been fearful of Lindenschmidt's return from America, for he managed to communicate with his sister in Breslau, and in this way learned the former's death. Not until then had he dared to assume his present disguise.

We let him go, after exacting a solemn pledge that he would betake himself at once to Hamburg, and there ship for Australia. (I judged that America was already amply supplied with individuals of his class.) The sudden departure of the Baron von Herisau was a two days' wonder at Liebenstein; but besides ourselves, only the Bremen banker knew the secret. He also left, two days afterwards, with his wife and daughter—their cases, it was reported, requiring Kissingen.

Otto Lindenschmidt's life, therefore, could not hide itself. Can any life?

TWIN-LOVE.

HEN John Vincent, after waiting twelve years, married Phebe Etheridge, the whole neighborhood experienced that sense of relief and satisfaction which follows the triumph of the right. Not that the fact of a true love is ever generally recognized and respected when it is first discovered; for there is a perverse quality in American human nature which will not accept the existence of any fine, unselfish passion, until it has been tested and established beyond peradventure. There were two views of the case when John Vincent's love for Phebe, and old Reuben Etheridge's hard prohibition of the match, first became known to the community. The girls and boys, and some of the matrons, ranged themselves at once on the side of the lovers, but a large majority of the older men and a few of the younger supported the tyrannical father.

Reuben Etheridge was rich, and, in addition to what his daughter would naturally inherit from him, she already possessed more than her lover, at the time of their be-

trothal. This in the eyes of one class was a sufficient reason for the father's hostility. When low natures live (as they almost invariably do) wholly in the present, they neither take tenderness from the past nor warning from the possibilities of the future. It is the exceptional men and women who remember their youth. So, these lovers received a nearly equal amount of sympathy and condemnation; and only slowly, partly through their quiet fidelity and patience, and partly through the improvement in John Vincent's worldly circumstances, was the balance changed. Old Reuben remained an unflinching despot to the last: if any relenting softness touched his heart, he sternly concealed it; and such inference as could be drawn from the fact that he, certainly knowing what would follow his death, bequeathed his daughter her proper share of his goods, was all that could be taken for consent.

They were married: John, a grave man in middle age, weather-beaten and worn by years of hard work and self-denial, yet not beyond the restoration of a milder second youth; and Phebe a sad, weary woman, whose warmth of longing had been exhausted, from whom youth and its uncalculating surrenders of hope and feeling had gone forever. They began their wedded life under the shadow of the death out of which it grew; and when, after a ceremony in which neither bridesmaid nor groomsman stood by their side, they united their divided homes, it seemed to their neighbors that a separated husband and wife had come together again, not that the relation was new to either.

John Vincent loved his wife with the tenderness of an innocent man, but all his tenderness could not avail to lift the weight of settled melancholy which had gathered upon her. Disappointment, waiting, yearning, indulgence in long lament and self-pity, the morbid cultivation of unhappy fancies—all this had wrought its work upon her, and it was too late to effect a cure. In the night she awoke to weep at his side, because of the years when she had awakened to weep alone; by day she kept up her old habit of foreboding, although the evening steadily refuted the morning; and there were times when, without any apparent cause, she would fall into a dark, despairing mood which her husband's greatest care and cunning could only slowly dispel.

Two or three years passed, and new life came to the Vincent farm. One day, between midnight and dawn, the family pair was doubled; the cry of twin sons was heard in the hushed house. The father restrained his happy wonder in his concern for the imperilled life of the mother; he guessed that she had anticipated death, and she now hung by a thread so slight that her simple will might snap it. But her will, fortunately, was as faint as her consciousness; she gradually drifted out of danger, taking her returning strength with a passive acquiescence rather than with joy. She was hardly paler than her wont, but the lurking shadow seemed to have vanished from her eyes, and John Vincent felt that her features had assumed a new expression, the faintly perceptible stamp of some spiritual change.

It was a happy day for him when, propped against his breast and gently held by his warm, strong arm, the twin boys were first brought to be laid upon her lap Two staring, dark-faced creatures, with restless fists and feet, they were alike in every least feature of their grotesque animality. Phebe placed a hand under the head of each, and looked at them for a long time in silence.

"Why is this?" she said, at last, taking hold of a narrow pink ribbon, which was tied around the wrist of one.

"He's the oldest, sure," the nurse answered. "Only by fifteen minutes or so, but it generally makes a difference when twins come to be named; and you may see with your own eyes that there's no telling of 'em apart otherways."

"Take off the ribbon, then," said Phebe quietly; "*I* know them."

"Why, ma'am, it's always done, where they're so like! And I'll never be able to tell which is which; for they sleep and wake and feed by the same clock. And you might mistake, after all, in giving 'em names—"

"There is no oldest or youngest, John; they are two and yet one this is mine, and this is yours."

"I see no difference at all, Phebe," said John; "and how can we divide them?"

"We will not divide," she answered; "I only meant it as a sign."

She smiled, for the first time in many days. He was glad of heart, but did not understand her. "What shall

we call them?" he asked. "Elias and Reuben, after our fathers?"

"No, John; their names must be David and Jonathan."

And so they were called. And they grew, not less, but more alike, in passing through the stages of babyhood. The ribbon of the older one had been removed, and the nurse would have been distracted, but for Phebe's almost miraculous instinct. The former comforted herself with the hope that teething would bring a variation to the two identical mouths; but no! they teethed as one child. John, after desperate attempts, which always failed in spite of the headaches they gave him, postponed the idea of distinguishing one from the other, until they should be old enough to develop some dissimilarity of speech, or gait, or habit. All trouble might have been avoided, had Phebe consented to the least variation in their dresses; but herein she was mildly immovable.

"Not yet," was her set reply to her husband; and one day, when he manifested a little annoyance at her persistence, she turned to him, holding a child on each knee, and said with a gravity which silenced him thenceforth: "John, can you not see that our burden has passed into them? Is there no meaning in this—that two children who are one in body and face and nature, should be given to us at our time of life, after such long disappointment and trouble? Our lives were held apart; theirs were united before they were born, and I dare not turn them in different directions. Perhaps I do not know all that the

Lord intended to say to us, in sending them ; but His hand is here ! "

" I was only thinking of their good," John meekly answered. " If they are spared to grow up, there must be some way of knowing one from the other."

" *They* will not need it, and I, too, think only of them. They have taken the cross from my heart, and I will lay none on theirs. I am reconciled to my life through them, John ; you have been very patient and good with me, and I will yield to you in all things but in this. I do not think I shall live to see them as men grown ; yet, while we are together, I feel clearly what it is right to do. Can you not, just for once, have a little faith without knowledge, John ? "

" I'll try, Phebe," he said. " Any way, I'll grant that the boys belong to you more than to me."

Phebe Vincent's character had verily changed. Her attacks of semi-hysterical despondency never returned ; her gloomy prophecies ceased. She was still grave, and the trouble of so many years never wholly vanished from her face ; but she performed every duty of her life with at least a quiet willingness, and her home became the abode of peace ; for passive content wears longer than demonstrative happiness.

David and Jonathan grew as one boy : the taste and temper of one was repeated in the other, even as the voice and features. Sleeping or waking, grieved or joyous, well or ill, they lived a single life, and it seemed so natural for one to answer to the other's name, that they probably

would have themselves confused their own identities, bu for their mother's unerring knowledge. Perhaps unconsciously guided by her, perhaps through the voluntary action of their own natures, each quietly took the other's place when called upon, even to the sharing of praise or blame at school, the friendships and quarrels of the playground. They were healthy and happy lads, and John Vincent was accustomed to say to his neighbors, "They're no more trouble than one would be; and yet they're four hands instead of two."

Phebe died when they were fourteen, saying to them, with almost her latest breath, "Be one, always!" Before her husband could decide whether to change her plan of domestic education, they were passing out of boyhood, changing in voice, stature, and character with a continued likeness which bewildered and almost terrified him. He procured garments of different colors, but they were accustomed to wear each article in common, and the result was only a mixture of tints for both. They were sent to different schools, to be returned the next day, equally pale, suffering, and incapable of study. Whatever device was employed, they evaded it by a mutual instinct which rendered all external measures unavailing. To John Vincent's mind their resemblance was an accidental misfortune, which had been confirmed through their mother's fancy. He felt that they were bound by some deep, mysterious tie, which, inasmuch as it might interfere with all practical aspects of life, ought to be gradually weakened. Two bodies, to him, implied two distinct men, and it was

wrong to permit a mutual dependence which prevented either from exercising his own separate will and judgment.

But, while he was planning and pondering, the boys became young men, and he was an old man. Old, and prematurely broken; for he had worked much, borne much, and his large frame held only a moderate measure of vital force. A great weariness fell upon him, and his powers began to give way, at first slowly, but then with accelerated failure. He saw the end coming, long before his sons suspected it; his doubt, for their sakes, was the only thing which made it unwelcome. It was "upon his mind" (as his Quaker neighbors would say) to speak to them of the future, and at last the proper moment came.

It was a stormy November evening. Wind and rain whirled and drove among the trees outside, but the sitting-room of the old farm-house was bright and warm. David and Jonathan, at the table, with their arms over each other's backs and their brown locks mixed together, read from the same book: their father sat in the ancient rocking-chair before the fire, with his feet upon a stool. The housekeeper and hired man had gone to bed, and all was still in the house.

John waited until he heard the volume closed, and then spoke.

"Boys," he said, "let me have a bit of talk with you don't seem to get over my ailments rightly,—never will maybe. A man must think of things while there's time, and say them when they *have* to be said. I don't know as there's any particular hurry in my case; only, we never

can tell, from one day to another. When I die, every thing will belong to you two, share and share alike, either to buy another farm with the money out, or divide this: I won't tie you up in any way. But two of you will need two farms for two families; for you won't have to wait twelve years, like your mother and me."

"We don't want another farm, father!" said David and Jonathan together.

"I know you don't think so, now. A wife seemed far enough off from me when I was your age. You've always been satisfied to be with each other, but that can't last. It was partly your mother's notion; I remember her saying that our burden had passed into you. I never quite understood what she meant, but I suppose it must rather be the opposite of what *we* had to bear."

The twins listened with breathless attention while their father, suddenly stirred by the past, told them the story of his long betrothal.

"And now," he exclaimed, in conclusion, "it may be putting wild ideas into your two heads, but I must say it! *That* was where I did wrong—wrong to her and to me,—in waiting! I had no right to spoil the best of our lives; I ought to have gone boldly, in broad day, to her father's house, taken her by the hand, and led her forth to be my wife. Boys, if either of you comes to love a woman truly, and she to love you, and there is no reason why God (I don't say man) should put you asunder, do as I ought to have done, not as I did! And, maybe, this advice is the best legacy I can leave you."

"But, father," said David, speaking for both, "we have never thought of marrying."

"Likely enough," their father answered; "we hardly ever think of what surely comes. But to me, looking back, it's plain. And this is the reason why I want you to make me a promise, and as solemn as if I was on my death-bed. Maybe I shall be, soon."

Tears gathered in the eyes of the twins. "What is it father?" they both said.

"Nothing at all to any other two boys, but I don't know how *you'll* take it. What if I was to ask you to live apart for a while?"

"Oh father!" both cried. They leaned together, cheek pressing cheek, and hand clasping hand, growing white and trembling. John Vincent, gazing into the fire, did not see their faces, or his purpose might have been shaken.

"I don't say *now*," he went on. "After a while, when —well, when I'm dead. And I only mean a beginning, to help you toward what *has* to be. Only a month; I don't want to seem hard to you; but that's little, in all conscience. Give me your word: say, 'For mother's sake!'"

There was a long pause. Then David and Jonathan said, in low, faltering voices, "For mother's sake, I promise."

"Remember that you were only boys to her. She might have made all this seem easier, for women have reasons for things no man can answer. Mind, within a year after I'm gone!"

He rose and tottered out of the room.

The twins looked at each other. David said, "Must we?" and Jonathan, "How can we?" Then they both thought, "It may be a long while yet." Here was a present comfort, and each seemed to hold it firmly in holding the hand of the other, as they fell asleep side by side.

The trial was nearer than they imagined. Their father died before the winter was over; the farm and other property was theirs, and they might have allowed life to solve its mysteries as it rolled onwards, but for their promise to the dead. This must be fulfilled, and then—one thing was certain; they would never again separate.

"The sooner the better," said David. "It shall be the visit to our uncle and cousins in Indiana. You will come with me as far as Harrisburg; it may be easier to part there than here. And our new neighbors, the Bradleys, will want your help for a day or two, after getting home."

"It is less than death," Jonathan answered, "and why should it seem to be more? We must think of father and mother, and all those twelve years; now I know what the burden was."

"And we have never really borne any part of it. Father must have been right in forcing us to promise."

Every day the discussion was resumed, and always with the same termination. Familiarity with the inevitable step gave them increase of courage; yet, when the moment had come and gone, when, speeding on opposite trains, the hills and valleys multiplied between them with terrible velocity, a pang like death cut to the heart of each, and the divided life became a chill, oppressive dream.

During the separation no letters passed between them When the neighbors asked Jonathan for news of his brother, he always replied, "He is well," and avoided further speech with such evidence of pain that they spared him. An hour before the month drew to an end, he walked forth alone, taking the road to the nearest railway station. A stranger who passed him at the entrance of a thick wood, three miles from home, was thunderstruck on meeting the same person shortly after, entering the wood from the other side; but the farmers in the near fields saw two figures issuing from the shade, hand in hand.

Each knew the other's month, before they slept, and the last thing Jonathan said, with his head on David's shoulder, was, "You must know our neighbors, the Bradleys, and especially Ruth." In the morning, as they dressed, taking each other's garments at random, as of old, Jonathan again said, "I have never seen a girl that I like so well as Ruth Bradley. Do you remember what father said about loving and marrying? It comes into my mind whenever I see Ruth; but she has no sister."

"But we need not both marry," David replied, "that might part us, and this will not. It is for always now."

"For always, David."

Two or three days later Jonathan said, as he started on an errand to the village: "I shall stop at the Bradleys this evening, so you must walk across and meet me there.'

When David approached the house, a slender, girlish figure, with her back towards him, was stooping over a bush of great crimson roses, cautiously clipping a blossom

here and there. At the click of the gate-latch she started and turned towards him. Her light gingham bonnet, falling back, disclosed a long oval face, fair and delicate, sweet brown eyes, and brown hair laid smoothly over the temples. A soft flush rose suddenly to her cheeks, and he felt that his own were burning.

"Oh Jonathan!" she exclaimed, transferring the roses to her left hand, and extending her right, as she came forward.

He was too accustomed to the name to recognize her mistake at once, and the word "Ruth!" came naturally to his lips.

"I should know your brother David has come," she then said; "even if I had not heard so. You look so bright. How glad I am!"

"Is he not here?" David asked.

"No; but there he is now, surely!" She turned towards the lane, where Jonathan was dismounting. "Why, it is yourself over again, Jonathan!"

As they approached, a glance passed between the twins, and a secret transfer of the riding-whip to David set their identity right with Ruth, whose manner toward the latter innocently became shy with all its friendliness, while her frank, familiar speech was given to Jonathan, as was fitting. But David also took the latter to himself, and when they left, Ruth had apparently forgotten that there was any difference in the length of their acquaintance.

On their way homewards David said. "Father was right. We must marry, like others, and Ruth is the wife

for us,—I mean for you, Jonathan. Yes, we must learn to say *mine* and *yours*, after all, when we speak of her."

"Even she cannot separate us, it seems," Jonathan answered. "We must give her some sign, and that will also be a sign for others. It will seem strange to divide ourselves; we can never learn it properly; rather let us not think of marriage."

"We cannot help thinking of it; she stands in mother's place now, as we in father's."

Then both became silent and thoughtful. They felt that something threatened to disturb what seemed to be the only possible life for them, yet were unable to distinguish its features, and therefore powerless to resist it. The same instinct which had been born of their wonderful spiritual likeness told them that Ruth Bradley already loved Jonathan: the duty was established, and they must conform their lives to it. There was, however, this slight difference between their natures—that David was generally the first to utter the thought which came to the minds of both. So when he said, "We shall learn what to do when the need comes," it was a postponement of all foreboding. They drifted contentedly towards the coming change.

The days went by, and their visits to Ruth Bradley were continued. Sometimes Jonathan went alone, but they were usually together, and the tie which united the three became dearer and sweeter as it was more closely drawn. Ruth learned to distinguish between the two when they were before her: at least she said so, and they were

willing to believe it. But she was hardly aware how nearly alike was the happy warmth in her bosom produced by either pair of dark gray eyes and the soft half-smile which played around either mouth. To them she seemed to be drawn within the mystic circle which separated them from others—she, alone ; and they no longer imagined a life in which she should not share.

Then the inevitable step was taken. Jonathan declared his love, and was answered. Alas ! he almost forgot David that late summer evening, as they sat in the moonlight, and over and over again assured each other how dear they had grown. He felt the trouble in David's heart when they met.

"Ruth is ours, and I bring her kiss to you," he said, pressing his lips to David's ; but the arms flung around him trembled, and David whispered, "Now the change begins."

"Oh, this cannot be our burden!" Jonathan cried, with all the rapture still warm in his heart.

"If it is, it will be light, or heavy, or none at all, as we shall bear it," David answered, with a smile of infinite tenderness.

For several days he allowed Jonathan to visit the Bradley farm alone, saying that it must be so on Ruth's account. Her love, he declared, must give her the fine instinct which only their mother had ever possessed, and he must allow it time to be confirmed. Jonathan, however, insisted that Ruth already possessed it ; that she was beginning to wonder at his absence, and to fear that she

would not be entirely welcome to the home which must always be equally his.

David yielded at once.

"You must go alone," said Jonathan, "to satisfy yourself that she knows us at last."

Ruth came forth from the house as he drew near. Her face beamed; she laid her hands upon his shoulders and kissed him. "Now you cannot doubt me, Ruth!" he said, gently.

"Doubt you, Jonathan!" she exclaimed with a fond reproach in her eyes. "But you look troubled; is anything the matter?"

"I was thinking of my brother," said David, in a low tone.

"Tell me what it is," she said, drawing him into the little arbor of woodbine near the gate. They took seats side by side on the rustic bench. "He thinks I may come between you: is it not that?" she asked. Only one thing was clear to David's mind—that she would surely speak more frankly and freely of him to the supposed Jonathan than to his real self. This once he would permit the illusion.

"Not more than must be," he answered. "He knew all from the very beginning. But we have been like one person in two bodies, and any change seems to divide us."

"I feel as you do," said Ruth. "I would never consent to be your wife, if I could really divide you. I love you both too well for that."

"Do you love me?" he asked, entirely forgetting his representative part.

Again the reproachful look, which faded away as she met his eyes. She fell upon his breast, and gave him kisses which were answered with equal tenderness. Suddenly he covered his face with his hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Jonathan! Oh Jonathan!" she cried, weeping with alarm and sympathetic pain.

It was long before he could speak; but at last, turning away his head, he faltered, "I am David!"

There was a long silence.

When he looked up she was sitting with her hands rigidly clasped in her lap: her face was very pale.

"There it is, Ruth" he said; "we are one heart and one soul. Could he love, and not I? You cannot decide between us, for one is the other. If I had known you first, Jonathan would be now in my place. What follows, then?"

"No marriage," she whispered.

"No!" he answered; "we brothers must learn to be two men instead of one. You will partly take my place with Jonathan; I must live with half my life, unless I can find, somewhere in the world, your other half."

"I cannot part you, David!"

"Something stronger than you or me parts us, Ruth. If it were death, we should bow to God's will: well, it can no more be got away from than death or judgment. Say no more: the pattern of all this was drawn long be-

fore we were born, and we cannot do any thing but work it out."

He rose and stood before her. "Remember this, Ruth," he said; "it is no blame in us to love each other. Jonathan will see the truth in my face when we meet, and I speak for him also. You will not see me again until your wedding-day, and then no more afterwards—but, yes! *once*, in some far-off time, when you shall know me to be David, and still give me the kiss you gave to-day."

"Ah, after death!" she thought: "I have parted them forever." She was about to rise, but fell upon the seat again, fainting. At the same moment Jonathan appeared at David's side.

No word was said. They bore her forth and supported her between them until the fresh breeze had restored her to consciousness. Her first glance rested on the brother's hands, clasping; then, looking from one to the other, she saw that the cheeks of both were wet.

"Now, leave me," she said, "but come to-morrow, Jonathan!" Even then she turned from one to the other, with a painful, touching uncertainty, and stretched out both hands to them in farewell.

How that poor twin heart struggled with itself is only known to God. All human voices, and as they believed, also the Divine Voice, commanded the division of their interwoven life. Submission would have seemed easier, could they have taken up equal and similar burdens; but David was unable to deny that his pack was overweighted. For the first time, their thoughts began to diverge.

At last David said: "For mother's sake, Jonathan as we promised. She always called you *her* child. And for Ruth's sake, and father's last advice . they all tell me what I must do."

It was like the struggle between will and desire, in the same nature, and none the less fierce or prolonged because the softer quality foresaw its ultimate surrender. Long after he felt the step to be inevitable, Jonathan sought to postpone it, but he was borne by all combined influences nearer and nearer to the time.

And now the wedding-day came. David was to leave home the same evening, after the family dinner under his father's roof. In the morning he said to Jonathan: "I shall not write until I feel that I have become other than now, but I shall always be here, in you, as you will be in me, everywhere. Whenever you want me, I shall know it; and I think I shall know when to return."

The hearts of all the people went out towards them as they stood together in the little village church. Both were calm, but very pale and abstracted in their expression, yet their marvellous likeness was still unchanged. Ruth's eyes were cast down so they could not be seen; she trembled visibly, and her voice was scarcely audible when she spoke the vow. It was only known in the neighborhood that David was going to make another journey. The truth could hardly have been guessed by persons whose ideas follow the narrow round of their own experiences; had it been, there would probably have been more condemnation than sympathy. But in a vague way

the presence of some deeper element was felt—the falling of a shadow, although the outstretched wing was unseen. Far above them, and above the shadow, watched the Infinite Pity, which was not denied to three hearts that day.

It was a long time, more than a year, and Ruth was lulling her first child on her bosom, before a letter came from David. He had wandered westwards, purchased some lands on the outer line of settlement, and appeared to be leading a wild and lonely life. "I know now," he wrote, "just how much there is to bear, and how to bear it. Strange men come between us, but you are not far off when I am alone on these plains. There is a place where I can always meet you, and I know that you have found it, —under the big ash-tree by the barn. I think I am nearly always there about sundown, and on moonshiny nights, because we are then nearest together; and I never sleep without leaving you half my blanket. When I first begin to wake I always feel your breath, so we are never really parted for long. I do not know that I can change much; it is not easy; it is like making up your mind to have different colored eyes and hair, and I can only get sunburnt and wear a full beard. But we are hardly as unhappy as we feared to be; mother came the other night, in a dream, and took us on her knees. Oh, come to me, Jonathan, but for one day! No, you will not find me; I am going across the Plains!"

And Jonathan and Ruth? They loved each other tenderly; no external trouble visited them; their home

was peaceful and pure; and yet, every room and stairway and chair was haunted by a sorrowful ghost. As a neighbor said after visiting them, "There seemed to be something lost." Ruth saw how constantly and how unconsciously Jonathan turned to see his own every feeling reflected in the missing eyes; how his hand sought another, even while its fellow pressed hers; how half-spoken words, day and night, died upon his lips, because they could not reach the twin-ear. She knew not how it came, but her own nature took upon itself the same habit. She felt that she received a less measure of love than she gave—not from Jonathan, in whose whole, warm, transparent heart no other woman had ever looked, but something of her own passed beyond him and never returned. To both their life was like one of those conjurer's cups, seemingly filled with red wine, which is held from the lips by the false crystal hollow.

Neither spoke of this: neither dared to speak. The years dragged out their slow length, with rare and brief messages from David. Three children were in the house, and still peace and plenty laid their signs upon its lintels. But at last Ruth, who had been growing thinner and paler ever since the birth of her first boy, became seriously ill. Consumption was hers by inheritance, and it now manifested itself in a form which too surely foretold the result. After the physician had gone, leaving his fatal verdict behind him, she called to Jonathan, who, bewildered by his grief, sank down on his knees at her bedside and sobbed upon her breast.

"Don't grieve," she said; "this is my share of the burden. If I have taken too much from you and David, now comes the atonement. Many things have grown clear to me. David was right when he said that there was no blame. But my time is even less than the doctor thinks: where is David? Can you not bid him come?"

"I can only call him with my heart," he answered. "And will he hear me now, after nearly seven years?"

"Call, then!" she eagerly cried. "Call with all the strength of your love for him and for me, and I believe he will hear you!"

The sun was just setting. Jonathan went to the great ash-tree, behind the barn, fell upon his knees, and covered his face, and the sense of an exceeding bitter cry filled his heart. All the suppressed and baffled longing, the want, the hunger, the unremitting pain of years, came upon him and were crowded into the single prayer, "Come, David, or I die!" Before the twilight faded, while he was still kneeling, an arm came upon his shoulder, and the faint touch of another cheek upon his own. It was hardly for the space of a thought, but he knew the sign.

"David will come!" he said to Ruth.

From that day all was changed. The cloud of coming death which hung over the house was transmuted into fleecy gold. All the lost life came back to Jonathan's face, all the unrestful sweetness of Ruth's brightened into a serene beatitude. Months had passed since David had been heard from; they knew not how to reach him with

out many delays; yet neither dreamed of doubting his coming.

Two weeks passed, three, and there was neither word nor sign. Jonathan and Ruth thought, "He is near," and one day a singular unrest fell upon the former. Ruth saw it, but said nothing until night came, when she sent Jonathan from her bedside with the words, "Go and meet him?"

An hour afterwards she heard double steps on the stone walk in front of the house. They came slowly to the door; it opened; she heard them along the hall and ascending the stairs; then the chamber-lamp showed her the two faces, bright with a single, unutterable joy.

One brother paused at the foot of the bed; the other drew near and bent over her. She clasped her thin hands around his neck, kissed him fondly, and cried, "Dear, dear David!"

"Dear Ruth," he said, "I came as soon as I could. I was far away, among wild mountains, when I felt that Jonathan was calling me. I knew that I must return, never to leave you more, and there was still a little work to finish. Now we shall all live again!"

"Yes," said Jonathan, coming to her other side, "try to live, Ruth!"

Her voice came clear, strong, and full of authority "I *do* live, as never before. I shall take all my life with me when I go to wait for one soul, as I shall find it there Our love unites, not divides, from this hour!"

The few weeks still left to her were a season of almost

superhuman peace. She faded slowly and painlessly, taking the equal love of the twin-hearts, and giving an equal tenderness and gratitude. Then first she saw the mysterious need which united them, the fulness and joy wherewith each completed himself in the other. All the imperfect past was enlightened, and the end, even that now so near, was very good.

Every afternoon they carried her down to a cushioned chair on the veranda, where she could enjoy the quiet of the sunny landscape, the presence of the brothers seated at her feet, and the sports of her children on the grass. Thus, one day, while David and Jonathan held her hands and waited for her to wake from a happy sleep, she went before them, and, ere they guessed the truth, she was waiting for their one soul in the undiscovered land.

And Jonathan's children, now growing into manhood and girlhood, also call David "father." The marks left by their divided lives have long since vanished from their faces; the middle-aged men, whose hairs are turning gray, still walk hand in hand, still sleep upon the same pillow, still have their common wardrobe, as when they were boys. They talk of "our Ruth" with no sadness, for they believe that death will make them one, when, at the same moment, he summons both. And we who know them, to whom they have confided the touching mystery of their nature, believe so too.

THE EXPERIENCES OF THE A. C.

" RIDGEPORT! Change cars for the Naugatuck Railroad!" shouted the conductor of the New York and Boston Express Train, on the evening of May 27th, 1858. Indeed, he does it every night (Sundays excepted), for that matter; but as this story refers especially to Mr. J. Edward Johnson, who was a passenger on that train, on the aforesaid evening, I make special mention of the fact. Mr. Johnson, carpet-bag in hand, jumped upon the platform, entered the office, purchased a ticket for Waterbury, and was soon whirling in the Naugatuck train towards his destination.

On reaching Waterbury, in the soft spring twilight, Mr. Johnson walked up and down in front of the station, curiously scanning the faces of the assembled crowd. Presently he noticed a gentleman who was performing the same operation upon the faces of the alighting passengers. Throwing himself directly in the way of the latter, the two exchanged a steady gaze.

"Is your name Billings?" "Is your name Johnson?"

were simultaneous questions, followed by the simultaneous exclamations—"Ned!" "Enos!"

Then there was a crushing grasp of hands, repeated after a pause, in testimony of ancient friendship, and Mr. Billings, returning to practical life, asked—

"Is that all your baggage? Come, I have a buggy here: Eunice has heard the whistle, and she'll be impatient to welcome you."

The impatience of Eunice (Mrs. Billings, of course,) was not of long duration, for in five minutes thereafter she stood at the door of her husband's chocolate-colored villa, receiving his friend.

While these three persons are comfortably seated at the tea-table, enjoying their waffles, cold tongue, and canned peaches, and asking and answering questions helter-skelter in the delightful confusion of reunion after long separation, let us briefly inform the reader who and what they are.

Mr. Enos Billings, then, was part owner of a manufactory of metal buttons, forty years old, of middling height, ordinarily quiet and rather shy, but with a large share of latent warmth and enthusiasm in his nature. His hair was brown, slightly streaked with gray, his eyes a soft, dark hazel, forehead square, eyebrows straight, nose of no very marked character, and a mouth moderately full, with a tendency to twitch a little at the corners. His voice was undertoned, but mellow and agreeable.

Mrs. Eunice Billings, of nearly equal age, was a good specimen of the wide-awake New-England woman. Her face had a piquant smartness of expression, which might

have been refined into a sharp edge, but for her natural hearty good-humor. Her head was smoothly formed, her face a full oval, her hair and eyes blond and blue in a strong light, but brown and steel-gray at other times, and her complexion of that ripe fairness into which a ruddier color will sometimes fade. Her form, neither plump nor square, had yet a firm, elastic compactness, and her slightest movement conveyed a certain impression of decision and self-reliance.

As for J. Edward Johnson, it is enough to say that he was a tall, thin gentleman of forty-five, with an aquiline nose, narrow face, and military whiskers, which swooped upwards and met under his nose in a glossy black mustache. His complexion was dark, from the bronzing of fifteen summers in New Orleans. He was a member of a wholesale hardware firm in that city, and had now revisited his native North for the first time since his departure. A year before, some letters relating to invoices of metal buttons signed, "Foster, Kirkup, & Co., per Enos Billings," had accidentally revealed to him the whereabouts of the old friend of his youth, with whom we now find him domiciled. The first thing he did, after attending to some necessary business matters in New York, was to take the train for Waterbury.

"Enos," said he, as he stretched out his hand for the third cup of tea (which he had taken only for the purpose of prolonging the pleasant table-chat), "I wonder which of us is most changed."

"You, of course," said Mr. Billings, "with your brown

face and big mustache. Your own brother wouldn't have known you if he had seen you last, as I did, with smooth cheeks and hair of unmerciful length. Why, not even your voice is the same!"

"That is easily accounted for," replied Mr. Johnson. "But in your case, Enos, I am puzzled to find where the difference lies. Your features seem to be but little changed, now that I can examine them at leisure; yet it is not the same face. But, really, I never looked at you for so long a time, in those days. I beg pardon; you used to be so—so remarkably shy."

Mr. Billings blushed slightly, and seemed at a loss what to answer. His wife, however, burst into a merry laugh, exclaiming—

"Oh, that was before the days of the A. C!"

He, catching the infection, laughed also; in fact Mr. Johnson laughed, but without knowing why.

"The 'A. C.'!" said Mr. Billings. "Bless me, Eunice! how long it is since we have talked of that summer! I had almost forgotten that there ever was an A. C."

"Enos, *could* you ever forget Abel Mallory and the beer?—or that scene between Hollins and Shelldrake?—or" (here *she* blushed the least bit) "your own fit of candor?" And she laughed again, more heartily than ever.

"What a precious lot of fools, to be sure!" exclaimed her husband.

Mr. Johnson, meanwhile, though enjoying the cheerful humor of his hosts, was not a little puzzled with regard to its cause.

"What is the A. C.?" he ventured to ask.

Mr. and Mrs. Billings looked at each other, and smiled without replying.

"Really, Ned," said the former, finally, "the answer to your question involves the whole story."

"Then why not tell him the whole story, Enos?" remarked his wife.

"You know I've never told it yet, and it's rather a hard thing to do, seeing that I'm one of the heroes of the farce—for it wasn't even genteel comedy, Ned," said Mr. Billings. "However," he continued, "absurd as the story may seem, it's the only key to the change in my life, and I must run the risk of being laughed at."

"I'll help you through, Enos," said his wife, encouragingly; "and besides, my *rôle* in the farce was no better than yours. Let us resuscitate, for to-night only, the constitution of the A. C."

"Upon my word, a capital idea! But we shall have to initiate Ned."

Mr. Johnson merrily agreeing, he was blindfolded and conducted into another room. A heavy arm-chair, rolling on casters, struck his legs in the rear, and he sank into it with lamb-like resignation.

"Open your mouth!" was the command, given with mock solemnity.

He obeyed.

"Now shut it!"

And his lips closed upon a cigar, while at the same time the handkerchief was whisked away from his eyes He found himself in Mr. Billing's library.

"Your nose betrays your taste, Mr. Johnson," said the lady, "and I am not hard-hearted enough to deprive you of the indulgence. Here are matches."

"Well," said he, acting upon the hint, "if the remainder of the ceremonies are equally agreeable, I should like to be a permanent member of your order."

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Billings, having between them lighted the lamp, stirred up the coal in the grate, closed the doors, and taken possession of comfortable chairs, the latter proclaimed—

"The Chapter (isn't that what you call it?) will now be held!"

"Was it in '43 when you left home, Ned?" asked Mr. B.

"Yes."

"Well, the A. C. culminated in '45. You remember something of the society of Norridgeport, the last winter you were there? Abel Mallory, for instance?"

"Let me think a moment," said Mr. Johnson reflectively. "Really, it seems like looking back a hundred years. Mallory—wasn't that the sentimental young man with wispy hair, a tallowy skin, and big, sweaty hands, who used to be spouting Carlyle on the 'reading evenings' at Shelldrake's? Yes, to be sure; and there was Hollins, with his clerical face and infidel talk,—and Pauline Ringtop, who used to say, 'The Beautiful is the Good.' I can still hear her shrill voice, singing, 'Would that *I* were beautiful, would that *I* were fair!'"

There was a hearty chorus of laughter at poor Miss

Ringtop's expense. It harmed no one, however; for the tar-weed was already thick over her Californian grave.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Billings, "you still remember the absurdities of those days. In fact, I think you partially saw through them then. But I was younger, and far from being so clear-headed, and I looked upon those evenings at Shelldrake's as being equal, at least, to the *symposia* of Plato. Something in Mallory always repelled me. I detested the sight of his thick nose, with the flaring nostrils, and his coarse, half-formed lips, of the bluish color of raw corned-beef. But I looked upon these feelings as unreasonable prejudices, and strove to conquer them, seeing the admiration which he received from others. He was an oracle on the subject of 'Nature.' Having eaten nothing for two years, except Graham bread, vegetables without salt, and fruits, fresh or dried, he considered himself to have attained an antediluvian purity of health—or that he would attain it, so soon as two pimples on his left temple should have healed. These pimples he looked upon as the last feeble stand made by the pernicious juices left from the meat he had formerly eaten and the coffee he had drunk. His theory was, that through a body so purged and purified none but true and natural impulses could find access to the soul. Such, indeed, was the theory we all held. A Return to Nature was the near Millennium, the dawn of which we already beheld in the sky. To be sure there was a difference in our individual views as to how this should be achieved, but we were all agreed as to what the result should be.

"I can laugh over those days now, Ned; but they were really happy while they lasted. We were the salt of the earth; we were lifted above those grovelling instincts which we saw manifested in the lives of others. Each contributed his share of gas to inflate the painted balloon to which we all clung, in the expectation that it would presently soar with us to the stars. But it only went up over the out-houses, dodged backwards and forwards two or three times, and finally flopped down with us into a swamp."

"And that balloon was the A. C.?" suggested Mr. Johnson.

"As President of this Chapter, I prohibit questions," said Eunice. "And, Enos, don't send up your balloon until the proper time. Don't anticipate the programme, or the performance will be spoiled."

"I had almost forgotten that Ned is so much in the dark," her obedient husband answered. "You can have but a slight notion," he continued, turning to his friend, "of the extent to which this sentimental, or transcendental, element in the little circle at Shelldrake's increased after you left Norridgeport. We read the 'Dial,' and Emerson; we believed in Alcott as the 'purple Plato' of modern times; we took psychological works out of the library, and would listen for hours to Hollins while he read Schelling or Fichte, and then go home with a misty impression of having imbibed infinite wisdom. It was, perhaps, a natural, though very eccentric rebound from the hard, practical, unimaginative New-England mind which surrounded us; yet I look back upon it with a kind of wonder

I was then, as you know, unformed mentally, and might have been so still, but for the experiences of the A. C."

Mr. Johnson shifted his position, a little impatiently. Eunice looked at him with laughing eyes, and shook her finger with a mock threat.

"Shelldrake," continued Mr. Billings, without noticing this by-play, "was a man of more pretence than real cultivation, as I afterwards discovered. He was in good circumstances, and always glad to receive us at his house, as this made him, virtually, the chief of our tribe, and the outlay for refreshments involved only the apples from his own orchard and water from his well. There was an entire absence of conventionality at our meetings, and this, compared with the somewhat stiff society of the village, was really an attraction. There was a mystic bond of union in our ideas: we discussed life, love, religion, and the future state, not only with the utmost candor, but with a warmth of feeling which, in many of us, was genuine. Even I (and you know how painfully shy and bashful I was) felt myself more at home there than in my father's house; and if I didn't talk much, I had a pleasant feeling of being in harmony with those who did.

"Well, 'twas in the early part of '45—I think in April. —when we were all gathered together, discussing, as usual, the possibility of leading a life in accordance with Nature. Abel Mallory was there, and Hollins, and Miss Ringtop, and Faith Levis, with her knitting,—and also Eunice Hazleton, a lady whom you have never seen, but you may take my wife at her representative—"

"Stick to the programme, Enos," interrupted Mrs. Billings.

"Eunice Hazleton, then. I wish I could recollect some of the speeches made on that occasion. Abel had but one pimple on his temple (there was a purple spot where the other had been), and was estimating that in two or three months more he would be a true, unspoiled man. His complexion, nevertheless, was more clammy and whey-like than ever.

"'Yes,' said he, 'I also am an Arcadian! This false dual existence which I have been leading will soon be merged in the unity of Nature. Our lives must conform to her sacred law. Why can't we strip off these hollow Shams,' (he made great use of that word,) 'and be our true selves, pure, perfect, and divine?'

"Miss Ringtop heaved a sigh, and repeated a stanza from her favorite poet:

"'Ah, when wrecked are my desires
On the everlasting Never,
And my heart with all its fires
Out forever,
In the cradle of Creation
Finds the soul resuscitation!

"Shelldrake, however, turning to his wife, said—

"'Elviry, how many up-stairs rooms is there in that house down on the Sound?'

"'Four,—besides three small ones under the roof. Why, what made you think of that, Jesse?' said she.

"'I've got an idea, while Abel's been talking,' he an

swered. 'We've taken a house for the summer, down the other side of Bridgeport, right on the water, where there's good fishing and a fine view of the Sound. Now, there's room enough for all of us—at least all that can make it suit to go. Abel, you and Enos, and Pauline and Eunice might fix matters so that we could all take the place in partnership, and pass the summer together, living a true and beautiful life in the bosom of Nature. There we shall be perfectly free and untrammelled by the chains which still hang around us in Norridgeport. You know how often we have wanted to be set on some island in the Pacific Ocean, where we could build up a true society, right from the start. Now, here's a chance to try the experiment for a few months, anyhow.'

"Eunice clapped her hands (yes, you did!) and cried out—

"'Splendid! Arcadian! I'll give up my school for the summer.'

"Miss Ringtop gave her opinion in another quotation:

> "'The rainbow hues of the Ideal
> Condense to gems, and form the Real!'

"Abel Mallory, of course, did not need to have the proposal repeated. He was ready for any thing which promised indulgence, and the indulgence of his sentimental tastes. I will do the fellow the justice to say that he was not a hypocrite. He firmly believed both in himself and his ideas—especially the former. He pushed both hands

through the long wisps of his drab-colored hair, and threw his head back until his wide nostrils resembled a double door to his brain.

"'Oh Nature!' he said, 'you have found your lost children! We shall obey your neglected laws! we shall hearken to your divine whispers! we shall bring you back from your ignominious exile, and place you on your ancestral throne!'

"'Let us do it!' was the general cry.

"A sudden enthusiasm fired us, and we grasped each other's hands in the hearty impulse of the moment. My own private intention to make a summer trip to the White Mountains had been relinquished the moment I heard Eunice give in her adhesion. I may as well confess, at once, that I was desperately in love, and afraid to speak to her.

"By the time Mrs. Sheldrake brought in the apples and water we were discussing the plan as a settled thing. Hollins had an engagement to deliver Temperance lectures in Ohio during the summer, but decided to postpone his departure until August, so that he might, at least, spend two months with us. Faith Levis couldn't go—at which, I think, we were all secretly glad. Some three or four others were in the same case, and the company was finally arranged to consist of the Shelldrakes, Hollins, Mallory, Eunice, Miss Ringtop, and myself. We did not give much thought, either to the preparations in advance, or to our mode of life when settled there. We were to live near to Nature: that was the main thing.

"'What shall we call the place?' asked Eunice.

"'Arcadia!' said Abel Mallory, rolling up his large green eyes.

"'Then,' said Hollins, 'let us constitute ourselves the Arcadian Club!'"

——"Aha!" interrupted Mr. Johnson, "I see! The A. C.!"

"Yes, you can see the A. C. now," said Mrs. Billings; "but to understand it fully, you should have had a share in those Arcadian experiences."

"I am all the more interested in hearing them described. Go on, Enos."

"The proposition was adopted. We called ourselves The Arcadian Club; but in order to avoid gossip, and the usual ridicule, to which we were all more or less sensitive, in case our plan should become generally known, it was agreed that the initials only should be used. Besides, there was an agreeable air of mystery about it: we thought of Delphi, and Eleusis, and Samothrace: we should discover that Truth which the dim eyes of worldly men and women were unable to see, and the day of disclosure would be the day of Triumph. In one sense we were truly Arcadians: no suspicion of impropriety, I verily believe, entered any of our minds. In our aspirations after what we called a truer life there was no material taint. We were fools, if you choose, but as far as possible from being sinners. Besides, the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Shelldrake, who naturally became the heads of our proposed community were sufficient to preserve us from slander

or suspicion, if even our designs had been publicly announced.

"I won't bore you with an account of our preparations. In fact, there was very little to be done. Mr Shelldrake succeeded in hiring the house, with most of its furniture, so that but a few articles had to be supplied. My trunk contained more books than boots, more blank paper than linen.

"'Two shirts will be enough,' said Abel: 'you can wash one of them any day, and dry it in the sun.'

"The supplies consisted mostly of flour, potatoes, and sugar. There was a vegetable-garden in good condition, Mr. Shelldrake said, which would be our principal dependence.

"'Besides, the clams!' I exclaimed unthinkingly.

"'Oh, yes!' said Eunice, 'we can have chowder-parties: that will be delightful!'

"'Clams! chowder! oh, worse than flesh!' groaned Abel. 'Will you reverence Nature by outraging her first laws?'

"I had made a great mistake, and felt very foolish. Eunice and I looked at each other, for the first time."

"Speak for yourself only, Enos," gently interpolated his wife.

"It was a lovely afternoon in the beginning of June when we first approached Arcadia. We had taken two double teams at Bridgeport, and drove slowly forward to our destination, followed by a cart containing our trunks and a few household articles. It was a bright, balmy day

the wheat-fields were rich and green, the clover showed faint streaks of ruby mist along slopes leaning southward, and the meadows were yellow with buttercups. Now and then we caught glimpses of the Sound, and, far beyond it, the dim Long Island shore. Every old white farm-house, with its gray-walled garden, its clumps of lilacs, viburnums, and early roses, offered us a picture of pastoral simplicity and repose. We passed them, one by one, in the happiest mood, enjoying the earth around us, the sky above, and ourselves most of all.

"The scenery, however, gradually became more rough and broken. Knobs of gray gneiss, crowned by mournful cedars, intrenched upon the arable land, and the dark-blue gleam of water appeared through the trees. Our road, which had been approaching the Sound, now skirted the head of a deep, irregular inlet, beyond which extended a beautiful promontory, thickly studded with cedars, and with scattering groups of elm, oak and maple trees. Towards the end of the promontory stood a house, with white walls shining against the blue line of the Sound.

"'There is Arcadia, at last!' exclaimed Mr. Shelldrake.

"A general outcry of delight greeted the announcement. And, indeed, the loveliness of the picture surpassed our most poetic anticipations. The low sun was throwing exquisite lights across the point, painting the slopes of grass of golden green, and giving a pearly softness to the gray rocks. In the back-ground was drawn the far-off water-line, over which a few specks of sail glimmered

against the sky. Miss Ringtop, who, with Eunice, Mallory, and myself, occupied one carriage, expressed her 'gushing' feelings in the usual manner:

"'Where the turf is softest, greenest,
Doth an angel thrust me on,—
Where the landscape lies serenest,
In the journey of the sun!'

"'Don't, Pauline!' said Eunice; 'I never like to hear poetry flourished in the face of Nature. This landscape surpasses any poem in the world. Let us enjoy the best thing we have, rather than the next best.'

"'Ah, yes!' sighed Miss Ringtop, 'tis true!

"'They sing to the ear; this sings to the eye!'

"Thenceforward, to the house, all was childish joy and jubilee. All minor personal repugnances were smoothed over in the general exultation. Even Abel Mallory became agreeable; and Hollins, sitting beside Mrs. Shelldrake on the back seat of the foremost carriage, shouted to us, in boyish lightness of heart.

"Passing the head of the inlet, we left the country-road, and entered, through a gate in the tottering stone wall, on our summer domain. A track, open to the field on one side, led us past a clump of deciduous trees, between pastures broken by cedared knolls of rock, down the centre of the peninsula, to the house. It was quite an old frame-building, two stories high, with a gambrel roof and tall chimneys. Two slim Lombardy poplars and

a broad-leaved catalpa shaded the southern side, and a kitchen-garden, divided in the centre by a double row of untrimmed currant-bushes, flanked it on the east. For flowers, there were masses of blue flags and coarse tawny-red lilies, besides a huge trumpet-vine which swung its pendent arms from one of the gables. In front of the house a natural lawn of mingled turf and rock sloped steeply down to the water, which was not more than two hundred yards distant. To the west was another and broader inlet of the Sound, out of which our Arcadian promontory rose bluff and bold, crowned with a thick fringe of pines. It was really a lovely spot which Shelldrake had chosen—so secluded, while almost surrounded by the winged and moving life of the Sound, so simple, so pastoral and home-like. No one doubted the success of our experiment, for that evening at least.

"Perkins Brown, Shelldrake's boy-of-all-work, awaited us at the door. He had been sent on two or three days in advance, to take charge of the house, and seemed to have had enough of hermit-life, for he hailed us with a wild whoop, throwing his straw hat half-way up one of the poplars. Perkins was a boy of fifteen, the child of poor parents, who were satisfied to get him off their hands, regardless as to what humanitarian theories might be tested upon him. As the Arcadian Club recognized no such thing as caste, he was always admitted to our meetings, and understood just enough of our conversation to excite a silly ambition in his slow mind. His animal nature was predominant, and this led him to be deceitful. At that

time, however, we all looked upon him as a proper young Arcadian, and hoped that he would develop into a second Abel Mallory.

"After our effects had been deposited on the stoop, and the carriages had driven away, we proceeded to apportion the rooms, and take possession. On the first floor there were three rooms, two of which would serve us as dining and drawing rooms, leaving the third for the Shelldrakes. As neither Eunice and Miss Ringtop, nor Hollins and Abel showed any disposition to room together, I quietly gave up to them the four rooms in the second story, and installed myself in one of the attic chambers. Here I could hear the music of the rain close above my head, and through the little gable window, as I lay in bed, watch the colors of the morning gradually steal over the distant shores. The end was, we were all satisfied.

"'Now for our first meal in Arcadia!' was the next cry. Mrs. Shelldrake, like a prudent housekeeper, marched off to the kitchen, where Perkins had already kindled a fire. We looked in at the door, but thought it best to allow her undisputed sway in such a narrow realm. Eunice was unpacking some loaves of bread and paper bags of crackers; and Miss Ringtop, smiling through her ropy curls, as much as to say, 'You see, *I* also can perform the coarser tasks of life!' occupied herself with plates and cups. We men, therefore, walked out to the garden, which we found in a promising condition. The usual vegetables had been planted and were

growing finely, for the season was yet scarcely warm enough for the weeds to make much headway. Radishes, young onions, and lettuce formed our contribution to the table. The Shelldrakes, I should explain, had not yet advanced to the antediluvian point, in diet: nor, indeed, had either Eunice or myself. We acknowledged the fascination of tea, we saw a very mitigated evil in milk and butter, and we were conscious of stifled longings after the abomination of meat. Only Mallory, Hollins, and Miss Ringtop had reached that loftiest round on the ladder of progress where the material nature loosens the last fetter of the spiritual. They looked down upon us, and we meekly admitted their right to do so.

"Our board, that evening, was really tempting. The absence of meat was compensated to us by the crisp and racy onions, and I craved only a little salt, which had been interdicted, as a most pernicious substance. I sat at one corner of the table, beside Perkins Brown, who took an opportunity, while the others were engaged in conversation, to jog my elbow gently. As I turned towards him, he said nothing, but dropped his eyes significantly. The little rascal had the lid of a blacking-box, filled with salt, upon his knee, and was privately seasoning his onions and radishes. I blushed at the thought of my hypocrisy, but the onions were so much better that I couldn't help dipping into the lid with him.

"'Oh,' said Eunice, 'we must send for some oil and vinegar! This lettuce is very nice.'

"'Oil and vinegar?' exclaimed Abel.

"'Why, yes,' said she, innocently: 'they are both vegetable substances.'

"Abel at first looked rather foolish, but quickly recovering himself, said—

"'All vegetable substances are not proper for food. you would not taste the poison-oak, or sit under the upas-tree of Java.'

"'Well, Abel,' Eunice rejoined, 'how are we to distinguish what is best for us? How are we to know *what* vegetables to choose, or what animal and mineral substances to avoid?'

"'I will tell you,' he answered, with a lofty air. 'See here!' pointing to his temple, where the second pimple —either from the change of air, or because, in the excitement of the last few days, he had forgotten it—was actually healed. 'My blood is at last pure. The struggle between the natural and the unnatural is over, and I am beyond the depraved influences of my former taste. My instincts are now, therefore, entirely pure also. What is good for man to eat, that I shall have a natural desire to eat: what is bad will be naturally repelled. How does the cow distinguish between the wholesome and the poisonous herbs of the meadow? And is man less than a cow, that he cannot cultivate his instincts to an equal point? Let me walk through the woods and I can tell you every berry and root which God designed for food, though I know not its name, and have never seen it before. I shall make use of my time, during our sojourn here, to test, by my purified instinct, every substance, an-

imal, mineral, and vegetable, upon which the human race subsists, and to create a catalogue of the True Food of Man!'

"Abel was eloquent on this theme, and he silenced not only Eunice, but the rest of us. Indeed, as we were all half infected with the same delusions, it was not easy to answer his sophistries.

"After supper was over, the prospect of cleaning the dishes and putting things in order was not so agreeable; but Mrs. Shelldrake and Perkins undertook the work, and we did not think it necessary to interfere with them. Half an hour afterwards, when the full moon had risen, we took our chairs upon the stoop, to enjoy the calm, silver night, the soft sea-air, and our summer's residence in anticipatory talk.

"'My friends,' said Hollins (and *his* hobby, as you may remember, Ned, was the organization of Society, rather than those reforms which apply directly to the Individual),—'my friends, I think we are sufficiently advanced in progressive ideas to establish our little Arcadian community upon what I consider the true basis: not Law, nor Custom, but the uncorrupted impulses of our nature. What Abel said in regard to dietetic reform is true; but that alone will not regenerate the race. We must rise superior to those conventional ideas of Duty whereby Life is warped and crippled. Life must not be a prison, where each one must come and go, work, eat, and sleep, as the jailer commands. Labor must not be a necessity, but a spontaneous joy. 'Tis true, but little

labor is required of us here: let us, therefore, have no set tasks, no fixed rules, but each one work, rest, eat, sleep, talk or be silent, as his own nature prompts.'

"Perkins, sitting on the steps, gave a suppressed chuckle, which I think no one heard but myself. I was vexed with his levity, but, nevertheless, gave him a warning nudge with my toe, in payment for the surreptitious salt.

"'That's just the notion I had, when I first talked of our coming here,' said Shelldrake. 'Here we're alone and unhindered; and if the plan shouldn't happen to work well (I don't see why it shouldn't though), no harm will be done. I've had a deal of hard work in my life, and I've been badgered and bullied so much by your strait-laced professors, that I'm glad to get away from the world for a spell, and talk and do rationally, without being laughed at.'

"'Yes,' answered Hollins, 'and if we succeed, as I feel we shall, for I think I know the hearts of all of us here, this may be the commencement of a new *ee*poch for the world. We may become the turning-point between two dispensations: behind us every thing false and unnatural, before us every thing true, beautiful, and good.'

"'Ah,' sighed Miss Ringtop, 'it reminds me of Gamaliel J. Gawthrop's beautiful lines:

> "'Unrobed man is lying hoary
> In the distance, gray and dead;
> There no wreaths of godless glory
> To his mist-like tresses wed,
> And the foot-fall of the Ages
> Reigns supreme, with noiseless tread.'

"'I am willing to try the experiment,' said I, on being appealed to by Hollins; 'but don't you think we had better observe some kind of order, even in yielding every thing to impulse? Shouldn't there be, at least, a platform, as the politicians call it—an agreement by which we shall all be bound, and which we can afterwards exhibit as the basis of our success?'

"He meditated a few moments, and then answered—

"'I think not. It resembles too much the thing we are trying to overthrow. Can you bind a man's belief by making him sign certain articles of Faith? No: his thought will be free, in spite of it; and I would have Action—Life—as free as Thought. Our platform—to adopt your image—has but one plank: Truth. Let each only be true to himself: *be* himself, *act* himself, or herself with the uttermost candor. We can all agree upon that.'

"The agreement was accordingly made. And certainly no happier or more hopeful human beings went to bed in all New England that night.

"I arose with the sun, went into the garden, and commenced weeding, intending to do my quota of work before breakfast, and then devote the day to reading and conversation. I was presently joined by Shelldrake and Mallory, and between us we finished the onions and radishes, stuck the peas, and cleaned the alleys. Perkins, after milking the cow and turning her out to pasture, assisted Mrs. Shelldrake in the kitchen. At breakfast we were joined by Hollins, who made no excuse for his easy morning habits; nor was one expected. I may as well tell you

now, though, that his natural instincts never led him tc work. After a week, when a second crop of weeds was coming on, Mallory fell off also, and thenceforth Shelldrake and myself had the entire charge of the garden. Perkins did the rougher work, and was always on hand when he was wanted. Very soon, however, I noticed that he was in the habit of disappearing for two or three hours in the afternoon.

"Our meals preserved the same Spartan simplicity. Eunice, however, carried her point in regard to the salad; for Abel, after tasting and finding it very palatable, decided that oil and vinegar might be classed in the catalogue of True Food. Indeed, his long abstinence from piquant flavors gave him such an appetite for it that our supply of lettuce was soon exhausted. An embarrassing accident also favored us with the use of salt. Perkins happening to move his knee at the moment I was dipping an onion into the blacking-box lid, our supply was knocked upon the floor. He picked it up, and we both hoped the accident might pass unnoticed. But Abel, stretching his long neck across the corner of the table, caught a glimpse of what was going on.

"'What's that?' he asked.

"'Oh, it's—it's only,' said I, seeking for a synonyme, 'only *chloride of sodium!*'

"'Chloride of sodium! what do you do with it?'

"'Eat it with onions,' said I, boldly: 'it's a chemical substance, but I believe it is found in some plants.'

"Eunice, who knew something of chemistry (she

taught a class, though you wouldn't think it), grew red with suppressed fun, but the others were as ignorant as Abel Mallory himself.

"'Let me taste it,' said he, stretching out an onion.

"I handed him the box-lid, which still contained a portion of its contents. He dipped the onion, bit off a piece, and chewed it gravely.

"'Why,' said he, turning to me, 'it's very much like salt.'

"Perkins burst into a spluttering yell, which discharged an onion-top he had just put between his teeth across the table; Eunice and I gave way at the same moment; and the others, catching the joke, joined us. But while we were laughing, Abel was finishing his onion, and the result was that Salt was added to the True Food, and thereafter appeared regularly on the table.

"The forenoons we usually spent in reading and writing, each in his or her chamber. (Oh, the journals, Ned! —but you shall not see mine.) After a midday meal,—I cannot call it dinner,—we sat upon the stoop, listening while one of us read aloud, or strolled down the shores on either side, or, when the sun was not too warm, got into a boat, and rowed or floated lazily around the promontory.

"One afternoon, as I was sauntering off, past the garden, towards the eastern inlet, I noticed Perkins slipping along behind the cedar knobs, towards the little woodland at the end of our domain. Curious to find out the cause of his mysterious disappearances, I followed cautiously. From the edge of the wood I saw him enter a little gap

between the rocks, which led down to the water. Presently a thread of blue smoke stole up. Quietly creeping along, I got upon the nearer bluff and looked down. There was a sort of hearth built up at the base of the rock, with a brisk little fire burning upon it, but Perkins had disappeared. I stretched myself out upon the moss, in the shade, and waited. In about half an hour up came Perkins, with a large fish in one hand and a lump of clay in the other. I now understood the mystery. He carefully imbedded the fish in a thin layer of clay, placed it on the coals, and then went down to the shore to wash his hands. On his return he found me watching the fire.

"'Ho, ho, Mr. Enos!' said he, 'you've found me out; But *you* won't say nothin'. Gosh! *you* like it as well I do. Look 'ee there!'—breaking open the clay, from which arose 'a steam of rich distilled perfumes,'—'and, I say, I've got the box-lid with that 'ere stuff in it,—ho! ho!'—and the scamp roared again.

"Out of a hole in the rock he brought salt and the end of a loaf, and between us we finished the fish. Before long, I got into the habit of disappearing in the afternoon.

"Now and then we took walks, alone or collectively, to the nearest village, or even to Bridgeport, for the papers or a late book. The few purchases we required were made at such times, and sent down in a cart, or, if not too heavy, carried by Perkins in a basket. I noticed that Abel, whenever we had occasion to visit a grocery, would go sniffing around, alternately attracted or repelled by the various articles: now turning away with a shudder from a

ham,—now inhaling, with a fearful delight and uncertainty, the odor of smoked herrings. 'I think herrings must feed on sea-weed,' said he, 'there is such a vegetable attraction about them.' After his violent vegetarian harangues, however, he hesitated about adding them to his catalogue.

"But, one day, as we were passing through the village, he was reminded by the sign of 'WARTER CRACKERS' in the window of an obscure grocery that he required a supply of these articles, and we therefore entered. There was a splendid Rhode Island cheese on the counter, from which the shop-mistress was just cutting a slice for a customer. Abel leaned over it, inhaling the rich, pungent fragrance.

"'Enos,' said he to me, between his sniffs, 'this impresses me like flowers—like marigolds. It must be—really—yes, the vegetable element is predominant. My instinct towards it is so strong that I cannot be mistaken. May I taste it, ma'am?'

"The woman sliced off a thin corner, and presented it to him on the knife.

"'Delicious!' he exclaimed; 'I am right,—this is the True Food. Give me two pounds—and the crackers, ma'am.'

"I turned away, quite as much disgusted as amused with this charlatanism. And yet I verily believe the fellow was sincere—self-deluded only. I had by this time lost my faith in him, though not in the great Arcadian principles. On reaching home, after an hour's walk, I found

our household in unusual commotion. Abel was writhing in intense pain: he had eaten the whole two pounds of cheese, on his way home! His stomach, so weakened by years of unhealthy abstinence from true nourishment, was now terribly tortured by this sudden stimulus. Mrs. Shelldrake, fortunately, had some mustard among her stores, and could therefore administer a timely emetic. His life was saved, but he was very ill for two or three days. Hollins did not fail to take advantage of this circumstance to overthrow the authority which Abel had gradually acquired on the subject of food. He was so arrogant in his nature that he could not tolerate the same quality in another, even where their views coincided.

"By this time several weeks had passed away. It was the beginning of July, and the long summer heats had come. I was driven out of my attic during the middle hours of the day, and the others found it pleasanter on the doubly shaded stoop than in their chambers. We were thus thrown more together than usual—a circumstance which made our life more monotonous to the others, as I could see; but to myself, who could at last talk to Eunice, and who was happy at the very sight of her, this 'heated term' seemed borrowed from Elysium. I read aloud, and the sound of my own voice gave me confidence; many passages suggested discussions, in which I took a part; and you may judge, Ned, how fast I got on, from the fact that I ventured to tell Eunice of my fish-bakes with Perkins, and invite her to join them. After that, she also often disappeared from sight for an hour or two in the afternoon."

——"Oh, Mr. Johnson," interrupted Mrs. Billings, "it wasn't for the fish!"

"Of course not," said her husband; "it was for my sake."

"No, you need not think it was for you. Enos," she added, perceiving the feminine dilemma into which she had been led, "all this is not necessary to the story."

"Stop!" he answered. "The A. C. has been revived for this night only. Do you remember our platform, or rather no-platform? I must follow my impulses, and say whatever comes uppermost."

"Right, Enos," said Mr. Johnson; "I, as temporary Arcadian, take the same ground. My instinct tells me that you, Mrs. Billings, must permit the confession."

She submitted with a good grace, and her husband continued:

"I said that our lazy life during the hot weather had become a little monotonous. The Arcadian plan had worked tolerably well, on the whole, for there was very little for any one to do—Mrs. Shelldrake and Perkins Brown excepted. Our conversation, however, lacked spirit and variety. We were, perhaps unconsciously, a little tired of hearing and assenting to the same sentiments. But one evening, about this time, Hollins struck upon a variation, the consequences of which he little foresaw. We had been reading one of Bulwer's works (the weather was too hot for Psychology), and came upon this paragraph, or something like it:

"'Ah, Behind the Veil! We see the summer smile

of the Earth—enamelled meadow and limpid stream,—but what hides she in her sunless heart? Caverns of serpents, or grottoes of priceless gems? Youth, whose soul sits on thy countenance, thyself wearing no mask, strive not to lift the masks of others! Be content with what thou seest; and wait until Time and Experience shall teach thee to find jealousy behind the sweet smile, and hatred under the honeyed word!'

"This seemed to us a dark and bitter reflection; but one or another of us recalled some illustration of human hypocrisy, and the evidences, by the simple fact of repetition, gradually led to a division of opinion—Hollins, Shelldrake, and Miss Ringtop on the dark side, and the rest of us on the bright. The last, however, contented herself with quoting from her favorite poet, Gamaliel J. Gawthrop:

"'I look beyond thy brow's concealment!
I see thy spirit's dark revealment!
Thy inner self betrayed I see:
Thy coward, craven, shivering ME!'

"'We think we know one another,' exclaimed Hollins; 'but do we? We see the faults of others, their weaknesses, their disagreeable qualities, and we keep silent. How much we should gain, were candor as universal as concealment! Then each one, seeing himself as others see him, would truly know himself. How much misunderstanding might be avoided—how much hidden shame be removed—hopeless, because unspoken, love made glad—honest admiration cheer its object—uttered

sympathy mitigate misfortune—in short, how much brighter and happier the world would become if each one expressed, everywhere and at all times, his true and entire feeling! Why, even Evil would lose half its power!'

"There seemed to be so much practical wisdom in these views that we were all dazzled and half-convinced at the start. So, when Hollins, turning towards me, as he continued, exclaimed—'Come, why should not this candor be adopted in our Arcadia? Will any one—will you, Enos—commence at once by telling me now—to my face—my principal faults?' I answered after a moment's reflection—'You have a great deal of intellectual arrogance, and you are, physically, very indolent.'

"He did not flinch from the self-invited test, though he looked a little surprised.

"'Well put,' said he, 'though I do not say that you are entirely correct. Now, what are my merits?'

"'You are clear-sighted,' I answered, 'an earnest seeker after truth, and courageous in the avowal of your thoughts.'

"This restored the balance, and we soon began to confess our own private faults and weaknesses. Though the confessions did not go very deep,—no one betraying anything we did not all know already,—yet they were sufficient to strength Hollins in his new idea, and it was unanimously resolved that Candor should thenceforth be the main charm of our Arcadian life. It was the very thing *I* wanted, in order to make a certain communication to Eunice; but I should probably never have reached the

point, had not the same candor been exercised towards me, from a quarter where I least expected it.

"The next day, Abel, who had resumed his researches after the True Food, came home to supper with a healthier color than I had before seen on his face.

"'Do you know,' said he, looking shyly at Hollins, 'that I begin to think Beer must be a natural beverage? There was an auction in the village to-day, as I passed through, and I stopped at a cake-stand to get a glass of water, as it was very hot. There was no water—only beer: so I thought I would try a glass, simply as an experiment. Really, the flavor was very agreeable. And it occurred to me, on the way home, that all the elements contained in beer are vegetable. Besides, fermentation is a natural process. I think the question has never been properly tested before.'

"'But the alcohol!' exclaimed Hollins.

"'I could not distinguish any, either by taste or smell. I know that chemical analysis is said to show it; but may not the alcohol be created, somehow, during the analysis?'

"'Abel,' said Hollins, in a fresh burst of candor, 'you will never be a Reformer, until you possess some of the commonest elements of knowledge.'

"The rest of us were much diverted: it was a pleasant relief to our monotonous amiability.

"Abel, however, had a stubborn streak in his character. The next day he sent Perkins Brown to Bridgeport for a dozen bottles of 'Beer.' Perkins, either intentionally or by mistake, (I always suspected the former,)

brought pint-bottles of Scotch ale, which he placed in the coolest part of the cellar. The evening happened to be exceedingly hot and sultry, and, as we were all fanning ourselves and talking languidly, Abel bethought him of his beer. In his thirst, he drank the contents of the first bottle, almost at a single draught.

"'The effect of beer,' said he, 'depends, I think, on the commixture of the nourishing principle of the grain with the cooling properties of the water. Perhaps, hereafter, a liquid food of the same character may be invented, which shall save us from mastication and all the diseases of the teeth.'

"Hollins and Shelldrake, at his invitation, divided a bottle between them, and he took a second. The potent beverage was not long in acting on a brain so unaccustomed to its influence. He grew unusually talkative and sentimental, in a few minutes.

"'Oh, sing, somebody!' he sighed in a hoarse rapture: 'the night was made for Song.'

"Miss Ringtop, nothing loath, immediately commenced, 'When stars are in the quiet skies;' but scarcely had she finished the first verse before Abel interrupted her.

"'Candor's the order of the day, isn't it?' he asked.

"'Yes!' 'Yes!' two or three answered.

"'Well then,' said he, 'candidly, Pauline, you've got the darn'dest squeaky voice'—

"Miss Ringtop gave a faint little scream of horror.

"'Oh, never mind!' he continued. 'We act according

to impulse, don't we? And I've the impulse to swear and it's right. Let Nature have her way. Listen! Damn, damn, damn, damn! I never knew it was so easy. Why, there's a pleasure in it! Try it, Pauline! try it on me!'

"'Oh-ooh!' was all Miss Ringtop could utter.

"'Abel! Abel!' exclaimed Hollins, 'the beer has got into your head.'

"'No, it isn't Beer,—it's Candor!' said Abel. 'It's your own proposal, Hollins. Suppose it's evil to swear: isn't it better I should express it, and be done with it, than keep it bottled up to ferment in my mind? Oh, you're a precious, consistent old humbug, *you* are!'

"And therewith he jumped off the stoop, and went dancing awkwardly down towards the water, singing in a most unmelodious voice, ''Tis home where'er the heart is.'

"'Oh, he may fall into the water!' exclaimed Eunice, in alarm.

"'He's not fool enough to do that,' said Shelldrake. 'His head is a little light, that's all. The air will cool him down presently.'

But she arose and followed him, not satisfied with this assurance. Miss Ringtop sat rigidly still. She would have received with composure the news of his drowning.

"As Eunice's white dress disappeared among the cedars crowning the shore, I sprang up and ran after her. I knew that Abel was not intoxicated, but simply excited, and I had no fear on his account: I obeyed an involun-

tary impulse. On approaching the water, I heard their voices—hers in friendly persuasion, his in sentimental entreaty,—then the sound of oars in the row-locks. Looking out from the last clump of cedars, I saw them seated in the boat, Eunice at the stern, while Abel, facing her, just dipped an oar now and then to keep from drifting with the tide. She had found him already in the boat, which was loosely chained to a stone. Stepping on one of the forward thwarts in her eagerness to persuade him to return, he sprang past her, jerked away the chain, and pushed off before she could escape. She would have fallen, but he caught her and placed her in the stern, and then seated himself at the oars. She must have been somewhat alarmed, but there was only indignation in her voice. All this had transpired before my arrival, and the first words I heard bound me to the spot and kept me silent.

"'Abel, what does this mean?' she asked.

"'It means Fate—Destiny!' he exclaimed, rather wildly. 'Ah, Eunice, ask the night, and the moon,—ask the impulse which told you to follow me! Let us be candid like the old Arcadians we imitate. Eunice, we know that we love each other: why should we conceal it any longer? The Angel of Love comes down from the stars on his azure wings, and whispers to our hearts. Let us confess to each other! The female heart should not be timid, in this pure and beautiful atmosphere of Love which we breathe. Come, Eunice! we are alone: let your heart speak to me!'

"Ned, if you've ever been in love, (we'll talk of that

after a while,) you will easily understand what tortures I endured, in thus hearing him speak. That *he* should love Eunice! It was a profanation to her, an outrage to me. Yet the assurance with which he spoke! *Could* she love this conceited, ridiculous, repulsive fellow, after all? I almost gasped for breath, as I clinched the prickly boughs of the cedars in my hands, and set my teeth, waiting to hear her answer.

"'I will not hear such language! Take me back to the shore!' she said, in very short, decided tones.

"'Oh, Eunice,' he groaned, (and now, I think he was perfectly sober,) 'don't you love me, indeed? *I* love you, —from my heart I do: yes, I love you. Tell me how you feel towards me.'

"'Abel,' said she, earnestly, 'I feel towards you only as a friend; and if you wish me to retain a friendly interest in you, you must never again talk in this manner. I do not love you, and I never shall. Let me go back to the house.'

"His head dropped upon his breast, but he rowed back to the shore, drew the bow upon the rocks, and assisted her to land. Then, sitting down, he groaned forth—

"'Oh, Eunice, you have broken my heart!' and putting his big hands to his face, began to cry.

"She turned, placed one hand on his shoulder, and said in a calm, but kind tone—

"'I am very sorry, Abel, but I cannot help it.'

"I slipped aside, that she might not see me, and we returned by separate paths.

"I slept very little that night. The conviction which I chased away from my mind as often as it returned, that our Arcadian experiment was taking a ridiculous and at the same time impracticable development, became clearer and stronger. I felt sure that our little community could not hold together much longer without an explosion. I had a presentiment that Eunice shared my impressions. My feelings towards her had reached that crisis where a declaration was imperative: but how to make it? It was a terrible struggle between my shyness and my affection. There was another circumstance in connection with this subject, which troubled me not a little. Miss Ringtop evidently sought my company, and made me, as much as possible, the recipient of her sentimental outpourings. I was not bold enough to repel her—indeed I had none of that tact which is so useful in such emergencies,—and she seemed to misinterpret my submission. Not only was her conversation pointedly directed to me, but she looked at me, when singing, (especially, 'Thou, thou, reign'st in this bosom!') in a way that made me feel very uncomfortable. What if Eunice should suspect an attachment towards her, on my part. What if—oh, horror!—I had unconsciously said or done something to impress Miss Ringtop herself with the same conviction? I shuddered as the thought crossed my mind. One thing was very certain: this suspense was not to be endured much longer.

"We had an unusually silent breakfast the next morning. Abel scarcely spoke, which the others attributed to

a natural feeling of shame, after his display of the previous evening. Hollins and Shelldrake discussed Temperance, with a special view to his edification, and Miss Ringtop favored us with several quotations about 'the maddening bowl,'—but he paid no attention to them. Eunice was pale and thoughtful. I had no doubt in my mind, that she was already contemplating a removal from Arcadia. Perkins, whose perceptive faculties were by no means dull, whispered to me, 'Shan't I bring up some porgies for supper?' but I shook my head. I was busy with other thoughts, and did not join him in the wood, that day.

"The forenoon was overcast, with frequent showers. Each one occupied his or her room until dinner-time, when we met again with something of the old geniality. There was an evident effort to restore our former flow of good feeling. Abel's experience with the beer was freely discussed. He insisted strongly that he had not been laboring under its effects, and proposed a mutual test. He, Shelldrake, and Hollins were to drink it in equal measures, and compare observations as to their physical sensations. The others agreed,—quite willingly, I thought,—but I refused. I had determined to make a desperate attempt at candor, and Abel's fate was fresh before my eyes.

"My nervous agitation increased during the day, and after sunset, fearing lest I should betray my excitement in some way, I walked down to the end of the promontory, and took a seat on the rocks. The sky had cleared

and the air was deliciously cool and sweet. The Sound was spread out before me like a sea, for the Long Island shore was veiled in a silvery mist. My mind was soothed and calmed by the influences of the scene, until the moon arose. Moonlight, you know, disturbs—at least, when one is in love. (Ah, Ned, I see you understand it!) I felt blissfully miserable, ready to cry with joy at the knowledge that I loved, and with fear and vexation at my cowardice, at the same time.

"Suddenly I heard a rustling beside me. Every nerve in my body tingled, and I turned my head, with a beating and expectant heart. Pshaw! It was Miss Ringtop, who spread her blue dress on the rock beside me, and shook back her long curls, and sighed, as she gazed at the silver path of the moon on the water.

"'Oh, how delicious!' she cried. 'How it seems to set the spirit free, and we wander off on the wings of Fancy to other spheres!'

"'Yes,' said I, 'It is very beautiful, but sad, when one is alone.'

"I was thinking of Eunice.

"'How inadequate,' she continued, 'is language to express the emotions which such a scene calls up in the bosom! Poetry alone is the voice of the spiritual world, and we, who are not poets, must borrow the language of the gifted sons of Song. Oh, Enos, I *wish* you were a poet! But you *feel* poetry, I know you do. I have seen it in your eyes, when I quoted the burning lines of Adeliza Kelley, or the soul-breathings of Gamaliel J. Gawthrop

In *him*, particularly, I find the voice of my own nature. Do you know his 'Night-Whispers?' How it embodies the feelings of such a scene as this!

> ''Star-drooping bowers bending down the spaces,
> And moonlit glories sweep star-footed on;
> And pale, sweet rivers, in their shining races,
> Are ever gliding through the moonlit places,
> With silver ripples on their tranced faces,
> And forests clasp their dusky hands, with low and sullen moan!'

"'Ah!' she continued, as I made no reply, 'this is an hour for the soul to unveil its most secret chambers! Do you not think, Enos, that love rises superior to all conventionalities? that those whose souls are in unison should be allowed to reveal themselves to each other, regardless of the world's opinions?'

"'Yes!' said I, earnestly.

"'Enos, do you understand me?' she asked, in a tender voice—almost a whisper.

"'Yes,' said I, with a blushing confidence of my own passion.

"'Then,' she whispered, 'our hearts are wholly in unison. I know you are true, Enos. I know your noble nature, and I will never doubt you. This is indeed happiness!'

"And therewith she laid her head on my shoulder, and sighed—

> "'Life remits his tortures cruel,
> Love illumes his fairest fuel,
> When the hearts that once were dual
> Meet as one, in sweet renewal!'

"'Miss Ringtop!' I cried, starting away from her, in alarm, 'you don't mean that—that—'

"I could not finish the sentence.

"'Yes, Enos, *dear* Enos! henceforth we belong to each other.'

"The painful embarrassment I felt, as her true meaning shot through my mind, surpassed anything I had imagined, or experienced in anticipation, when planning how I should declare myself to Eunice. Miss Ringtop was at least ten years older than I, far from handsome (but you remember her face,) and so affectedly sentimental, that I, sentimental as I was then, was sick of hearing her talk. Her hallucination was so monstrous, and gave me such a shock of desperate alarm, that I spoke, on the impulse of the moment, with great energy, without regarding how her feelings might be wounded.

"'You mistake!' I exclaimed. 'I didn't mean that,—I didn't understand you. Don't talk to me that way,—don't look at me in that way, Miss Ringtop! We were never meant for each other—I wasn't——You're so much older—I mean different. It can't be—no, it can never be! Let us go back to the house: the night is cold.'

"I rose hastily to my feet. She murmured something,—what, I did not stay to hear,—but, plunging through the cedars, was hurrying with all speed to the house, when, half-way up the lawn, beside one of the rocky knobs, I met Eunice, who was apparently on her way to join us. In my excited mood, after the ordeal through which I had

just passed, everything seemed easy. My usual timidity was blown to the four winds. I went directly to her, took her hand, and said—

"'Eunice, the others are driving me mad with their candor; will you let me be candid, too?'

"'I think you are always candid, Enos,' she answered.

"Even then, if I had hesitated, I should have been lost. But I went on, without pausing—

"'Eunice, I love you—I have loved you since we first met. I came here that I might be near you; but I must leave you forever, and to-night, unless you can trust your life in my keeping. God help me, since we have been together I have lost my faith in almost everything but you. Pardon me, if I am impetuous—different from what I have seemed. I have struggled so hard to speak! I have been a coward, Eunice, because of my love. But now I have spoken, from my heart of hearts. Look at me: I can bear it now. Read the truth in my eyes, before you answer.'

"I felt her hand tremble while I spoke. As she turned towards me her face, which had been averted, the moon shone full upon it, and I saw that tears were upon her cheeks. What was said—whether anything was said—I cannot tell. I felt the blessed fact, and that was enough. That was the dawning of the true Arcadia."

——Mrs. Billings, who had been silent during this recital, took her husband's hand and smiled. Mr. Johnson felt a dull pang about the region of his heart. If he had

a secret, however, I do not feel justified in betraying it.

"It was late," Mr. Billings continued, "before we returned to the house. I had a special dread of again encountering Miss Ringtop, but she was wandering up and down the bluff, under the pines, singing, 'The dream is past. There was a sound of loud voices, as we approached the stoop. Hollins, Shelldrake and his wife, and Abel Mallory were sitting together near the door. Perkins Brown, as usual, was crouched on the lowest step, with one leg over the other, and rubbing the top of his boot with a vigor which betrayed to me some secret mirth. He looked up at me from under his straw hat with the grin of a malicious Puck, glanced towards the group, and made a curious gesture with his thumb. There were several empty pint-bottles on the stoop.

"'Now, are you sure you can bear the test?' we heard Hollins ask, as we approached.

"'Bear it? Why to be sure!' replied Shelldrake; 'if I couldn't bear it, or if *you* couldn't, your theory's done for. Try! I can stand it as long as you can.'

"'Well, then,' said Hollins, 'I think you are a very ordinary man. I derive no intellectual benefit from my intercourse with you, but your house is convenient to me. I'm under no obligations for your hospitality, however, because my company is an advantage to you. Indeed if I were treated according to my deserts, you couldn't do enough for me.'

"Mrs. Shelldrake was up in arms.

"'Indeed,' she exclaimed, 'I think you get as good as you deserve, and more too.'

"'Elvira,' said he, with a benevolent condescension, I have no doubt you think so, for your mind belongs to the lowest and most material sphere. You have your place in Nature, and you fill it; but it is not for you to judge of intelligences which move only on the upper planes.'

"'Hollins,' said Shelldrake, 'Elviry's a good wife and a sensible woman, and I won't allow you to turn up your nose at her.'

"'I am not surprised,' he answered, 'that you should fail to stand the test. I didn't expect it.'

"'Let me try it on *you*!' cried Shelldrake. 'You, now, have some intellect,—I don't deny that,—but not so much, by a long shot, as you think you have. Besides that, you're awfully selfish in your opinions. You won't admit that anybody can be right who differs from you. You've sponged on me for a long time; but I suppose I've learned something from you, so we'll call it even. I think, however, that what you call acting according to impulse is simply an excuse to cover your own laziness.'

"'Gosh! that's it!' interrupted Perkins, jumping up; then, recollecting himself, he sank down on the steps again, and shook with a suppressed 'Ho! ho! ho

"Hollins, however, drew himself up with an exasperated air.

"'Shelldrake,' said he, 'I pity you. I always knew your ignorance, but I thought you honest in your human

character. I never suspected you of envy and malice. However, the true Reformer must expect to be misunderstood and misrepresented by meaner minds. That love which I bear to all creatures teaches me to forgive you. Without such love, all plans of progress must fail. Is it not so, Abel?'

"Shelldrake could only ejaculate the words, 'Pity!' 'Forgive?' in his most contemptuous tone; while Mrs. Shelldrake, rocking violently in her chair, gave utterance to that peculiar clucking, '*ts, ts, ts, ts,*' whereby certain women express emotions too deep for words.

"Abel, roused by Hollins's question, answered, with a sudden energy—

"'Love! there is no love in the world. Where will you find it? Tell me, and I'll go there. Love! I'd like to see it! If all human hearts were like mine, we might have an Arcadia; but most men have no hearts. The world is a miserable, hollow, deceitful shell of vanity and hypocrisy. No: let us give up. We were born before our time: this age is not worthy of us.'

"Hollins stared at the speaker in utter amazement. Shelldrake gave a long whistle, and finally gasped out—

"'Well, what next?'

"None of us were prepared for such a sudden and complete wreck of our Arcadian scheme. The foundations had been sapped before, it is true; but we had not perceived it; and now, in two short days, the whole edifice tumbled about our ears. Though it was inevitable, we felt a shock of sorrow, and a silence fell upon us

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Only that scamp of a Perkins Brown, chuckling and rubbing his boot, really rejoiced. I could have kicked him.

"We all went to bed, feeling that the charm of our Arcadian life was over. I was so full of the new happiness of love that I was scarcely conscious of regret. I seemed to have leaped at once into responsible manhood, and a glad rush of courage filled me at the knowledge that my own heart was a better oracle than those—now so shamefully overthrown—on whom I had so long implicitly relied. In the first revulsion of feeling, I was perhaps unjust to my associates. I see now, more clearly, the causes of those vagaries, which originated in a genuine aspiration, and failed from an ignorance of the true nature of Man, quite as much as from the egotism of the individuals. Other attempts at reorganizing Society were made about the same time by men of culture and experience, but in the A. C. we had neither. Our leaders had caught a few half-truths, which, in their minds, were speedily warped into errors. I can laugh over the absurdities I helped to perpetrate, but I must confess that the experiences of those few weeks went far towards making a man of me."

"Did the A. C. break up at once?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"Not precisely; though Eunice and I left the house within two days, as we had agreed. We were not married immediately however. Three long years—years of hope and mutual encouragement—passed away before that happy consummation. Before our departure, Hollins had fallen into his old manner, convinced, apparently, that

Candor must be postponed to a better age of the world. But the quarrel rankled in Shelldrake's mind, and especially in that of his wife. I could see by her looks and little fidgety ways that his further stay would be very uncomfortable. Abel Mallory, finding himself gaining in weight and improving in color, had no thought of returning. The day previous, as I afterwards learned, he had discovered Perkins Brown's secret kitchen in the woods.

"'Golly!' said that youth, in describing the circumstance to me, 'I had to ketch *two* porgies that day.'

"Miss Ringtop, who must have suspected the new relation between Eunice and myself, was for the most part rigidly silent. If she quoted, it was from the darkest and dreariest utterances of her favorite Gamaliel.

"What happened after our departure I learned from Perkins, on the return of the Shelldrakes to Norridgeport, in September. Mrs. Shelldrake stoutly persisted in refusing to make Hollins's bed, or to wash his shirts. Her brain was dull, to be sure; but she was therefore all the more stubborn in her resentment. He bore this state of things for about a week, when his engagements to lecture in Ohio suddenly called him away. Abel and Miss Ringtop were left to wander about the promontory in company, and to exchange lamentations on the hollowness of human hopes or the pleasures of despair. Whether it was owing to that attraction of sex which would make any man and any woman, thrown together on a desert island, finally become mates, or whether she skilfully ministered to Abel's sentimental vanity, I will not undertake to decide: but

the fact is, they were actually betrothed, on leaving Arcadia. I think he would willingly have retreated, after his return to the world; but that was not so easy. Miss Ringtop held him with an inexorable clutch. They were not married, however, until just before his departure for California, whither she afterwards followed him. She died in less than a year, and left him free."

"And what became of the other Arcadians?" asked Mr. Johnson.

"The Shelldrakes are still living in Norridgeport. They have become Spiritualists, I understand, and cultivate Mediums. Hollins, when I last heard of him, was a Deputy-Surveyor in the New York Custom-House. Perkins Brown is our butcher here in Waterbury, and he often asks me—'Do you take chloride of soda on your beefsteaks?' He is as fat as a prize ox, and the father of five children."

"Enos!" exclaimed Mrs. Billings, looking at the clock, "it's nearly midnight! Mr. Johnson must be very tired, after such a long story. The Chapter of the A. C. is hereby closed!"

FRIEND ELI'S DAUGHTER.

I.

HE mild May afternoon was drawing to a close, as Friend Eli Mitchenor reached the top of the long hill, and halted a few minutes, to allow his horse time to recover breath. He also heaved a sigh of satisfaction, as he saw again the green, undulating valley of the Neshaminy, with its dazzling squares of young wheat, its brown patches of corn-land, its snowy masses of blooming orchard, and the huge, fountain-like jets of weeping willow, half concealing the gray stone fronts of the farm-houses. He had been absent from home only six days, but the time seemed almost as long to him as a three years' cruise to a New Bedford whaleman. The peaceful seclusion and pastoral beauty of the scene did not consciously appeal to his senses; but he quietly noted how much the wheat had grown during his absence, that the oats were up and looking well, that Friend Comly's meadow had been ploughed, and Friend Martin had built his half of the line-fence along the top of the hill-field. If any smothered delight in the loveliness

of the spring-time found a hiding-place anywhere in the well-ordered chambers of his heart, it never relaxed or softened the straight, inflexible lines of his face. As easily could his collarless drab coat and waistcoat have flushed with a sudden gleam of purple or crimson.

Eli Mitchenor was at peace with himself and the world—that is, so much of the world as he acknowledged. Beyond the community of his own sect, and a few personal friends who were privileged to live on its borders, he neither knew nor cared to know much more of the human race than if it belonged to a planet farther from the sun. In the discipline of the Friends he was perfect; he was privileged to sit on the high seats, with the elders of the Society; and the travelling brethren from other States, who visited Bucks County, invariably blessed his house with a family-meeting. His farm was one of the best on the banks of the Neshaminy, and he also enjoyed the annual interest of a few thousand dollars, carefully secured by mortgages on real estate. His wife, Abigail, kept even pace with him in the consideration she enjoyed within the limits of the sect; and his two children, Moses and Asenath, vindicated the paternal training by the strictest sobriety of dress and conduct. Moses wore the plain coat, even when his ways led him among "the world's people;" and Asenath had never been known to wear, or to express a desire for, a ribbon of a brighter tint than brown or fawn-color. Friend Mitchenor had thus gradually ripened to his sixtieth year in an atmosphere of life utterly placid and serene, and

looked forward with confidence to the final change, as a translation into a deeper calm, a serener quiet, a prosperous eternity of mild voices, subdued colors, and suppressed emotions.

He was returning home, in his own old-fashioned "chair" with its heavy square canopy and huge curved springs, from the Yearly Meeting of the Hicksite Friends, in Philadelphia. The large bay farm-horse, slow and grave in his demeanor, wore his plain harness with an air which made him seem, among his fellow-horses, the counterpart of his master among men. He would no more have thought of kicking than the latter would of swearing a huge oath. Even now, when the top of the hill was gained, and he knew that he was within a mile of the stable which had been his home since colthood, he showed no undue haste or impatience, but waited quietly, until Friend Mitchenor, by a well-known jerk of the lines, gave him the signal to go on. Obedient to the motion, he thereupon set forward once more, jogging soberly down the eastern slope of the hill,—across the covered bridge, where, in spite of the tempting level of the hollow-sounding floor, he was as careful to abstain from trotting as if he had read the warning notice,—along the wooded edge of the green meadow, where several cows of his acquaintance were grazing,—and finally, wheeling around at the proper angle, halted squarely in front of the gate which gave entrance to the private lane.

The old stone house in front, the spring-house in a green little hollow just below it, the walled garden, with

its clumps of box and lilac, and the vast barn on the left all joining in expressing a silent welcome to their owner, as he drove up the lane. Moses, a man of twenty-five, left his work in the garden, and walked forward in his shirt-sleeves.

"Well, father, how does thee do?" was his quiet greeting, as they shook hands.

"How's mother, by this time?" asked Eli.

"Oh, thee needn't have been concerned," said the son. "There she is. Go in: I'll tend to the horse."

Abigail and her daughter appeared on the piazza. The mother was a woman of fifty, thin and delicate in frame, but with a smooth, placid beauty of countenance which had survived her youth. She was dressed in a simple dove-colored gown, with book-muslin cap and handkerchief, so scrupulously arranged that one might have associated with her for six months without ever discovering a spot on the former, or an uneven fold in the latter. Asenath, who followed, was almost as plainly attired, her dress being a dark-blue calico, while a white pasteboard sun-bonnet, with broad cape, covered her head.

"Well, Abigail, how art thou?" said Eli, quietly giving his hand to his wife.

"I'm glad to see thee back," was her simple welcome.

No doubt they had kissed each other as lovers, but Asenath had witnessed this manifestation of affection but once in her life—after the burial of a younger sister. The fact impressed her with a peculiar sense of sanctity and solemnity: it was a caress wrung forth by a season of trib-

ulation, and therefore was too earnest to be profaned to the uses of joy. So far, therefore, from expecting a paternal embrace, she would have felt, had it been given, like the doomed daughter of the Gileadite, consecrated to sacrifice.

Both she and her mother were anxious to hear the proceedings of the meeting, and to receive personal news of the many friends whom Eli had seen ; but they asked few questions until the supper-table was ready and Moses had come in from the barn. The old man enjoyed talking, but it must be in his own way and at his own good time. They must wait until the communicative spirit should move him. With the first cup of coffee the inspiration came. Hovering at first over indifferent details, he gradually approached those of more importance,—told of the addresses which had been made, the points of discipline discussed, the testimony borne, and the appearance and genealogy of any new Friends who had taken a prominent part therein. Finally, at the close of his relation, he said—

"Abigail, there is one thing I must talk to thee about. Friend Speakman's partner,—perhaps thee's heard of him, Richard Hilton,—has a son who is weakly. He's two or three years younger than Moses. His mother was consumptive, and they're afraid he takes after her. His father wants to send him into the country for the summer—to some place where he'll have good air, and quiet, and moderate exercise, and Friend Speakman spoke of us. I thought I'd mention it to thee, and if thee thinks well of it, we can send word down next week, when Josiah Comly goes."

"What does *thee* think?" asked his wife, after a pause.

"He's a very quiet, steady young man, Friend Speakman says, and would be very little trouble to thee. I thought perhaps his board would buy the new yoke of oxen we must have in the fall, and the price of the fat ones might go to help set up Moses. But it's for thee to decide."

"I suppose we could take him," said Abigail, seeing that the decision was virtually made already; "there's the corner room, which we don't often use. Only, if he should get worse on our hands— "

"Friend Speakman says there's no danger. He is only weak-breasted, as yet, and clerking isn't good for him. I saw the young man at the store. If his looks don't belie him, he's well-behaved and orderly."

So it was settled that Richard Hilton the younger was to be an inmate of Friend Mitchenor's house during the summer.

II.

At the end of ten days he came.

In the under-sized, earnest, dark-haired and dark-eyed young man of three-and-twenty, Abigail Mitchenor at once felt a motherly interest. Having received him as a temporary member of the family, she considered him entitled to the same watchful care as if he were in reality an invalid son. The ice over an hereditary Quaker nature is but a thin crust, if one knows how to break it; and in

Richard Hilton's case, it was already broken before his arrival. His only embarrassment, in fact, arose from the difficulty which he naturally experienced in adapting himself to the speech and address of the Mitchenor family The greetings of old Eli, grave, yet kindly, of Abigail, quaintly familiar and tender, of Moses, cordial and slightly condescending, and finally of Asenath, simple and natural to a degree which impressed him like a new revelation in woman, at once indicated to him his position among them. His city manners, he felt, instinctively, must be unlearned, or at least laid aside for a time. Yet it was not easy for him to assume, at such short notice, those of his hosts. Happening to address Asenath as "Miss Mitchenor," Eli turned to him with a rebuking face.

"We do not use compliments, Richard," said he; "my daughter's name is Asenath.

"I beg pardon. I will try to accustom myself to your ways, since you have been so kind as to take me for a while," apologized Richard Hilton.

"Thee's under no obligation to us," said Friend Mitchenor, in his strict sense of justice; "thee pays for what thee gets."

The finer feminine instinct of Abigail led her to interpose.

"We'll not expect too much of thee, at first, Richard," she remarked, with a kind expression of face, which had the effect of a smile: "but our ways are plain and easily learned. Thee knows, perhaps, that we're no respecters of persons"

It was some days, however, before the young man could overcome his natural hesitation at the familiarity implied by these new forms of speech. "Friend Mitchenor" and "Moses" were not difficult to learn, but it seemed a want of respect to address as "Abigail" a woman of such sweet and serene dignity as the mother, and he was fain to avoid either extreme by calling her, with her cheerful permission, "Aunt Mitchenor." On the other hand, his own modest and unobtrusive nature soon won the confidence and cordial regard of the family. He occasionally busied himself in the garden, by way of exercise, or accompanied Moses to the corn-field or the woodland on the hill, but was careful never to interfere at inopportune times, and willing to learn silently, by the simple process of looking on.

One afternoon, as he was idly sitting on the stone wall which separated the garden from the lane, Asenath, attired in a new gown of chocolate-colored calico, with a double-handled willow work-basket on her arm, issued from the house. As she approached him, she paused and said—

"The time seems to hang heavy on thy hands, Richard. If thee's strong enough to walk to the village and back, it might do thee more good than sitting still."

Richard Hilton at once jumped down from the wall.

"Certainly I am able to go," said he, "if you will allow it."

"Haven't I asked thee?" was her quiet reply.

"Let me carry your basket," he said, suddenly, after

they had walked, side by side, some distance down the lane.

"Indeed, I shall not let thee do that. I'm only going for the mail, and some little things at the store, that make no weight at all. Thee mustn't think I'm like the young women in the city, who, I'm told, if they buy a spool of cotton, must have it sent home to them. Besides, thee mustn't over-exert thy strength."

Richard Hilton laughed merrily at the gravity with which she uttered the last sentence.

"Why, Miss—Asenath, I mean—what am I good for; if I have not strength enough to carry a basket?"

"Thee's a man, I know, and I think a man would almost as lief be thought wicked as weak. Thee can't help being weakly-inclined, and it's only right that thee should be careful of thyself. There's surely nothing in that that thee need be ashamed of."

While thus speaking, Asenath moderated her walk, in order, unconsciously to her companion, to restrain his steps.

"Oh, there are the dog's-tooth violets in blossom?" she exclaimed, pointing to a shady spot beside the brook; "does thee know them?"

Richard immediately gathered and brought to her a handful of the nodding yellow bells, trembling above their large, cool, spotted leaves.

"How beautiful they are!" said he; "but I should never have taken them for violets."

"They are misnamed," she answered. "The flower is

an *Erythronium*; but I am accustomed to the common name, and like it. Did thee ever study botany?"

"Not at all. I can tell a geranium, when I see it, and I know a heliotrope by the smell. I could never mistake a red cabbage for a rose, and I can recognize a hollyhock or a sunflower at a considerable distance. The wild flowers are all strangers to me; I wish I knew something about them."

"If thee's fond of flowers, it would be very easy to learn. I think a study of this kind would pleasantly occupy thy mind. Why couldn't thee try? I would be very willing to teach thee what little I know. It's not much, indeed, but all thee wants is a start. See, I will show thee how simple the principles are."

Taking one of the flowers from the bunch, Asenath, as they slowly walked forward, proceeded to dissect it, explained the mysteries of stamens and pistils, pollen, petals, and calyx, and, by the time they had reached the village, had succeeded in giving him a general idea of the Linnæan system of classification. His mind took hold of the subject with a prompt and profound interest. It was a new and wonderful world which suddenly opened before him. How surprised he was to learn that there were signs by which a poisonous herb could be detected from a wholesome one, that cedars and pine-trees blossomed, that the gray lichens on the rocks belonged to the vegetable kingdom! His respect for Asenath's knowledge thrust quite out of sight the restraint which her youth and sex had imposed upon him. She was teacher, equal,

friend; and the simple candid manner which was the natural expression of her dignity and purity thoroughly harmonized with this relation.

Although, in reality, two or three years younger than he, Asenath had a gravity of demeanor, a calm self-possession, a deliberate balance of mind, and a repose of the emotional nature, which he had never before observed, except in much older women. She had had, as he could well imagine, no romping girlhood, no season of careless, light-hearted dalliance with opening life, no violent alternation even of the usual griefs and joys of youth. The social calm in which she had expanded had developed her nature as gently and securely as a sea-flower is unfolded below the reach of tides and storms.

She would have been very much surprised if any one had called her handsome: yet her face had a mild, unobtrusive beauty which seemed to grow and deepen from day to day. Of a longer oval than the Greek standard, it was yet as harmonious in outline; the nose was fine and straight, the dark-blue eyes steady and untroubled, and the lips calmly, but not too firmly closed. Her brown hair, parted over a high white forehead, was smoothly laid across the temples, drawn behind the ears, and twisted into a simple knot. The white cape and sun-bonnet gave her face a nun-like character, which set her apart, in the thoughts of "the world's people" whom she met, as one sanctified for some holy work. She might have gone around the world, repelling every rude word,

every bold glance, by the protecting atmosphere of purity and truth which inclosed her.

The days went by, each bringing some new blossom to adorn and illustrate the joint studies of the young man and maiden. For Richard Hilton had soon mastered the elements of botany, as taught by Priscilla Wakefield, —the only source of Asenath's knowledge,—and entered, with her, upon the text-book of Gray, a copy of which he procured from Philadelphia. Yet, though he had overtaken her in his knowledge of the technicalities of the science, her practical acquaintance with plants and their habits left her still his superior. Day by day, exploring the meadows, the woods, and the clearings, he brought home his discoveries to enjoy her aid in classifying and assigning them to their true places. Asenath had generally an hour or two of leisure from domestic duties in the afternoons, or after the early supper of summer was over; and sometimes, on "Seventh-days," she would be his guide to some locality where the rarer plants were known to exist. The parents saw this community of interest and exploration without a thought of misgiving. They trusted their daughter as themselves; or, if any possible fear had flitted across their hearts, it was allayed by the absorbing delight with which Richard Hilton pursued his study. An earnest discussion as to whether a certain leaf was ovate or lanceolate, whether a certain plant belonged to the species *scandens* or *canadensis*, was, in their eyes, convincing proof that the young brains were touched, and therefore *not* the young hearts.

But love, symbolized by a rose-bud, is emphatically a botanical emotion. A sweet, tender perception of beauty, such as this study requires, or develops, is at once the most subtile and certain chain of communication between impressible natures. Richard Hilton, feeling that his years were numbered, had given up, in despair, his boyish dreams, even before he understood them: his fate seemed to preclude the possibility of love. But, as he gained a little strength from the genial season, the pure country air, and the release from gloomy thoughts which his rambles afforded, the end was farther removed, and a future—though brief, perhaps, still a *future*—began to glimmer before him. If this could be his life,—an endless summer, with a search for new plants every morning, and their classification every evening, with Asenath's help on the shady portico of Friend Mitchenor's house,—he could forget his doom, and enjoy the blessing of life unthinkingly.

The azaleas succeeded to the anemones, the orchis and trillium followed, then the yellow gerardias and the feathery purple pogonias, and finally the growing gleam of the golden-rods along the wood-side and the red umbels of the tall eupatoriums in the meadow announced the close of summer. One evening, as Richard, in displaying his collection, brought to view the blood-red leaf of a gum-tree, Asenath exclaimed—

"Ah, there is the sign! It is early, this year."

"What sign?" he asked.

"That the summer is over. We shall soon have

frosty nights, and then nothing will be left for us except the asters and gentians and golden-rods."

Was the time indeed so near? A few more weeks, and this Arcadian life would close. He must go back to the city, to its rectilinear streets, its close brick walls, its artificial, constrained existence. How could he give up the peace, the contentment, the hope he had enjoyed through the summer? The question suddenly took a more definite form in his mind: How could he give up Asenath? Yes—the quiet, unsuspecting girl, sitting beside him, with her lap full of the September blooms he had gathered, was thenceforth a part of his inmost life. Pure and beautiful as she was, almost sacred in his regard, his heart dared to say—"I need her and claim her!"

"Thee looks pale to-night, Richard," said Abigail, as they took their seats at the supper-table. "I hope thee has not taken cold."

III.

"WILL thee go along, Richard? I know where the rudbeckias grow," said Asenath, on the following "Seventh-day" afternoon.

They crossed the meadows, and followed the course of the stream, under its canopy of magnificent ash and plane trees, into a brake between the hills. It was an almost impenetrable thicket, spangled with tall autumnal flowers. The eupatoriums, with their purple crowns,

stood like young trees, with an undergrowth of aster and blue spikes of lobelia, tangled in a golden mesh of dodder. A strong, mature odor, mixed alike of leaves and flowers, and very different from the faint, elusive sweetness of spring, filled the air. The creek, with a few faded leaves dropped upon its bosom, and films of gossamer streaming from its bushy fringe, gurgled over the pebbles in its bed. Here and there, on its banks, shone the deep yellow stars of the flower they sought.

Richard Hilton walked as in a dream, mechanically plucking a stem of rudbeckia, only to toss it, presently, into the water.

"Why, Richard! what's thee doing?" cried Asenath "thee has thrown away the very best specimen."

"Let it go," he answered, sadly. "I am afraid everything else is thrown away."

"What does thee mean?" she asked, with a look of surprised and anxious inquiry.

"Don't ask me, Asenath. Or—yes, I *will* tell you. I must say it to you now, or never afterwards. Do you know what a happy life I've been leading since I came here?—that I've learned what life is, as if I'd never known it before? I want to live, Asenath,—and do you know why?"

"I hope thee will live, Richard," she said, gently and tenderly, her deep-blue eyes dim with the mist of unshed tears.

"But, Asenath, how am I to live without you? But you can't understand that, because you do not know what

you are to me. No, you never guessed that all this while I've been loving you more and more, until now I have no other idea of death than not to see you, not to love you, not to share your life!"

"Oh, Richard!"

"I knew you would be shocked, Asenath. I meant to have kept this to myself. You never dreamed of it, and I had no right to disturb the peace of your heart. The truth is told now,—and I cannot take it back, if I wished. But if you cannot love, you can forgive me for loving you—forgive me now and every day of my life."

He uttered these words with a passionate tenderness, standing on the edge of the stream, and gazing into its waters. His slight frame trembled with the violence of his emotion. Asenath, who had become very pale as he commenced to speak, gradually flushed over neck and brow as she listened. Her head drooped, the gathered flowers fell from her hands, and she hid her face. For a few minutes no sound was heard but the liquid gurgling of the water, and the whistle of a bird in the thicket beside them. Richard Hilton at last turned, and, in a voice of hesitating entreaty, pronounced her name—

"Asenath!"

She took away her hands, and slowly lifted her face. She was pale, but her eyes met his with a frank, appealing, tender expression, which caused his heart to stand still a moment. He read no reproach, no faintest thought of blame; but—was it pity?—was it pardon?—or——

"We stand before God, Richard," said she, in a low

sweet, solemn tone. "He knows that I do not need to forgive thee. If thee requires it, I also require His forgiveness for myself."

Though a deeper blush now came to cheek and brow, she met his gaze with the bravery of a pure and innocent heart. Richard, stunned with the sudden and unexpected bliss, strove to take the full consciousness of it into a being which seemed too narrow to contain it. His first impulse was to rush forward, clasp her passionately in his arms, and hold her in the embrace which encircled, for him, the boundless promise of life; but she stood there, defenceless, save in her holy truth and trust, and his heart bowed down and gave her reverence.

"Asenath," said he, at last, "I never dared to hope for this. God bless you for those words! Can you trust me?—can you indeed love me?"

"I can trust thee,—I *do* love thee!"

They clasped each other's hands in one long, clinging pressure. No kiss was given, but side by side they walked slowly up the dewy meadows, in happy and hallowed silence. Asenath's face became troubled as the old farmhouse appeared through the trees.

"Father and mother must know of this, Richard," said she. "I am afraid it may be a cross to them."

The same fear had already visited his own mind, but he answered, cheerfully—

"I hope not. I think I have taken a new lease of life, and shall soon be strong enough to satisfy them. Besides, my father is in prosperous business."

"It is not that," she answered; "but thee is not one of us."

It was growing dusk when they reached the house. In the dim candle-light Asenath's paleness was not remarked; and Richard's silence was attributed to fatigue.

The next morning the whole family attended meeting at the neighboring Quaker meeting-house, in the preparation for which, and the various special occupations of their "First-day" mornings, the unsuspecting parents overlooked that inevitable change in the faces of the lovers which they must otherwise have observed. After dinner, as Eli was taking a quiet walk in the garden, Richard Hilton approached him.

"Friend Mitchenor," said he, "I should like to have some talk with thee."

"What is it, Richard?" asked the old man, breaking off some pods from a seedling radish, and rubbing them in the palm of his hand.

"I hope, Friend Mitchenor," said the young man, scarcely knowing how to approach so important a crisis in his life, "I hope thee has been satisfied with my conduct since I came to live with thee, and has no fault to find with me as a man."

"Well," exclaimed Eli, turning around and looking up, sharply, "does thee want a testimony from me? I've nothing, that I know of, to say against thee."

"If I were sincerely attached to thy daughter, Friend Mitchenor, and she returned the attachment, could thee trust her happiness in my hands?"

"What!" cried Eli, straightening himself and glaring upon the speaker, with a face too amazed to express any other feeling.

"Can you confide Asenath's happiness to my care? I love her with my whole heart and soul. and the fortune of my life depends on your answer."

The straight lines in the old man's face seemed to grow deeper and more rigid, and his eyes shone with the chill glitter of steel. Richard, not daring to say a word more, awaited his reply in intense agitation.

"So!" he exclaimed at last, "this is the way thee's repaid me! I didn't expect *this* from thee! Has thee spoken to her?"

"I have."

"Thee has, has thee? And I suppose thee's persuaded her to think as thee does. Thee'd better never have come here. When I want to lose my daughter, and can't find anybody else for her, I'll let thee know."

"What have you against me, Friend Mitchenor?" Richard sadly asked, forgetting, in his excitement, the Quaker speech he had learned.

"Thee needn't use compliments now! Asenath shall be a Friend while *I* live; thy fine clothes and merry-makings and vanities are not for her. Thee belongs to the world, and thee may choose one of the world's women."

"Never!" protested Richard; but Friend Mitchenor was already ascending the garden-steps on his way to the house.

The young man, utterly overwhelmed, wandered to

the nearest grove and threw himself on the ground. Thus, in a miserable chaos of emotion, unable to grasp any fixed thought, the hours passed away. Towards evening, he heard a footstep approaching, and sprang up. It was Moses.

The latter was engaged, with the consent of his parents and expected to "pass meeting" in a few weeks. He knew what had happened, and felt a sincere sympathy for Richard, for whom he had a cordial regard. His face was very grave, but kind.

"Thee'd better come in, Richard," said he; "the evenings are damp, and I v'e brought thy overcoat. I know everything, and I feel that it must be a great cross for thee. But thee won't be alone in bearing it."

"Do you think there is no hope of your father relenting?" he asked, in a tone of despondency which anticipated the answer.

"Father's very hard to move," said Moses; "and when mother and Asenath can't prevail on him, nobody else need try. I'm afraid thee must make up thy mind to the trial. I'm sorry to say it, Richard, but I think thee'd better go back to town."

"I'll go to-morrow,—go and die!" he muttered hoarsely, as he followed Moses to the house.

Abigail, as she saw his haggard face, wept quietly. She pressed his hand tenderly, but said nothing. Eli was stern and cold as an Iceland rock. Asenath did not make her appearance. At supper, the old man and his son exchanged a few words about the farm-work to be

done on the morrow, but nothing else was said. Richard soon left the room and went up to his chamber to spend his last, his only unhappy night at the farm. A yearning, pitying look from Abigail accompanied him.

"Try and not think hard of us!" was her farewell the next morning, as he stepped into the old chair, in which Moses was to convey him to the village where he should meet the Doylestown stage. So, without a word of comfort from Asenath's lips, without even a last look at her beloved face, he was taken away.

IV.

True and firm and self-reliant as was the nature of Asenath Mitchenor, the thought of resistance to her father's will never crossed her mind. It was fixed that she must renounce all intercourse with Richard Hilton; it was even sternly forbidden her to see him again during the few hours he remained in the house; but the sacred love, thus rudely dragged to the light and outraged, was still her own. She would take it back into the keeping of her heart, and if a day should ever come when he would be free to return and demand it of her, he would find it there, unwithered, with all the unbreathed perfume hoarded in its folded leaves. If that day came not, she would at the last give it back to God, saying, "Father, here is Thy most precious gift, bestow it as Thou wilt."

As her life had never before been agitated by any strong emotion, so it was not outwardly agitated now

The placid waters of her soul did not heave and toss before those winds of passion and sorrow: they lay in dull, leaden calm, under a cold and sunless sky. What struggles with herself she underwent no one ever knew. After Richard Hilton's departure, she never mentioned his name, or referred, in any way, to the summer's companionship with him. She performed her household duties, if not cheerfully, at least as punctually and carefully as before; and her father congratulated himself that the unfortunate attachment had struck no deeper root. Abigail's finer sight, however, was not deceived by this external resignation. She noted the faint shadows under the eyes, the increased whiteness of the temples, the unconscious traces of pain which sometimes played about the dimpled corners of the mouth, and watched her daughter with a silent, tender solicitude.

The wedding of Moses was a severe test of Asenath's strength, but she stood the trial nobly, performing all the duties required by her position with such sweet composure that many of the older female Friends remarked to Abigail, "How womanly Asenath has grown!" Eli Mitchenor noted, with peculiar satisfaction, that the eyes of the young Friends—some of them of great promise in the sect, and well endowed with worldly goods—followed her admiringly. "It will not be long," he thought, "before she is consoled."

Fortune seemed to favor his plans, and justify his harsh treatment of Richard Hilton. There were unfavorable accounts of the young man's conduct. His father

had died during the winter, and he was represented as having become very reckless and dissipated. These reports at last assumed such a definite form that Friend Mitchenor brought them to the notice of his family.

"I met Josiah Comly in the road," said he, one day at dinner. "He's just come from Philadelphia, and brings bad news of Richard Hilton. He's taken to drink, and is spending in wickedness the money his father left him. His friends have a great concern about him, but it seems he's not to be reclaimed."

Abigail looked imploringly at her husband, but he either disregarded or failed to understand her look. Asenath, who had grown very pale, steadily met her father's gaze, and said, in a tone which he had never yet heard from her lips—

"Father, will thee please never mention Richard Hilton's name when I am by?"

The words were those of entreaty, but the voice was that of authority. The old man was silenced by a new and unexpected power in his daughter's heart: he suddenly felt that she was not a girl, as heretofore, but a woman, whom he might persuade, but could no longer compel.

"It shall be as thee wishes, Asenath," he said; "we had best forget him."

Of their friends, however, she could not expect this reserve, and she was doomed to hear stories of Richard which clouded and embittered her thoughts of him. And a still severer trial was in store. She accompanied her

father, in obedience to his wish, and against her own desire, to the Yearly Meeting in Philadelphia. It has passed into a proverb that the Friends, on these occasions, always bring rain with them; and the period of her visit was no exception to the rule. The showery days of "Yearly Meeting Week" glided by, until the last, and she looked forward with relief to the morrow's return to Bucks County, glad to have escaped a meeting with Richard Hilton, which might have confirmed her fears and could but have given her pain in any case.

As she and her father joined each other, outside the meeting-house, at the close of the afternoon meeting, a light rain was falling. She took his arm, under the capacious umbrella, and they were soon alone in the wet streets, on their way to the house of the Friends who entertained them. At a crossing, where the water pouring down the gutter towards the Delaware, caused them to halt, a man, plashing through the flood, staggered towards them. Without an umbrella, with dripping, disordered clothes, yet with a hot, flushed face, around which the long black hair hung wildly, he approached, singing to himself with maudlin voice a song that would have been sweet and tender in a lover's mouth. Friend Mitchenor drew to one side, lest his spotless drab should be brushed by the unclean reveller; but the latter, looking up, stopped suddenly face to face with them.

"Asenath!" he cried, in a voice whose anguish pierced through the confusion of his senses, and struck down into the sober quick of his soul.

"Richard!" she breathed, rather than spoke, in a low, terrified voice.

It was indeed Richard Hilton who stood before her, or rather—as she afterwards thought, in recalling the interview—the body of Richard Hilton possessed by an evil spirit. His cheeks burned with a more than hectic red, his eyes were wild and bloodshot, and though the recognition had suddenly sobered him, an impatient, reckless devil seemed to lurk under the set mask of his features.

"Here I am, Asenath," he said at length, hoarsely. "I said it was death, didn't I? Well, it's worse than death, I suppose; but what matter? You can't be more lost to me now than you were already. This is *thy* doing, Friend Eli," he continued, turning to the old man, with a sneering emphasis on the "*thy*." "I hope thee's satisfied with thy work!"

Here he burst into a bitter, mocking laugh, which it chilled Asenath's blood to hear.

The old man turned pale. "Come away, child!" said he, tugging at her arm. But she stood firm, strengthened for the moment by a solemn feeling of duty which trampled down her pain.

"Richard," she said, with the music of an immeasurable sorrow in her voice, "oh, Richard, what has thee done? Where the Lord commands resignation, thee has been rebellious; where he chasteneth to purify, thee turns blindly to sin. I had not expected this of thee, Richard; I thought thy regard for me was of the kind which would

have helped and uplifted thee,—not through me, as an unworthy object, but through the hopes and the pure desires of thy own heart. I expected that thee would so act as to justify what I felt towards thee, not to make my affection a reproach,—oh, Richard, not to cast over my heart the shadow of thy sin!"

The wretched young man supported himself against the post of an awning, buried his face in his hands, and wept passionately. Once or twice he essayed to speak, but his voice was choked by sobs, and, after a look from the streaming eyes which Asenath could scarcely bear to meet, he again covered his face. A stranger, coming down the street, paused out of curiosity. "Come, come!" cried Eli, once more, eager to escape from the scene. His daughter stood still, and the man slowly passed on.

Asenath could not thus leave her lost lover, in his despairing grief. She again turned to him, her own tears flowing fast and free.

"I do not judge thee, Richard, but the words that passed between us give me a right to speak to thee. It was hard to lose sight of thee then, but it is still harder for me to see thee now. If the sorrow and pity I feel could save thee, I would be willing never to know any other feelings. I would still do anything for thee except that which thee cannot ask, as thee now is, and I could not give. Thee has made the gulf between us so wide that it cannot be crossed. But I can now weep for thee and pray for thee as a fellow-creature whose soul is still precious in the sight of the Lord. Fare thee well!"

He seized the hand she extended, bowed down, and showered mingled tears and kisses upon it. Then, with a wild sob in his throat, he started up and rushed down the street, through the fast-falling rain. The father and daughter walked home in silence. Eli had heard every word that was spoken, and felt that a spirit whose utterances he dared not question had visited Asenath's tongue.

She, as year after year went by, regained the peace and patience which give a sober cheerfulness to life. The pangs of her heart grew dull and transient; but there were two pictures in her memory which never blurred in outline or faded in color: one, the brake of autumn flowers under the bright autumnal sky, with bird and stream making accordant music to the new voice of love; the other a rainy street, with a lost, reckless man leaning against an awning-post, and staring in her face with eyes whose unutterable woe, when she dared to recall it, darkened the beauty of the earth, and almost shook her trust in the providence of God.

V.

Year after year passed by, but not without bringing change to the Mitchenor family. Moses had moved to Chester County soon after his marriage, and had a good farm of his own. At the end of ten years Abigail died; and the old man, who had not only lost his savings by an unlucky investment, but was obliged to mortgage his farm, finally determined to sell it and join his son. He was

getting too old to manage it properly, impatient under the unaccustomed pressure of debt, and depressed by the loss of the wife to whom, without any outward show of tenderness, he was, in truth, tenderly attached. He missed her more keenly in the places where she had lived and moved than in a neighborhood without the memory of her presence. The pang with which he parted from his home was weakened by the greater pang which had preceded it.

It was a harder trial to Asenath. She shrank from the encounter with new faces, and the necessity of creating new associations. There was a quiet satisfaction in the ordered, monotonous round of her life, which might be the same elsewhere, but here alone was the nook which held all the morning sunshine she had ever known. Here still lingered the halo of the sweet departed summer,—here still grew the familiar wild-flowers which *the first* Richard Hilton had gathered. This was the Paradise in which the Adam of her heart had dwelt, before his fall. Her resignation and submission entitled her to keep those pure and perfect memories, though she was scarcely conscious of their true charm. She did not dare to express to herself, in words, that one everlasting joy of woman's heart, through all trials and sorrows—"I have loved, I have been beloved."

On the last "First-day" before their departure, she walked down the meadows to the lonely brake between the hills. It was the early spring, and the black buds of the ash had just begun to swell. The maples were dusted with crimson bloom, and the downy catkins of the swamp

willow dropped upon the stream and floated past her, as once the autumn leaves. In the edges of the thickets peeped forth the blue, scentless violet, the fairy cups of the anemone, and the pink-veined bells of the miskodeed The tall blooms through which the lovers walked still slept in the chilly earth ; but the sky above her was mild and blue, and the remembrance of the day came back to her with a delicate, pungent sweetness, like the perfume of the trailing arbutus in the air around her. In a sheltered, sunny nook, she found a single erythronium, lured forth in advance of its proper season, and gathered it as a relic of the spot, which she might keep without blame. As she stooped to pluck it, her own face looked up at her out of a little pool filled by the spring rains. Seen against the reflected sky, it shone with a soft radiance, and the earnest eyes met hers, as if it were her young self, evoked from the past, to bid her farewell. "Farewell!" she whispered, taking leave at once, as she believed, of youth and the memory of love.

During those years she had more than once been sought in marriage, but had steadily, though kindly, refused. Once, when the suitor was a man whose character and position made the union very desirable in Eli Mitchenor's eyes, he ventured to use his paternal influence. Asenath's gentle resistance was overborne by his arbitrary force of will, and her protestations were of no avail.

"Father," she finally said, in the tone which he had once heard and still remembered, "thee can take away, but thee cannot give."

He never mentioned the subject again.

Richard Hilton passed out of her knowledge shortly after her meeting with him in Philadelphia. She heard, indeed, that his headlong career of dissipation was not arrested,—that his friends had given him up as hopelessly ruined,—and, finally, that he had left the city. After that, all reports ceased. He was either dead, or reclaimed and leading a better life, somewhere far away. Dead, she believed—almost hoped ; for in that case might he not now be enjoying the ineffable rest and peace which she trusted might be her portion? It was better to think of him as a purified spirit, waiting to meet her in a holier communion, than to know that he was still bearing the burden of a soiled and blighted life. In any case, her own future was plain and clear. It was simply a prolongation of the present—an alternation of seed-time and harvest, filled with humble duties and cares, until the Master should bid her lay down her load and follow Him.

Friend Mitchenor bought a small cottage adjacent to his son's farm, in a community which consisted mostly of Friends, and not far from the large old meeting-house in which the Quarterly Meetings were held. He at once took his place on the upper seat, among the elders, most of whom he knew already, from having met them, year after year, in Philadelphia. The charge of a few acres of ground gave him sufficient occupation ; the money left to him after the sale of his farm was enough to support him comfortably ; and a late Indian summer of contentment

seemed now to have come to the old man. He was done with the earnest business of life. Moses was gradually taking his place, as father and Friend; and Asenath would be reasonably provided for at his death. As his bodily energies decayed, his imperious temper softened, his mind became more accessible to liberal influences, and he even cultivated a cordial friendship with a neighboring farmer who was one of "the world's people." Thus, at seventy-five he was really younger, because tenderer of heart and more considerate, than he had been at sixty.

Asenath was now a woman of thirty-five, and suitors had ceased to approach her. Much of her beauty still remained, but her face had become thin and wasted, and the inevitable lines were beginning to form around her eyes. Her dress was plainer than ever, and she wore the scoop-bonnet of drab silk, in which no woman can seem beautiful, unless she be very old. She was calm and grave in her demeanor, save that her perfect goodness and benevolence shone through and warmed her presence; but, when earnestly interested, she had been known to speak her mind so clearly and forcibly that it was generally surmised among the Friends that she possessed "a gift," which might, in time, raise her to honor among them. To the children of Moses she was a good genius, and a word from "Aunt 'Senath" oftentimes prevailed when the authority of the parents was disregarded. In them she found a new source of happiness; and when her old home on the Neshaminy had been removed a little farther into the past, so that she no longer looked, with every morning's sun,

for some familiar feature of its scenery, her submission brightened into a cheerful content with life.

It was summer, and Quarterly-Meeting Day had arrived. There had been rumors of the expected presence of "Friends from a distance," and not only those of the district, but most of the neighbors who were not connected with the sect, attended. By the by-road, through the woods, it was not more than half a mile from Friend Mitchenor's cottage to the meeting-house, and Asenath, leaving her father to be taken by Moses in his carriage, set out on foot. It was a sparkling, breezy day, and the forest was full of life. Squirrels chased each other along the branches of the oaks, and the air was filled with fragrant odors of hickory-leaves, sweet fern, and spice-wood. Picking up a flower here and there, Asenath walked onward, rejoicing alike in shade and sunshine, grateful for all the consoling beauty which the earth offers to a lonely heart. That serene content which she had learned to call happiness had filled her being until the dark canopy was lifted and the waters took back their transparency under a cloudless sky.

Passing around to the "women's side" of the meeting-house, she mingled with her friends, who were exchanging information concerning the expected visitors. Micajah Morrill had not arrived, they said, but Ruth Baxter had spent the last night at Friend Way's, and would certainly be there. Besides, there were Friend Chandler, from Nine Partners, and Friend Carter, from Maryland: they had been seen on the ground. Friend Carter was said to have

a wonderful gift,—Mercy Jackson had heard him once, in Baltimore. The Friends there had been a little exercised about him, because they thought he was too much inclined to "the newness," but it was known that the Spirit had often manifestly led him. Friend Chandler had visited Yearly Meeting once, they believed. He was an old man, and had been a personal friend of Elias Hicks.

At the appointed hour they entered the house. After the subdued rustling which ensued upon taking their seats, there was an interval of silence, shorter than usual, because it was evident that many persons would feel the promptings of the Spirit. Friend Chandler spoke first, and was followed by Ruth Baxter, a frail little woman, with a voice of exceeding power. The not unmelodious chant in which she delivered her admonitions rang out, at times, like the peal of a trumpet. Fixing her eyes on vacancy, with her hands on the wooden rail before her, and her body slightly swaying to and fro, her voice soared far aloft at the commencement of every sentence, gradually dropping, through a melodious scale of tone, to the close. She resembled an inspired prophetess, an aged Deborah, crying aloud in the valleys of Israel.

The last speaker was Friend Carter, a small man, not more than forty years of age. His face was thin and intense in its expression, his hair gray at the temples, and his dark eye almost too restless for a child of "the stillness and the quietness." His voice, though not loud, was clear and penetrating, with an earnest, sympathetic quality, which arrested, not the ear alone, but the

serious attention of the auditor. His delivery was but slightly marked by the peculiar rhythm of the Quaker preachers; and this fact, perhaps, increased the effect of his words, through the contrast with those who preceded him.

His discourse was an eloquent vindication of the law of kindness, as the highest and purest manifestation of true Christian doctrine. The paternal relation of God to man was the basis of that religion which appealed directly to the heart: so the fraternity of each man with his fellow was its practical application. God pardons the repentant sinner: we can also pardon, where we are offended; we can pity, where we cannot pardon. Both the good and the bad principles generate their like in others. Force begets force; anger excites a corresponding anger; but kindness awakens the slumbering emotions even of an evil heart. Love may not always be answered by an equal love, but it has never yet created hatred. The testimony which Friends bear against war, he said, is but a general assertion, which has no value except in so far as they manifest the principle of peace in their daily lives—in the exercise of pity, of charity, of forbearance, and Christian love.

The words of the speaker sank deeply into the hearts of his hearers. There was an intense hush, as if in truth the Spirit had moved him to speak, and every sentence was armed with a sacred authority. Asenath Mitchenor looked at him, over the low partition which divided her and her sisters from the men's side, absorbed in his rapt

earnestness and truth. She forgot that other hearers were present: he spake to her alone. A strange spell seemed to seize upon her faculties and chain them at his feet: had he beckoned to her, she would have arisen and walked to his side.

Friend Carter warmed and deepened as he went on. "I feel moved to-day," he said,—"moved, I know not why, but I hope for some wise purpose,—to relate to you an instance of Divine and human kindness which has come directly to my own knowledge. A young man of delicate constitution, whose lungs were thought to be seriously affected, was sent to the house of a Friend in the country, in order to try the effect of air and exercise."

Asenath almost ceased to breathe, in the intensity with which she gazed and listened. Clasping her hands tightly in her lap to prevent them from trembling, and steadying herself against the back of the seat, she heard the story of her love for Richard Hilton told by the lips of a stranger!—not merely of his dismissal from the house, but of that meeting in the street, at which only she and her father were present! Nay, more, she heard her own words repeated, she heard Richard's passionate outburst of remorse described in language that brought his living face before her! She gasped for breath—his face *was* before her! The features, sharpened by despairing grief, which her memory recalled, had almost anticipated the harder lines which fifteen years had made, and which now, with a terrible shock and choking leap of the heart, she recognized. Her senses faded, and she would have fallen

from her seat but for the support of the partition against which she leaned. Fortunately, the women near her were too much occupied with the narrative to notice her condition. Many of them wept silently, with their handkerchiefs pressed over their mouths.

The first shock of death-like faintness passed away, and she clung to the speaker's voice, as if its sound alone could give her strength to sit still and listen further.

"Deserted by his friends, unable to stay his feet on the evil path," he continued, "the young man left his home and went to a city in another State. But here it was easier to find associates in evil than tender hearts that might help him back to good. He was tired of life, and the hope of a speedier death hardened him in his courses. But, my friends, Death never comes to those who wickedly seek him. The Lord withholds destruction from the hands that are madly outstretched to grasp it, and forces His pity and forgiveness on the unwilling soul. Finding that it was the principle of *life* which grew stronger within him, the young man at last meditated an awful crime. The thought of self-destruction haunted him day and night. He lingered around the wharves, gazing into the deep waters, and was restrained from the deed only by the memory of the last loving voice he had heard. One gloomy evening, when even this memory had faded, and he awaited the approaching darkness to make his design secure, a hand was laid on his arm. A man in the simple garb of the Friends stood beside him, and a face which reflected the kindness

of the Divine Father looked upon him. 'My child,' said he, 'I am drawn to thee by the great trouble of thy mind. Shall I tell thee what it is thee meditates?' The young man shook his head. 'I will be silent, then, but I will save thee. I know the human heart, and its trials and weaknesses, and it may be put into my mouth to give thee strength.' He took the young man's hand, as if he had been a little child, and led him to his home. He heard the sad story, from beginning to end; and the young man wept upon his breast, to hear no word of reproach, but only the largest and tenderest pity bestowed upon him. They knelt down, side by side, at midnight; and the Friend's right hand was upon his head while they prayed.

"The young man was rescued from his evil ways, to acknowledge still further the boundless mercy of Providence. The dissipation wherein he had recklessly sought death was, for him, a marvellous restoration to life. His lungs had become sound and free from the tendency to disease. The measure of his forgiveness was almost more than he could bear. He bore his cross thenceforward with a joyful resignation, and was mercifully drawn nearer and nearer to the Truth, until, in the fulness of his convictions, he entered into the brotherhood of the Friends.

"I have been powerfully moved to tell you this story." Friend Carter concluded, "from a feeling that it may be needed, here, at this time, to influence some heart trembling in the balance Who is there among you, my friends, that may not snatch a brand from the burning! Oh, be-

lieve that pity and charity are the most effectual weapons given into the hands of us imperfect mortals, and leave the awful attribute of wrath in the hands of the Lord!"

He sat down, and dead silence ensued. Tears of emotion stood in the eyes of the hearers, men as well as women, and tears of gratitude and thanksgiving gushed warmly from those of Asenath. An ineffable peace and joy descended upon her heart.

When the meeting broke up, Friend Mitchenor, who had not recognized Richard Hilton, but had heard the story with feelings which he endeavored in vain to control, approached the preacher.

"The Lord spoke to me this day through thy lips," said he; "will thee come to one side, and hear me a minute?"

"Eli Mitchenor!" exclaimed Friend Carter; "Eli! I knew not thee was here! Doesn't thee know me?"

The old man stared in astonishment. "It seems like a face I ought to know," he said, "but I can't place thee." They withdrew to the shade of one of the poplars. Friend Carter turned again, much moved, and, grasping the old man's hands in his own, exclaimed—

"Friend Mitchenor, I was called upon to-day to speak of myself. I am—or, rather, I *was*—the Richard Hilton whom thee knew."

Friend Mitchenor's face flushed with mingled emotions of shame and joy, and his grasp on the preacher's hands tightened.

"But thee calls thyself Carter?" he finally said.

"Soon after I was saved," was the reply, "an aunt on the mother's side died, and left her property to me, on condition that I should take her name. I was tired of my own then, and to give it up seemed only like losing my former self; but I should like to have it back again now."

"Wonderful are the ways of the Lord, and past finding out!" said the old man. "Come home with me, Richard,—come for my sake, for there is a concern on my mind until all is clear between us. Or, stay,—will thee walk home with Asenath, while I go with Moses?"

"Asenath?"

"Yes. There she goes, through the gate. Thee can easily overtake her. I 'm coming, Moses!"—and he hurried away to his son's carriage, which was approaching.

Asenath felt that it would be impossible for her to meet Richard Hilton there. She knew not why his name had been changed; he had not betrayed his identity with the young man of his story; he evidently did not wish it to be known, and an unexpected meeting with her might surprise him into an involuntary revelation of the fact. It was enough for her that a saviour had arisen, and her lost Adam was redeemed,—that a holier light than the autumn sun's now rested, and would forever rest, on the one landscape of her youth. Her eyes shone with the pure brightness of girlhood, a soft warmth colored her cheek and smoothed away the coming lines of her brow, and her step was light and elastic as in the old time.

Eager to escape from the crowd, she crossed the high-

way, dusty with its string of returning carriages, and entered the secluded lane. The breeze had died away, the air was full of insect-sounds, and the warm light of the sinking sun fell upon the woods and meadows. Nature seemed penetrated with a sympathy with her own inner peace.

But the crown of the benignant day was yet to come. A quick footstep followed her, and ere long a voice, near at hand, called her by name.

She stopped, turned, and for a moment they stood silent, face to face

"I knew thee, Richard!" at last she said, in a trembling voice; "may the Lord bless thee!"

Tears were in the eyes of both.

"He has blessed me," Richard answered, in a reverent tone; "and this is His last and sweetest mercy. Asenath, let me hear that thee forgives me."

"I have forgiven thee long ago, Richard—forgiven, but not forgotten."

The hush of sunset was on the forest, as they walked onward, side by side, exchanging their mutual histories Not a leaf stirred in the crowns of the tall trees, and the dusk, creeping along between their stems, brought with it a richer woodland odor. Their voices were low and subdued, as if an angel of God were hovering in the shadows, and listening, or God Himself looked down upon them from the violet sky.

At last Richard stopped.

"Asenath," said he, "does thee remember that spot on the banks of the creek, where the rudbeckias grew?"

"I remember it," she answered, a girlish blush rising to her face.

"If I were to say to thee now what I said to thee there, what would be thy answer?"

Her words came brokenly.

"'I would say to thee, Richard,—'I can trust thee,—I *do* love thee!'"

"Look at me, Asenath."

Her eyes, beaming with a clearer light than even then when she first confessed, were lifted to his. She placed her hands gently upon his shoulders, and bent her head upon his breast. He tenderly lifted it again, and, for the first time, her virgin lips knew the kiss of man.

MISS BARTRAM'S TROUBLE.

I.

IT was a day of unusual excitement at the Rambo farm-house. On the farm, it is true, all things were in their accustomed order, and all growths did their accustomed credit to the season. The fences were in good repair; the cattle were healthy and gave promise of the normal increase, and the young corn was neither strangled with weeds nor assassinated by cut-worms. Old John Rambo was gradually allowing his son, Henry, to manage in his stead, and the latter shrewdly permitted his father to believe that he exercised the ancient authority. Leonard Clare, the strong young fellow who had been taken from that shiftless adventurer, his father, when a mere child, and brought up almost as one of the family, and who had worked as a joiner's apprentice during the previous six months, had come back for the harvest work; so the Rambos were forehanded, and probably as well satisfied as it is possible for Pennsylvania farmers to be.

In the house, also, Mrs. Priscilla Rambo was not severely haunted by the spectre of any neglected duty. The

simple regular routine of the household could not be changed under her charge; each thing had its appropriate order of performance, must be done, and *was* done. If the season were backward, at the time appointed for white-washing or soap-making, so much the worse for the season; if the unhatched goslings were slain by thunder, she laid the blame on the thunder. And if—but no, it is quite impossible to suppose that, outside of those two inevitable, fearful house-cleaning weeks in each year, there could have been any disorder in the cold prim, varnish-odored best rooms, sacred to company.

It was Miss Betty Rambo, whose pulse beat some ten strokes faster than its wont, as she sat down with the rest to their early country dinner. Whether her brother Henry's participated in the accelerated movement could not be guessed from his demeanor. She glanced at him now and then, with bright eyes and flushed cheeks, eager to speak yet shrinking from the half magisterial air which was beginning to supplant his old familiar banter. Henry was changing with his new responsibility, as she admitted to herself with a sort of dismay; he had the airs of an independent farmer, and she remained only a farmer's daughter, —without any acknowledged rights, until she should acquire them all, at a single blow, by marriage.

Nevertheless, he must have felt what was in her mind; for, as he cut out the quarter of a dried apple pie, he said carelessly:

"I must go down to the Lion, this afternoon. There's a fresh drove of Maryland cattle just come."

"Oh Harry!" cried Betty, in real distress.

"I know," he answered; "but as Miss Bartram is going to stay two weeks, she'll keep. She's not like a drove that's here one day, and away the next. Besides, it is precious little good I shall have of her society, until you two have used up all your secrets and small talk. I know how it is with girls. Leonard will drive over to meet the train."

"Won't I do on a pinch?" Leonard asked.

"Oh, to be sure," said Betty, a little embarrassed, "only Alice—Miss Bartram—might expect Harry, because her brother came for me when I went up."

"If that's all, make yourself easy, Bet," Henry answered, as he rose from the table. "There's a mighty difference between here and there. Unless you mean to turn us into a town family while she stays—high quality, eh?"

"Go along to your cattle! there's not much quality high or low, where you are."

Betty was indignant; but the annoyance exhausted itself healthfully while she was clearing away the dishes and restoring the room to its order, so that when Leonard drove up to the gate with the lumbering, old-fashioned carriage two hours afterwards, she came forth calm, cheerful, fresh as a pink in her pink muslin, and entirely the good, sensible country-girl she was.

Two or three years before, she and Miss Alice Bartram, daughter of the distinguished lawyer in the city, had been room-mates at the Nereid Seminary for Young Ladies

Each liked the other for the contrast to her own self, both were honest, good and lovable, but Betty had the stronger nerves and a practical sense which seemed to be admirable courage in the eyes of Miss Alice, whose instincts were more delicate, whose tastes were fine and high, and who could not conceive of life without certain luxurious accessories. A very cordial friendship sprang up between them,—not the effusive girl-love, with its iterative kisses, tears, and flow of loosened hair, but springing from the respect inspired by sound and positive qualities.

The winter before, Betty had been invited to visit her friend in the city, and had passed a very excited and delightful week in the stately Bartram mansion. If she were at first a little fluttered by the manners of the new world, she was intelligent enough to carry her own nature frankly through it, instead of endeavoring to assume its character. Thus her little awkwardnesses became originalities, and she was almost popular in the lofty circle when she withdrew from it. It was therefore, perhaps, slightly inconsistent in Betty, that she was not quite sure how Miss Bartram would accept the reverse side of this social experience. She imagined it easier to look down and make allowances, as a host, than as a guest; she could not understand that the charm of the change might be fully equal.

It was lovely weather, as they drove up the sweet, ever-changing curves of the Brandywine valley. The woods fairly laughed in the clear sunlight, and the soft, incessant, shifting breezes. Leonard, in his best clothes,

and with a smoother gloss on his brown hair, sang to himself as he urged the strong-boned horses into a trot along the levels; and Betty finally felt so quietly happy that she forgot to be nervous. When they reached the station they walked up and down the long platform together, until the train from the city thundered up, and painfully restrained its speed. Then Betty, catching sight of a fawn-colored travelling dress issuing from the ladies' car, caught hold of Leonard's arm, and cried "There she is!"

Miss Bartram heard the words, and looked down with a bright, glad expression on her face. It was not her beauty that made Leonard's heart suddenly stop beating for she was not considered a beauty, in society. It was something rarer than perfect beauty, yet even more difficult to describe,—a serene, unconscious grace, a pure, lofty maturity of womanhood, such as our souls bow down to in the Santa Barbara of Palma Vecchio. Her features were not "faultlessly regular," but they were informed with the finer harmonies of her character. She was a woman, at whose feet a noble man might kneel, lay his forehead on her knee, confess his sins, and be pardoned.

She stepped down to the platform, and Betty's arms were about her. After a double embrace she gently disengaged herself, turned to Leonard, gave him her hand, and said, with a smile which was delightfully frank and cordial: "I will not wait for Betty's introduction, Mr. Rambo. She has talked to me so much of her brother Harry, that I quite know you already."

Leonard could neither withdraw his eyes nor his hand. It was like a double burst of warmth and sunshine, in which his breast seemed to expand, his stature to grow, and his whole nature to throb with some new and wonderful force. A faint color came into Miss Bartram's cheeks, as they stood thus, for a moment, face to face. She seemed to be waiting for him to speak, but of this he never thought; had any words come to his mind, his tongue could not have uttered them.

"It is not Harry," Betty explained, striving to hide her embarrassment. "This is Leonard Clare, who lives with us."

"Then I do not know you so well as I thought," Miss Bartram said to him; "it is the beginning of a new acquaintance, after all."

"There isn't no harm done," Leonard answered, and instantly feeling the awkwardness of the words, blushed so painfully that Miss Bartram felt the inadequacy of her social tact to relieve so manifest a case of distress. But she did, instinctively, what was really best: she gave Leonard the check for her trunk, divided her satchels with Betty, and walked to the carriage.

He did not sing, as he drove homewards down the valley. Seated on the trunk, in front, he quietly governed the horses, while the two girls, on the seat behind him, talked constantly and gaily. Only the rich, steady tones of Miss Bartram's voice *would* make their way into his ears, and every light, careless sentence printed itself upon his memory. They came to him as if from some inaccessible

planet. Poor fellow! he was not the first to feel "the desire of the moth for the star."

When they reached the Rambo farm-house, it was necessary that he should give his hand to help her down from the clumsy carriage. He held it but a moment; yet in that moment a gentle pulse throbbed upon his hard palm, and he mechanically set his teeth, to keep down the impulse which made him wild to hold it there forever. "Thank you, Mr. Clare!" said Miss Bartram, and passed into the house. When he followed presently, shouldering her trunk into the upper best-room, and kneeling upon the floor to unbuckle the straps, she found herself wondering: "Is this a knightly service, or the menial duty of a porter? Can a man be both sensitive and ignorant, chivalrous and vulgar?"

The question was not so easily decided, though no one guessed how much Miss Bartram pondered it, during the succeeding days. She insisted, from the first, that her coming should make no change in the habits of the household; she rose in the cool, dewy summer dawns, dined at noon in the old brown room beside the kitchen, and only differed from the Rambos in sitting at her moonlit window, and breathing the subtle odors of a myriad leaves, long after Betty was sleeping the sleep of health.

It was strange how frequently the strong, not very graceful figure of Leonard Clare marched through these reveries. She occasionally spoke to him at the common table, or as she passed the borders of the hay-field, where he and Henry were at work: but his words to her were

always few and constrained. What was there in his eyes that haunted her? Not merely a most reverent admiration of her pure womanly refinement, although she read that also; not a fear of disparagement, such as his awkward speech implied, but something which seemed to seek agonizingly for another language than that of the lips,—something which appealed to her from equal ground, and asked for an answer.

One evening she met him in the lane, as she returned from the meadow. She carried a bunch of flowers, with delicate blue and lilac bells, and asked him the name.

"Them's Brandywine cowslips," he answered; "I never heard no other name."

"May I correct you?" she said, gently, and with a smile which she meant to be playful. "I suppose the main thing is to speak one's thought, but there are neat and orderly ways, and there are careless ways." Thereupon she pointed out the inaccuracies of his answer, he standing beside her, silent and attentive. When she ceased, he did not immediately reply.

"You will take it in good part, will you not?" she continued. "I hope I have not offended you."

"No!" he exclaimed, firmly, lifting his head, and looking at her. The inscrutable expression in his dark gray eyes was stronger than before, and all his features were more clearly drawn. He reminded her of a picture of Adam which she had once seen: there was the same rather low forehead, straight, even brows, full yet strong mouth, and that broader form of chin which repeats and

balances the character of the forehead. He was not positively handsome, but from head to foot he expressed a fresh, sound quality of manhood.

Another question flashed across Miss Bartram's mind: Is life long enough to transform this clay into marble? Here is a man in form, and with all the dignity of the perfect masculine nature: shall the broad, free intelligence, the grace and sweetness, the taste and refinement, which the best culture gives, never be his also? If not, woman must be content with faulty representations of her ideal.

So musing, she walked on to the farm-house. Leonard had picked up one of the blossoms she had let fall, and appeared to be curiously examining it. If he had apologized for his want of grammar, or promised to reform it, her interest in him might have diminished; but his silence, his simple, natural obedience to some powerful inner force, whatever it was, helped to strengthen that phantom of him in her mind, which was now beginning to be a serious trouble.

Once again, the day before she left the Rambo farm-house to return to the city, she came upon him, alone. She had wandered off to the Brandywine, to gather ferns at a rocky point where some choice varieties were to be found. There were a few charming clumps, half-way up a slaty cliff, which it did not seem possible to scale, and she was standing at the base, looking up in vain longing, when a voice, almost at her ear, said:

"Which ones do you want?"

Afterwards, she wondered that she did not start at

the voice. Leonard had come up the road from one of the lower fields: he wore neither coat nor waistcoat, and his shirt, open at the throat, showed the firm, beautiful white of the flesh below the strong tan of his neck. Miss Bartram noticed the sinewy strength and elasticity of his form, yet when she looked again at the ferns, she shook her head, and answered:

"None, since I cannot have them."

Without saying a word, he took off his shoes, and commenced climbing the nearly perpendicular face of the cliff. He had done it before, many a time; but Miss Bartram, although she was familiar with such exploits from the pages of many novels, had never seen the reality, and it quite took away her breath.

When he descended with the ferns in his hand, she said: "It was a great risk; I wish I had not wanted them."

"It was no risk for me," he answered.

"What can I send you in return?" she asked, as they walked forwards. "I am going home to-morrow."

"Betty told me," Leonard said; "please, wait one minute."

He stepped down to the bank of the stream, washed his hands carefully in the clear water, and came back to her, holding them, dripping, at his sides.

"I am very ignorant," he then continued,—"ignorant and rough. You are good, to want to send me something, but I want nothing. Miss Bartram, you are very good."

He paused; but with all her tact and social experience, she did not know what to say.

"Would you do one little thing for me—not for the ferns, that was nothing—no more than you do, without thinking, for all your friends?"

"Oh, surely!" she said.

"Might I—might I—now,—there'll be no chance to-morrow,—shake hands with you?"

The words seemed to be forced from him by the strength of a fierce will. Both stopped, involuntarily.

"It's quite dry, you see," said he, offering his hand. Her own sank upon it, palm to palm, and the fingers softly closed over each, as if with the passion and sweetness of a kiss. Miss Bartram's heart came to her eyes, and read, at last, the question in Leonard's. It was: "I as man, and you, as woman, are equals; will you give me time to reach you?" What her eyes replied she knew not. A mighty influence drew her on, and a mighty doubt and dread restrained her. One said: "Here is your lover, your husband, your cherished partner, left by fate below your station, yet whom you may lift to your side! Shall man, alone, crown the humble maiden,—stoop to love, and, loving, ennoble? Be you the queen, and love him by the royal right of womanhood!" But the other sternly whispered: "How shall your fine and delicate fibres be knit into this coarse texture? Ignorance, which years cannot wash away,—low instincts, what do *you* know?—all the servile side of life, which is turned from you,—what madness to choose this, because some current of earthly magnetism sets along your nerves? He loves you: what of that? You are a higher being to him, and

he stupidly adores you. Think,—yes, *dare* to think of all the prosaic realities of life, shared with him!"

Miss Bartram felt herself growing dizzy. Behind the impulse which bade her cast herself upon his breast swept such a hot wave of shame and pain that her face burned, and she dropped her eyelids to shut out the sight of his face. But, for one endless second, the sweeter voice spoke through their clasped hands. Perhaps he kissed hers; she did not know; she only heard herself murmur:

"Good-bye! Pray go on; I will rest here."

She sat down upon a bank by the roadside, turned away her head, and closed her eyes. It was long before the tumult in her nature subsided. If she reflected, with a sense of relief, "nothing was said," the thought immediately followed, "but all is known." It was impossible,—yes, clearly impossible; and then came such a wild longing, such an assertion of the right and truth and justice of love, as made her seem a miserable coward, the veriest slave of conventionalities.

Out of this struggle dawned self-knowledge, and the strength which is born of it. When she returned to the house, she was pale and weary, but capable of responding to Betty Rambo's constant cheerfulness. The next day she left for the city, without having seen Leonard Clare again.

II.

Henry Rambo married, and brought a new mistress to the farm-house. Betty married, and migrated to a

new home in another part of the State. Leonard Clare went back to his trade, and returned no more in harvest-time. So the pleasant farm by the Brandywine, having served its purpose as a background, will be seen no more in this history.

Miss Bartram's inmost life, as a woman, was no longer the same. The point of view from which she had beheld the world was shifted, and she was obliged to remodel all her feelings and ideas to conform to it. But the process was gradual, and no one stood near enough to her to remark it. She was occasionally suspected of that "eccentricity" which, in a woman of five-and-twenty, is looked upon as the first symptom of a tendency to old-maidenhood, but which is really the sign of an earnest heart struggling with the questions of life. In the society of cities, most men give only the shallow, flashy surface of their natures to the young women they meet, and Miss Bartram, after that revelation of the dumb strength of an ignorant man, sometimes grew very impatient of the platitudes and affectations which came to her clad in elegant words, and accompanied by irreproachable manners.

She had various suitors; for that sense of grace and repose and sweet feminine power, which hung around her like an atmosphere, attracted good and true men towards her. To some, indeed, she gave that noble, untroubled friendship which is always possible between the best of the two sexes, and when she was compelled to deny the more intimate appeal, it was done with such frank sorrow, such delicate tenderness, that she never lost

the friend in losing the lover. But, as one year after another went by, and the younger members of her family fell off into their separate domestic orbits, she began to shrink a little at the perspective of a lonely life, growing lonelier as it receded from the Present.

By this time, Leonard Clare had become almost a dream to her. She had neither seen him nor heard of him since he let go her hand on that memorable evening beside the stream. He was a strange, bewildering chance, a cypher concealing a secret which she could not intelligently read. Why should she keep the memory of that power which was, perhaps, some unconscious quality of his nature (no, it was not so! something deeper than reason cried:), or long since forgotten, if felt, by him?

The man whom she most esteemed came back to her. She knew the ripeness and harmony of his intellect, the nobility of his character, and the generosity of a feeling which would be satisfied with only a partial return. She felt sure, also, that she should never possess a sentiment nearer to love than that which pleaded his cause in her heart. But her hand lay quiet in his, her pulses were calm when he spoke, and his face, manly and true as it was, never invaded her dreams. All questioning was vain; her heart gave no solution of the riddle. Perhaps her own want was common to all lives: then she was herishing a selfish ideal, and rejecting the positive good offered to her hands.

After long hesitation she yielded. The predictions of society came to naught; instead of becoming an "eccen-

tric " spinster, Miss Bartram was announced to be the affianced bride of Mr. Lawrie. A few weeks and months rolled around, and when the wedding-day came, she almost hailed it as the port of refuge, where she should find a placid and peaceful life.

They were married by an aged clergyman, a relative of the bridegroom. The cross-street where his chapel stood, fronting a Methodist church—both of the simplest form of that architecture fondly supposed to be Gothic,—was quite blocked up by the carriages of the party. The pews were crowded with elegant guests, the altar was decorated with flowers, and the ceremony lacked nothing of its usual solemn beauty. The bride was pale, but strikingly calm and self-possessed, and when she moved towards the door as Mrs. Lawrie, on her husband's arm, many matrons, recalling their own experience, marvelled at her unflurried dignity.

Just as they passed out the door, and the bridal carriage was summoned, a singular thing happened. Another bridal carriage drew up from the opposite side, and a newly wedded pair came forth from the portal of the Methodist church. Both parties stopped, face to face, divided only by the narrow street. Mrs. Lawrie first noticed the flushed cheeks of the other bride, her white dress, rather showy than elegant, and the heavy gold ornaments she wore. Then she turned to the bridegroom. He was tall and well-formed, dressed like a gentleman, but like one who is not yet unconscious of his dress, and had the air of a man accustomed to exercise some authority

She saw his face, and instantly all other faces disappeared. From the opposite brink of a tremendous gulf she looked into his eyes, and their blended ray of love and despair pierced her to the heart. There was a roaring in her ears, followed a long sighing sound, like that of the wind on some homeless waste; she leaned more heavily on her husband's arm, leaned against his shoulder, slid slowly down into his supporting clasp, and knew no more.

"She's paying for her mock composure, after all," said the matrons. "It must have been a great effort."

III.

TEN years afterwards, Mrs. Lawrie went on board a steamer at Southampton, bound for New York. She was travelling alone, having been called suddenly from Europe by the approaching death of her aged father. For two or three days after sailing, the thick, rainy spring weather kept all below, except a few hardy gentlemen who crowded together on the lee of the smoke-stack, and kept up a stubborn cheerfulness on a very small capital of comfort. There were few cabin-passengers on board, but the usual crowd of emigrants in the steerage.

Mrs. Lawrie's face had grown calmer and colder during these years. There was yet no gray in her hair, no wrinkles about her clear eyes; each feature appeared to be the same, but the pale, monotonous color which had replaced the warm bloom of her youth, gave them a dif-

ferent character. The gracious dignity of her manner, the mellow tones of her voice, still expressed her unchanging goodness, yet those who met her were sure to feel, in some inexplicable way, that to be good is not always to be happy. Perhaps, indeed, her manner was older than her face and form : she still attracted the interest of men, but with a certain doubt and reserve.

Certain it is that when she made her appearance on deck, glad of the blue sky and sunshine, and threw back her hood to feel the freshness of the sea air, all eyes followed her movements, except those of a forlorn individual, who, muffled in his cloak and apparently sea-sick, lay upon one of the benches. The captain presently joined her, and the gentlemen saw that she was bright and perfectly self-possessed in conversation : some of them immediately resolved to achieve an acquaintance. The dull, passive existence of the beginning of every voyage, seemed to be now at an end. It was time for the little society of the vessel to awake, stir itself, and organize a life of its own, for the few remaining days.

That night, as Mrs. Lawrie was sleeping in her berth, she suddenly awoke with a singular feeling of dread and suspense. She listened silently, but for some time distinguished none other than the small sounds of night on shipboard—the indistinct orders, the dragging of ropes, the creaking of timbers, the dull, regular jar of the engine, and the shuffling noise of feet overhead. But, ere long, she seemed to catch faint, distant sounds, that seemed like cries ; then came hurry and confusion on deck ; then

voices in the cabin, one of which said: "they never can get it under, at this rate!"

She rose, dressed herself hastily, and made her way through pale and excited stewards, and the bewildered passengers who were beginning to rush from their state-rooms, to the deck. In the wild tumult which prevailed, she might have been thrown down and trampled under foot, had not a strong arm seized her around the waist, and borne her towards the stern, where there were but few persons.

"Wait here!" said a voice, and her protector plunged into the crowd.

She saw, instantly, the terrible fate which had fallen upon the vessel. The bow was shrouded in whirls of smoke, through which dull red flashes began to show themselves; and all the length and breadth of the deck was filled with a screaming, struggling, fighting mass of desperate human beings. She saw the captain, officers, and a few of the crew working in vain against the disorder: she saw the boats filled before they were lowered, and heard the shrieks as they were capsized; she saw spars and planks and benches cast overboard, and maddened men plunging after them; and then, like the sudden opening of the mouth of Hell, the relentless, triumphant fire burst through the forward deck and shot up to the foreyard.

She was leaning against the mizen shrouds, between the coils of rope. Nobody appeared to notice her, although the quarter-deck was fast filling with persons driven back by the fire, yet still shrinking from the terror and

uncertainty of the sea. She thought: "It is but death —why should I fear? The waves are at hand, to save me from all suffering." And the collective horror of hundreds of beings did not so overwhelm her as she had both fancied and feared; the tragedy of each individual life was lost in the confusion, and was she not a sharer in their doom?

Suddenly, a man stood before her with a cork life-preserver in his hands, and buckled it around her securely, under the arms. He was panting and almost exhausted, yet he strove to make his voice firm, and even cheerful, as he said:

"We fought the cowardly devils as long as there was any hope. Two boats are off, and two capsized; in ten minutes more every soul must take to the water. Trust to me, and I will save you or die with you!"

"What else can I do?" she answered.

With a few powerful strokes of an axe, he broke off the top of the pilot-house, bound two or three planks to it with ropes, and dragged the mass to the bulwarks.

"The minute this goes," he then said to her, "you go after it, and I follow. Keep still when you rise to the surface."

She left the shrouds, took hold of the planks at his side, and they heaved the rude raft into the sea. In an instant she was seized and whirled over the side; she instinctively held her breath, felt a shock, felt herself swallowed up in an awful, fathomless coldness, and then found herself floating below the huge towering hull which slowly drifted away.

In another moment there was one at her side. "Lay your hand on my shoulder," he said; and when she did so, swam for the raft, which they soon reached. While she supported herself by one of the planks he so arranged and bound together the pieces of timber that in a short time they could climb upon them and rest, not much washed by the waves. The ship drifted further and further, casting a faint, though awful, glare over the sea, until the light was suddenly extinguished, as the hull sank.

The dawn was in the sky by this time, and as it broadened they could see faint specks here and there, where others, like themselves, clung to drifting spars. Mrs. Lawrie shuddered with cold and the reaction from an excitement which had been far more powerful than she knew at the time.

Her preserver then took off his coat, wrapped it around her, and produced a pocket-flask, saying; "this will support us the longest; it is all I could find, or bring with me."

She sat, leaning against his shoulder, though partly turned away from him: all she could say was: "you are very good."

After awhile he spoke, and his voice seemed changed to her ears. "You must be thinking of Mr. Lawrie. It will, indeed, be terrible for him to hear of the disaster, before knowing that you are saved."

"God has spared him that distress," she answered. "Mr. Lawrie died, a year ago."

She felt a start in the strong frame upon which she leaned. After a few minutes of silence, he slowly shifted

his position towards her, yet still without facing her, and said, almost in a whisper:

"You have said that I am very good. Will you put your hand in mine?"

She stretched hers eagerly and gratefully towards him. What had happened? Through all the numbness of her blood, there sprang a strange new warmth from his strong palm, and a pulse, which she had almost forgotten as a dream of the past, began to beat through her frame. She turned around all a-tremble, and saw his face in the glow of the coming day.

"Leonard Clare!" she cried.

"Then you have not forgotten me?"

"Could one forget, when the other remembers?"

The words came involuntarily from her lips. She felt what they implied, the moment afterwards, and said no more. But he kept her hand in his.

"Mrs. Lawrie," he began, after another silence, "we are hanging by a hair on the edge of life, but I shall gladly let that hair break, since I may tell you now, purely and in the hearing of God, how I have tried to rise to you out of the low place in which you found me. At first you seemed too far; but you yourself led me the first step of the way, and I have steadily kept my eyes on you, and followed it. When I had learned my trade, I came to the city. No labor was too hard for me, no study too difficult. I was becoming a new man, I saw all that was still lacking, and how to reach it, and I watched you, unknown, at a distance. Then I heard of your engagement.

you were lost, and something of which I had begun to dream, became insanity. I determined to trample it out of my life. The daughter of the master-builder, whose first assistant I was, had always favored me in her society; and I soon persuaded her to love me. I fancied, too, that I loved her as most married men seemed to love their wives; the union would advance me to a partnership in her father's business, and my fortune would then be secured. You know what happened; but you do not know how the sight of your face planted the old madness again in my life, and made me a miserable husband, a miserable man of wealth, almost a scoffer at the knowledge I had acquired for your sake.

"When my wife died, taking an only child with her, there was nothing left to me except the mechanical ambition to make myself, without you, what I imagined I might have become, through you. I have studied and travelled, lived alone and in society, until your world seemed to be almost mine: but you were not there!"

The sun had risen, while they sat, rocking on their frail support. Her hand still lay in his, and her head rested on his shoulder. Every word he spoke sank into her heart with a solemn sweetness, in which her whole nature was silent and satisfied. Why should she speak? He knew all.

Yes, it seemed that he knew. His arm stole around her, and her head was drawn from his shoulder to the warm breadth of his breast. Something hard pressed her cheek, and she lifted her hand to move it aside. He

drew forth a flat medallion case; and to the unconscious question in her face, such a sad, tender smile came to his lips, that she could not repress a sudden pain. Was it the miniature of his dead wife?

He opened the case, and showed her, under the glass, a faded, pressed flower.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The Brandywine cowslip you dropped, when you spoke to me in the lane. Then it was that you showed me the first step of the way."

She laid her head again upon his bosom. Hour after hour they sat, and the light swells of the sea heaved them aimlessly to and fro, and the sun burned them, and the spray drenched their limbs. At last Leonard Clare roused himself and looked around: he felt numb and faint, and he saw, also, that her strength was rapidly failing.

"We cannot live much longer, I fear," he said, clasping her closely in his arms. "Kiss me once, darling, and then we will die."

She clung to him and kissed him.

"There is life, not death, in your lips!" he cried. "Oh, God, if we should live!"

He rose painfully to his feet, stood, tottering, on the raft, and looked across the waves. Presently he began to tremble, then to sob like a child, and at last spoke, through his tears:

"A sail! a sail!—and heading towards us!"

MRS. STRONGITHARM'S REPORT.

R. EDITOR,—If you ever read the "Burroak Banner" (which you will find among your exchanges, as the editor publishes your prospectus for six weeks every year, and sends no bill to you) my name will not be that of a stranger. Let me throw aside all affectation of humility, and say that I hope it is already and not unfavorably familiar to you. I am informed by those who claim to know that the manuscripts of obscure writers are passed over by you editors without examination—in short, that I must first have a name, if I hope to make one. The fact that an article of three hundred and seventy-five pages, which I sent, successively, to the "North American Review," the "Catholic World," and the "Radical," was in each case returned to me with *my* knot on the tape by which it was tied, convinces me that such is indeed the case. A few years ago I should not have meekly submitted to treatment like this; but late experiences have taught me the vanity of many womanly dreams.

You are acquainted with the part I took (I am *sure* you must have seen it in the "Burroak Banner" eight years ago) in creating that public sentiment in our favor which invested us with all the civil and political rights of men. How the editors of the "Revolution," to which I subscribe, and the conventions in favor of the equal rights of women, recently held in Boston and other cities, have failed to notice our noble struggle, is a circumstance for which I will not try to account. I will only say—and it is a hint which *some persons* will understand—that there are other forms of jealousy than those which spring from love.

It is, indeed, incredible that so little is known, outside the State of Atlantic, of the experiment—I mean the achievement—of the last eight years. While the war lasted, we did not complain that our work was ignored; but now that our sisters in other States are acting as if in complete unconsciousness of what *we* have done—now that we need their aid and they need ours (but in different ways), it is time that somebody should speak. Were Selina Whiston living, I should leave the task to her pen; she never recovered from the shock and mortification of her experiences in the State Legislature, in '64—but I will not anticipate the history. Of all the band of female iconoclasts, as the Hon. Mr. Screed called us in jest—it was no jest afterwards, *his* image being the first to go down—of all, I say, "some are married, and some are dead," and there is really no one left so familiar with the circumstances as I am, and equally competent to give a report of them.

Mr. Spelter (the editor of the "Burroak Banner") suggests that I must be brief, if I wish my words to reach the ears of the millions for whom they are designed; and I shall do my best to be so. If I were not obliged to begin at the very beginning, and if the interests of Atlantic had not been swallowed up, like those of other little States, in the whirlpool of national politics, I should have much less to say. But if Mr. George Fenian Brain and Mrs. Candy Station do not choose to inform the public of either the course or the results of our struggle, am I to blame? If I could have attended the convention in Boston, and had been allowed to speak—and I am sure the distinguished Chairwoman would have given me a chance—it would have been the best way, no doubt, to set our case before the world.

I must first tell you how it was that we succeeded in forcing the men to accept our claims, so much in advance of other States. We were indebted for it chiefly to the skill and adroitness of Selina Whiston. The matter had been agitated, it is true, for some years before, and as early as 1856, a bill, drawn up by Mrs. Whiston herself, had been introduced into the Legislature, where it received three votes. Moreover, we had held meetings in almost every election precinct in the State, and our Annual Fair (to raise funds) at Gaston, while the Legislature was in session, was always very brilliant and successful. So the people were not entirely unprepared.

Although our State had gone for Fremont in 1856, by a small majority, the Democrats afterwards elected their

Governor; and both parties, therefore, had hopes of success in 1860. The canvass began early, and was very animated. Mrs. Whiston had already inaugurated the custom of attending political meetings, and occasionally putting a question to the stump orator—no matter of which party; of sometimes, indeed, taking the stump herself, after the others had exhausted their wind. She was very witty, as you know, and her stories were so good and so capitally told, that neither Democrat nor Republican thought of leaving the ground while she was upon the stand.

Now, it happened that our Congressional District was one of the closest. It happened, also, that our candidate (I am a Republican, and so is Mr. Strongitharm) was rather favorably inclined to the woman's cause. It happened, thirdly—and this is the seemingly insignificant pivot upon which we whirled into triumph—that he, Mr. Wrangle, and the opposing candidate, Mr. Tumbrill, had arranged to hold a joint meeting at Burroak. This meeting took place on a magnificent day, just after the oats-harvest; and everybody, for twenty miles around, was there. Mrs. Whiston, together with Sarah Pincher, Olympia Knapp, and several other prominent advocates of our cause, met at my house in the morning; and we all agreed that it was time to strike a blow. The rest of us magnanimously decided to take no part in the concerted plan, though very eager to do so. Selina Whiston declared that she must have the field to herself; and when she said that, we knew she meant it.

It was generally known that she was on the ground

In fact, she spent most of the time while Messrs. Wrangle and Tumbrill were speaking, in walking about through the crowds—so after an hour apiece for the gentlemen, and then fifteen minutes apiece for a rejoinder, and the Star Spangled Banner from the band, for both sides, we were not a bit surprised to hear a few cries of "Whiston!" from the audience. Immediately we saw the compact gray bonnet and brown serge dress (she knew what would go through a crowd without tearing!) splitting the wedge of people on the steps leading to the platform. I noticed that the two Congressional candidates looked at each other and smiled, in spite of the venomous charges they had just been making.

Well—I won't attempt to report her speech, though it was her most splendid effort (as people *will* say, when it was no effort to her at all). But the substance of it was this: after setting forth woman's wrongs and man's tyranny, and taxation without representation, and an equal chance, and fair-play, and a struggle for life (which you know all about from the other conventions), she turned squarely around to the two candidates and said:

"Now to the practical application. You, Mr. Wrangle, and you, Mr. Tumbrill, want to be elected to Congress. The district is a close one: you have both counted the votes in advance (oh, I know your secrets!) and there isn't a difference of a hundred in your estimates. A very little will turn the scale either way. Perhaps a woman's influence—perhaps my voice—might do it. But I will give you an equal chance. So much power is left to

woman, despite what you withhold, that we, the women of Putnam, Shinnebaug, and Rancocus counties, are able to decide which of you shall be elected. Either of you would give a great deal to have a majority of the intelligent women of the District on your side: it would a ready be equivalent to success. Now, to show that we understand the political business from which you have excluded us—to prove that we are capable of imitating the noble example of *men*—we offer to sell our influence, as they their votes, to the highest bidder!"

There was great shouting and cheering among the people at this, but the two candidates, somehow or other, didn't seem much amused.

"I stand here," she continued, "in the interest of my struggling sisters, and with authority to act for them. Which of you will bid the most—not in offices or material advantages, as is the way of your parties, but in the way of help to the Woman's Cause? Which of you will here publicly pledge himself to say a word for us, from now until election-day, whenever he appears upon the stump?"

There was repeated cheering, and cries of "Got 'em there!" (Men are so vulgar).

I pause for a reply. Shall they not answer me?" she continued, turning to the audience.

"Then there were tremendous cries of "Yes! yes! Wrangle! Tumbrill!"

Mr. Wrangle looked at Mr. Tumbrill, and made a motion with his head, signifying that he should speak. Then Mr. Tumbrill looked at Mr. Wrangle, and made a

motion that *he* should speak. The people saw all this, and laughed and shouted as if they would never finish.

Mr. Wrangle, on second thoughts (this is my private surmise), saw that boldness would just then be popular, so he stepped forward.

"Do I understand," he said, "that my fair and eloquent friend demands perfect political and civil equality for her sex?"

"I do!" exclaimed Selina Whiston, in her firmest manner.

"Let me be more explicit," he continued. "You mean precisely the same rights, the same duties, the same obligations, the same responsibilities?"

She repeated the phrases over after him, affirmatively with an emphasis which I never heard surpassed.

"Pardon me once more," said Mr. Wrangle; "the right to vote, to hold office, to practise law, theology, medicine, to take part in all municipal affairs, to sit on juries, to be called upon to aid in the execution of the law, to aid in suppressing disturbances, enforcing public order, and performing military duty?"

Here there were loud cheers from the audience; and a good many voices cried out: "Got her there!" (Men are so very vulgar.)

Mrs. Whiston looked troubled for a moment, but she saw that a moment's hesitation would be fatal to our scheme. so she brought out her words as if each one were a maul-blow on the butt-end of a wedge:

"All—that—we—demand!"

"Then," said Mr. Wrangle, "I bid my support in exchange for the women's! Just what the speaker demands, without exception or modification—equal privileges, rights, duties and obligations, without regard to the question of sex! Is that broad enough?"

I was all in a tremble when it came to that. Somehow Mr. Wrangle's acceptance of the bid did not inspire me, although it promised so much. I had anticipated opposition, dissatisfaction, tumult. So had Mrs. Whiston, and I could see, and the crowd could see, that she was not greatly elated.

Mr. Wrangle made a very significant bow to Mr. Tumbrill, and then sat down. There were cries of "Tumbrill!" and that gentleman—none of us, of course, believing him sincere, for we knew his private views—came forward and made exactly the same pledge. I will do both parties the justice to say that they faithfully kept their word; nay, it was generally thought the repetition of their brief pleas for woman, at some fifty meetings before election came, had gradually conducted them to the belief that they were expressing their own personal sentiments. The mechanical echo in public thus developed into an opinion in private. My own political experience has since demonstrated to me that this is a phenomenon very common among men.

The impulse generated at that meeting gradually spread all over the State. We—the leaders of the Women's Movement—did not rest until we had exacted the same pledge from all the candidates of both parties;

and the nearer it drew towards election-day, the more prominence was given, in the public meetings, to the illustration and discussion of the subject. Our State went for Lincoln by a majority of 2763 (as you will find by consulting the "Tribune Almanac"), and Mr. Wrangle was elected to Congress, having received a hundred and forty-two more votes than his opponent. Mr. Tumbrill has always attributed his defeat to his want of courage in not taking up at once the glove which Selina Whiston threw down.

I think I have said enough to make it clear how the State of Atlantic came to be the first to grant equal civil and political rights to women. When the Legislature of 1860–'61 met at Gaston, we estimated that we might count upon fifty-three out of the seventy-one Republican Senators and Assemblymen, and on thirty-four out of the sixty-five Democrats. This would give a majority of twenty-eight in the House, and ten in the Senate. Should the bill pass, there was still a possibility that it might be vetoed by the Governor, of whom we did not feel sure. We therefore arranged that our Annual Fair should be held a fortnight later than usual, and that the proceeds (a circumstance known only to the managers) should be devoted to a series of choice suppers, at which we entertained, not only the Governor and our friends in both Houses, but also, like true Christians, our legislatorial enemies. Olympia Knapp, who, you know, is so very beautiful, presided at these entertainments. She put forth all her splendid powers, and with more effect than

any of us suspected. On the day before the bill reached its third reading, the Governor made her an offer of marriage. She came to the managers in great agitation, and laid the matter before them, stating that she was overwhelmed with surprise (though Sarah Pincher always maintained that she wasn't in the least), and asking their advice. We discussed the question for four hours, and finally decided that the interests of the cause would oblige her to accept the Governor's hand. "Oh, I am so glad!" cried Olympia, "for I accepted him at once." It was a brave, a noble deed!

Now, I would ask those who assert that women are incapable of conducting the business of politics, to say whether any set of men, of either party, could have played their cards more skilfully? Even after the campaign was over we might have failed, had it not been for the suppers. We owed this idea, like the first, to the immortal Selina Whiston. A lucky accident—as momentous in its way as the fall of an apple to Newton, or the flying of a kite to Dr. Franklin—gave her the secret principle by which the politics of men are directed. Her house in Whittletown was the half of a double frame building, and the rear-end of the other part was the private office of—but no, I will not mention the name—a lawyer and a politician. He was known as a "wire-puller," and the other wire-pullers of his party used to meet in his office and discuss matters. Mrs. Whiston always asserted that there was a mouse-hole through the partition; but she had energy enough to have made a hole herself, for the sake of the cause.

She never would tell us all she overheard. 'It is enough," she would say, "that I know how the thing is done."

I remember that we were all considerably startled when she first gave us an outline of her plan. On my saying that I trusted the dissemination of our principles would soon bring us a great adhesion, she burst out with:

"Principles! Why if we trust to principles, we shall never succeed! We must rely upon *influences*, as the men do; we must fight them with their own weapons, and even then we are at a disadvantage, because we cannot very well make use of whiskey and cigars."

We yielded, because we had grown accustomed to be guided by her; and, moreover, we had seen, time and again, how she could succeed—as, for instance, in the Nelson divorce case (but I don't suppose you ever heard of that), when the matter seemed nigh hopeless to all of us. The history of 1860 and the following winter proves that in her the world has lost a stateswoman. Mr. Wrangle and Governor Battle have both said to me that they never knew a measure to be so splendidly engineered both before the public and in the State Legislature.

After the bill had been passed, and signed by the Governor, and so had become a law, and the grand Women's Jubilee had been held at Gaston, the excitement subsided. It would be nearly a year to the next State election, and none of the women seemed to care for the local and municipal elections in the spring. Be

sides, there was a good deal of anxiety among them in regard to the bill, which was drawn up in almost the exact terms used by Mr. Wrangle at the political meeting. In fact, we always have suspected that he wrote it. The word "male" was simply omitted from all laws. "Nothing is changed," said Mrs. Whiston, quoting Charles X., "there are only 201,758 more citizens in Atlantic!"

This was in January, 1861, you must remember; and the shadow of the coming war began to fall over us. Had the passage of our bill been postponed a fortnight it would have been postponed indefinitely, for other and (for the men) more powerful excitements followed one upon the other. Even our jubilee was thinly attended, and all but two of the members on whom we relied for speeches failed us. Governor Battle, who was to have presided, was at Washington, and Olympia, already his wife, accompanied him. (I may add that she has never since taken any active part with us. They have been in Europe for the last three years.)

Most of the women—here in Burroak, at least—expressed a feeling of disappointment that there was no palpable change in their lot, no sense of extended liberty, such as they imagined would come to transform them into brighter and better creatures. They supposed that they would at once gain in importance in the eyes of the men; but the men were now so preoccupied by the events at the South that they seemed to have forgotten our political value. Speaking for myself, as a good

Union woman, I felt that I must lay aside, for a time, the interests of my sex. Once, it is true, I proposed to accompany Mr. Strongitharm to a party caucus at the Wrangle House; but he so suddenly discovered that he had business in another part of the town, that I withdrew my proposition.

As the summer passed over, and the first and second call for volunteers had been met, and more than met, by the patriotic men of the State (how we blessed them!) we began to take courage, and to feel, that if our new civil position brought us no very tangible enjoyment, at least it imposed upon us no very irksome duties.

The first practical effect of the new law came to light at the August term of our County Court. The names of seven women appeared on the list of jurors, but only three of them answered to their names. One, the wife of a poor farmer, was excused by the Judge, as there was no one to look after six small children in her absence; another was a tailoress, with a quantity of work on hand, some of which she proposed bringing with her into Court, in order to save time; but as this could not be allowed, she made so much trouble that she was also finally let off. Only one, therefore, remained to serve; fortunately for the credit of our sex, she was both able and willing to do so; and we afterward made a subscription, and presented her with a silver fish-knife, on account of her having tired out eleven jurymen, and brought in a verdict of $5,000 damages against a young man whom she convicted of seduction. She told me that no one would ever

know what she endured during those three days; but the morals of our county have been better ever since.

Mr. Spelter told me that his State exchanges showed that there had been difficulties of the same kind in all the other counties. In Mendip (the county-town of which is Whittletown, Mrs. Whiston's home) the immediate result had been the decision, on the part of the Commissioners, to build an addition at the rear of the Court-House, with large, commodious and well-furnished jury-rooms, so arranged that a comfortable privacy was secured to the jury-women. I did my best to have the same improvement adopted here, but, alas! I have not the ability of Selina Whiston in such matters, and there is nothing to this day but the one vile, miserable room, properly furnished in no particular except spittoons.

The nominating Conventions were held in August, also, and we were therefore called upon to move at once, in order to secure our fair share. Much valuable time had been lost in discussing a question of policy, namely, whether we should attach ourselves to the two parties already in existence, according to our individual inclinations, or whether we should form a third party for ourselves. We finally accepted the former proposition, and I think wisely; for the most of us were so ignorant of political tricks and devices, that we still needed to learn from the men, and we could not afford to draw upon us the hostility of both parties, in the very infancy of our movement.

Never in my life did I have such a task, as in drum-

ming up a few women to attend the primary township meeting for the election of delegates. It was impossible to make them comprehend its importance. Even after I had done my best to explain the technicalities of male politics, and fancied that I had made some impression, the answer would be: "Well, I'd go, I'm sure, just to oblige you, but then there's the tomatoes to be canned"—or, "I'm so behindhand with my darning and patching"—or, "John 'll be sure to go, and there's no need of two from the same house"—and so on, until I was mightily discouraged. There were just nine of us, all told, to about a hundred men. I won't deny that our situation that night, at the Wrangle House, was awkward and not entirely agreeable. To be sure the landlord gave us the parlor, and most of the men came in, now and then, to speak to us; but they managed the principal matters all by themselves, in the bar-room, which was such a mess of smoke and stale liquor smells, that it turned my stomach when I ventured in for two minutes.

I don't think we should have accomplished much, but for a 'cute idea of Mrs. Wilbur, the tinman's wife. She went to the leaders, and threatened them that the women's vote should be cast in a body for the Democratic candidates, unless we were considered in making up the ticket. *That* helped: the delegates were properly instructed, and the County Convention afterward nominated two men and one woman as candidates for the Assembly. That woman was—as I need hardly say, for the world knows it—myself. I had not solicited the honor, and therefore could

not refuse, especially as my daughter Melissa was then old enough to keep house in my absence. No woman had applied for the nomination for Sheriff, but there were seventeen schoolmistresses anxious for the office of County Treasurer. The only other nomination given to the women, however, was that of Director (or rather, Directress) of the Poor, which was conferred on Mrs. Bassett, wife of a clergyman.

Mr. Strongitharm insisted that I should, in some wise, prepare myself for my new duties, by reading various political works, and I conscientiously tried to do so—but, dear me! it was much more of a task than I supposed. We had all read the debate on our bill, of course; but I always skipped the dry, stupid stuff about the tariff, and finance, and stay laws and exemption laws, and railroad company squabbles; and for the life of me I can't see, to this day, what connection there is between these things and Women's Rights. But, as I said, I did my best, with the help of Webster's Dictionary; although the further I went the less I liked it.

As election-day drew nearer, our prospects looked brighter. The Republican ticket, under the editorial head of the "Burroak Banner," with my name and Mrs. Bassett's among the men's, was such an evidence, that many women, notably opposed to the cause, said: "We didn't want the right, but since we have it, we shall make use of it." This was exactly what Mrs. Whiston had foretold. We estimated that—taking the County tickets all over the State—we had about one-twentieth of the Re-

publican, and one-fiftieth of the Democratic, nominations. This was far from being our due, but still it was a good beginning.

My husband insisted that I should go very early to the polls. I could scarcely restrain a tear of emotion as I gave my first ballot into the hands of the judges. There were not a dozen persons present, and the act did not produce the sensation which I expected. One man cried out: "Three cheers for our Assemblywoman!" and they gave them; and I thereupon returned home in the best spirits. I devoted the rest of the day to relieving poorer women, who could not have spared the time to vote, if I had not, meanwhile, looked after their children. The last was Nancy Black, the shoemaker's wife in our street, who kept me waiting upon her till it was quite dark. When she finally came, the skirt of her dress was ripped nearly off, her hair was down and her comb broken; but she was triumphant, for Sam Black was with her, and *sober*. "The first time since we were married, Mrs. Strongitharm!" she cried. Then she whispered to me, as I was leaving: "And I've killed *his* vote, anyhow!"

When the count was made, our party was far ahead. Up to this time, I think, the men of both parties had believed that only a few women, here and there, would avail themselves of their new right—but they were roundly mistaken. Although only ten per cent. of the female voters went to the polls, yet three-fourths of them voted the Republican ticket, which increased the majority of that party, in the State, about eleven thousand.

It was amazing what an effect followed this result The whole country would have rung with it, had we not been in the midst of war. Mr. Wrangle declared that he had always been an earnest advocate of the women's cause. Governor Battle, in his next message, congratulated the State on the signal success of the experiment, and the Democratic masses, smarting under their defeat, cursed their leaders for not having been sharp enough to conciliate the new element. The leaders themselves said nothing, and in a few weeks the rank and file recovered their cheerfulness. Even Mrs. Whiston, with all her experience, was a little puzzled by this change of mood. Alas! she was far from guessing the correct explanation.

It was a great comfort to me that Mrs. Whiston was also elected to the Legislature. My husband had just then established his manufactory of patent self-scouring knife-blades (now so celebrated), and could not leave; so I was obliged to go up to Gaston all alone, when the session commenced. There were but four of us Assemblywomen, and although the men treated us with great courtesy, I was that nervous that I seemed to detect either commiseration or satire everywhere. Before I had even taken my seat, I was addressed by fifteen or twenty different gentlemen, either great capitalists, or great engineers, or distinguished lawyers, all interested in various schemes for developing the resources of our State by new railroads, canals or ferries. I then began to comprehend the grandeur of the Legislator's office. My voice could assist in making possible these magnificent improvements

and I promised it to all. Mr. Filch, President of the Shinnebaug and Great Western Consolidated Line, was so delighted with my appreciation of his plan for reducing the freight on grain from Nebraska, that he must have written extravagant accounts of me to his wife; for she sent me, at Christmas, one of the loveliest shawls I ever beheld.

I had frequently made short addresses at our public meetings, and was considered to have my share of self-possession; but I never could accustom myself to the keen, disturbing, irritating atmosphere of the Legislature. Everybody seemed wide-awake and aggressive, instead of pleasantly receptive; there were so many "points of order," and what not; such complete disregard, among the members, of each other's feelings; and, finally—a thing I could never understand, indeed—such inconsistency and lack of principle in the intercourse of the two parties. How could I feel assured of their sincerity, when I saw the very men chatting and laughing together, in the lobbies, ten minutes after they had been facing each other like angry lions in the debate?

Mrs. Whiston, also, had her trials of the same character. Nothing ever annoyed her so much as a little blunder she made, the week after the opening of the session. I have not yet mentioned that there was already a universal dissatisfaction among the women, on account of their being liable to military service. The war seemed to have hardly begun, as yet, and conscription was already talked about; the women, therefore, clamored for an ex

emption on account of sex. Although we all felt that this was a retrograde movement, the pressure was so great that we yielded. Mrs. Whiston, reluctant at first, no sooner made up her mind that the thing must be done, than she furthered it with all her might. After several attempts to introduce a bill, which were always cut off by some "point of order," she unhappily lost her usual patience.

I don't know that I can exactly explain how it happened, for what the men call "parliamentary tactics" always made me fidgetty. But the "previous question" turned up (as it always seemed to me to do, at the wrong time), and cut her off before she had spoken ten words.

"Mr. Speaker!" she protested; "there is no question, previous to this, which needs the consideration of the house! This is first in importance, and demands your immediate—"

"Order! order!" came from all parts of the house.

"I am in order—the right is always in order!" she exclaimed, getting more and more excited. "We women are not going to be contented with the mere show of our rights on this floor; we demand the substance—"

And so she was going on, when there arose the most fearful tumult. The upshot of it was, that the speaker ordered the sergeant-at-arms to remove Mrs. Whiston; one of the members, more considerate, walked across the floor to her, and tried to explain in what manner she was violating the rules; and in another minute she sat down, so white, rigid and silent that it made me shake in my shoes to look at her.

"I have made a great blunder," she said to me, that evening; "and it may set us back a little; but I shall recover my ground." Which she did, I assure you. She cultivated the acquaintance of the leaders of both parties, studied their tactics, and quietly waited for a good opportunity to bring in her bill. At first, we thought it would pass; but one of the male members presently came out with a speech, which dashed our hopes to nothing. He simply took the ground that there must be absolute equality in citizenship; that every privilege was balanced by a duty, every trust accompanied with its responsibility. He had no objection to women possessing equal rights with men—but to give them all civil rights and exempt them from the most important obligation of service, would be, he said, to create a privileged class—a female aristocracy. It was contrary to the spirit of our institutions. The women had complained of taxation without representation; did they now claim the latter without the former?

The people never look more than half-way into a subject, and so this speech was immensely popular. I will not give Mrs. Whiston's admirable reply; for Mr. Spelter informs me that you will not accept an article, if it should make more than seventy or eighty printed pages. It is enough that our bill was "killed," as the men say (a brutal word); and the women of the State laid the blame of the failure upon us. You may imagine that we suffered under this injustice; but worse was to come.

As I said before, a great many things came up in the Legislature which I did not understand—and, to be can-

did, did not care to understand. But I was obliged to vote, nevertheless, and in this extremity I depended pretty much on Mrs. Whiston's counsel. We could not well go to the private nightly confabs of the members—indeed, they did not invite us; and when it came to the issue of State bonds, bank charters, and such like, I felt as if I were blundering along in the dark.

One day, I received, to my immense astonishment, a hundred and more letters, all from the northern part of our county. I opened them, one after the other, and—well, it is beyond my power to tell you what varieties of indignation and abuse fell upon me. It seems that I had voted against the bill to charter the Mendip Extension Railroad Co. I had been obliged to vote for or against so many things, that it was impossible to recollect them all. However, I procured the printed journal, and, sure enough! there, among the nays, was "Strongitharm." It was not a week after that—and I was still suffering in mind and body—when the newspapers in the interest of the Rancocus and Great Western Consolidated accused me (not by name, but the same thing—you know how they do it) of being guilty of taking bribes. Mr. Filch, of the Shinnebaug Consolidated had explained to me so beautifully the superior advantages of his line, that the Directors of the other company took their revenge in this vile, abominable way.

That was only the beginning of my trouble. What with these slanders and longing for the quiet of our dear old home at Burroak, I was almost sick; yet the Legisla-

ture sat on, and sat on, until I was nearly desperate. Then one morning came a despatch from my husband. "Melissa is drafted—come home!" How I made the journey I can't tell; I was in an agony of apprehension, and when Mr. Strongitharm and Melissa both met me at the Burroak Station, well and smiling, I fell into a hysterical fit of laughing and crying, for the first time in my life.

Billy Brandon, who was engaged to Melissa, came forward and took her place like a man; he fought none the worse, let me tell you, because he represented a woman, and (I may as well say it now) he came home a Captain, without a left arm—but Melissa seems to have three arms for his sake.

You have no idea what a confusion and lamentation here was all over the State. A good many women were drafted, and those who could neither get substitutes for love nor money, were marched to Gaston, where the recruiting Colonel was considerate enough to give them a separate camp. In a week, however, the word came from Washington that the Army Regulations of the United States did not admit of their being received; and they came home blessing Mr. Stanton. This was the end of drafting women in our State.

Nevertheless, the excitement created by the draft did not subside at once. It was seized upon by the Democratic leaders, as part of a plan already concocted, which they then proceeded to set in operation. It succeeded only too well, and I don't know when we shall ever see the end of it.

We had more friends among the Republicans at the start, because all the original Abolitionists in the State came into that party in 1860. Our success had been so rapid and unforeseen that the Democrats continued their opposition even after female suffrage was an accomplished fact; but the leaders were shrewd enough to see that another such election as the last would ruin their party in the State. So their trains were quietly laid, and the match was not applied until all Atlantic was ringing with the protestations of the unwilling conscripts and the laments of their families. Then came, like three claps of thunder in one, sympathy for the women, acquiescence in their rights, and invitations to them, everywhere, to take part in the Democratic caucuses and conventions. Most of the prominent women of the State were deluded for a time by this manifestation, and acted with the party for the sake of the sex.

I had no idea, however, what the practical result of this movement would be, until, a few weeks before election, I was calling upon Mrs. Buckwalter, and happened to express my belief that we Republicans were going to carry the State again, by a large majority.

"I am very glad of it," said she, with an expression of great relief, "because then my vote will not be needed.'

"Why!" I exclaimed; "you won't decline to vote, surely?"

"Worse than that," she answered, "I am afraid I shall have to vote with the other side."

Now as I knew her to be a good Republican, I could

scarcely believe my ears. She blushed, I must admit when she saw my astonished face.

"I'm so used to Bridget, you know," she continued, "and good girls are so very hard to find, nowadays. She has as good as said that she won't stay a day later than election, if I don't vote for *her* candidate; and what am I to do?"

"Do without!" I said shortly, getting up in my indignation.

"Yes, that's very well for you, with your wonderful *thysique*," said Mrs. Buckwalter, quietly, "but think of me with my neuralgia, and the pain in my back! It would be a dreadful blow, if I should lose Bridget."

Well—what with torch-light processions, and meetings on both sides, Burroak was in such a state of excitement when election came, that most of the ladies of my acquaintance were almost afraid to go to the polls. I tried to get them out during the first hours after sunrise, when I went myself, but in vain. Even that early, I heard things that made me shudder. Those who came later, went home resolved to give up their rights rather than undergo a second experience of rowdyism. But it was a jubilee for the servant girls. Mrs. Buckwalter didn't gain much by her apostasy, for Bridget came home singing "The Wearing of the Green," and let fall a whole tray full of the best china before she could be got to bed.

Burroak, which, the year before, had a Republican majority of three hundred, now went for the Democrats by more than five hundred. The same party carried the

State, electing their Governor by near twenty thousand. The Republicans would now have gladly repealed the bill giving us equal rights, but they were in a minority, and the Democrats refused to co-operate. Mrs. Whiston, who still remained loyal to our side, collected information from all parts of the State, from which it appeared that four-fifths of all the female citizens had voted the Democratic ticket. In New Lisbon, our great manufacturing city, with its population of nearly one hundred thousand, the party gained three thousand votes, while the accessions to the Republican ranks were only about four hundred.

Mrs. Whiston barely escaped being defeated; her majority was reduced from seven hundred to forty-three. Eleven Democratic Assemblywomen and four Senatoresses were chosen, however, so that she had the consolation of knowing that her sex had gained, although her party had lost. She was still in good spirits: "It will all right itself in time," she said.

You will readily guess, after what I have related, that I was not only not re-elected to the Legislature, but that I was not even a candidate. I could have born the outrageous attacks of the opposite party; but the treatment I had received from my own "constituents" (I shall always hate the word) gave me a new revelation of the actual character of political life. I have not mentioned half the worries and annoyances to which I was subjected—the endless, endless letters and applications for office, or for my influence in some way—the abuse and threats when

I could not possibly do what was desired—the exhibitions of selfishness and disregard of all great and noble principles—and finally, the shameless advances which were made by what men call "the lobby," to secure my vote for this, that, and the other thing. Why, it fairly made my hair stand on end to hear the stories which the pleasant men, whom I thought so grandly interested in schemes for "the material development of the country," told about each other. Mrs. Filch's shawl began to burn my shoulders before I had worn it a half a dozen times. (I have since given it to Melissa, as a wedding-present).

Before the next session was half over, I was doubly glad of being safe at home. Mrs. Whiston supposed that the increased female representation would give her more support, and indeed it seemed so, at first. But after her speech on the Bounty bill, only two of the fifteen Democratic women would even speak to her, and all hope of concord of action in the interests of women was at an end. We read the debates, and my blood fairly boiled when I found what taunts and sneers, and epithets she was forced to endure. I wondered how she could sit still under them.

To make her position worse, the adjoining seat was occupied by an Irishwoman, who had been elected by the votes of the laborers on the new Albemarle Extension, in the neighborhood of which she kept a grocery store. Nelly Kirkpatrick was a great, red-haired giant of a woman, very illiterate, but with some native wit, and good-hearted enough, I am told, when she was in her right

mind. She always followed the lead of Mr. Gorham (whose name, you see, came before hers in the call), and a look from him was generally sufficient to quiet her when she was inclined to be noisy.

When the resolutions declaring the war a failure were introduced, the party excitement ran higher than ever. The "lunch-room" (as they called it—I never went there but once, the title having deceived me) in the basement-story of the State House was crowded during the discussion, and every time Nelly Kirkpatrick came up, her face was a shade deeper red. Mr. Gorham's nods and winks were of no avail—speak she would, and speak she did, not so very incoherently, after all, but very abusively. To be sure, you would never have guessed it, if you had read the quiet and dignified report in the papers on her side, the next day.

Then Mrs. Whiston's patience broke down. "Mr. Speaker," she exclaimed, starting to her feet, "I protest against this House being compelled to listen to such a tirade as has just been delivered. Are we to be disgraced before the world—"

"Oh, hoo! Disgraced, is it?" yelled Nelly Kirkpatrick, violently interrupting her, "and me as dacent a woman as ever she was, or ever will be! Disgraced, hey? Oh, I'll larn her what it is to blaggàrd her betters!"

And before anybody could imagine what was coming, she pounced upon Mrs. Whiston, with one jerk ripped off her skirt (it was silk, not serge, this time), seized her by the hair, and gave her head such a twist backwards, that

the *chignon* not only came off in her hands, but as her victim opened her mouth too widely in the struggle, the springs of her false teeth were sprung the wrong way, and the entire set flew out and rattled upon the floor.

Of course there were cries of "Order! Order!" and the nearest members—Mr. Gorham among the first—rushed in; but the mischief was done. Mrs. Whiston had always urged upon our minds the necessity of not only being dressed according to the popular fashion, but also as elegantly and becomingly as possible. "If we adopt the Bloomers," she said, "we shall never get our rights, while the world stands. Where it is necessary to influence men, we must be wholly and truly *women*, not semi-sexed nondescripts; we must employ every charm Nature gives us and Fashion adds, not hide them under a forked extinguisher!" I give her very words to show you her way of looking at things. Well, now imagine this elegant woman, looking not a day over forty, though she was—but no, I have no right to tell it,—imagine her, I say, with only her scanty natural hair hanging over her ears, her mouth dreadfully fallen in, her skirt torn off, all in open day, before the eyes of a hundred and fifty members (and I am told they laughed immensely, in spite of the scandal that it was), and, if you are human beings, you will feel that she must have been wounded to the very heart.

There was a motion made to expel Nelly Kirkpatrick, and perhaps it might have succeeded—but the railroad hands, all over the State, made a heroine of her, and her

party was afraid of losing five or six thousand votes; so only a mild censure was pronounced. But there was no end to the caricatures, and songs, and all sorts of ribaldry, about the occurrence; and even our party said that, although Mrs. Whiston was really and truly a martyr, yet the circumstance was an immense damage to *them*. When she heard *that*, I believe it killed her. She resigned her seat, went home, never appeared again in public, and died within a year. "My dear friend," she wrote to me, not a month before her death, "I have been trying all my life to get a thorough knowledge of the masculine nature, but my woman's plummet will not reach to the bottom of that chaotic pit of selfishness and principle, expedience and firmness for the right, brutality and tenderness, gullibility and devilish shrewdness, which I have tried to sound. Only one thing is clear—we women cannot do without what we have sometimes, alas! sneered at as *the chivalry of the sex* The question of our rights is as clear to me as ever; but we must find a plan to get them without being forced to share, or even to *see*, all that men do in their political lives. We have only beheld some Principle riding aloft, not the mud through which her chariot wheels are dragged. The ways must be swept before we can walk in them—but how and by whom shall this be done?"

For my part, *I* can't say, and I wish somebody would tell me.

Well—after seeing our State, which we used to be proud of, delivered over for two years to the control of a

party whose policy was so repugnant to all our feelings of loyalty, we endeavored to procure, at least a qualification of intelligence for voters. Of course, we didn't get it: the exclusion from suffrage of all who were unable to read and write might have turned the scales again, and given us the State. After our boys came back from the war, we might have succeeded—but their votes were over-balanced by those of the servant-girls, every one of whom turned out, making a whole holiday of the election.

I thought, last fall, that my Maria, who is German, would have voted with us. I stayed at home and did the work myself, on purpose that she might hear the oration of Carl Schurz; but old Hammer, who keeps the lager-beer saloon in the upper end of Burroak, gave a supper and a dance to all the German girls and their beaux, after the meeting, and so managed to secure nine out of ten of their votes for Seymour. Maria proposed going away a week before election, up into Decatur County, where, she said, some relations, just arrived from Bavaria, had settled. I was obliged to let her go, or lose her altogether, but I was comforted by the thought that if her vote were lost for Grant, at least it could not be given to Seymour. After the election was over, and Decatur County, which we had always managed to carry hitherto, went against us, the whole matter was explained. About five hundred girls, we were informed, had been *colonized* in private families, as extra help, for a fortnight, and of course Maria was one of them. (I have looked at the addresses of her letters, ever since, and not one has she sent to Decatur). A

committee has been appointed, and a report made on the election frauds in our State, and we shall see, I suppose, whether any help comes of it.

Now, you mustn't think, from all this, that I am an apostate from the principle of Women's Rights. No, indeed! All the trouble we have had, as I think will be evident to the millions who read my words, comes from *the men.* They have not only made politics their monopoly, but they have fashioned it into a tremendous, elaborate system, in which there is precious little of either principle or honesty. We can and we *must* "run the machine" (to use another of their vulgar expressions) with them, until we get a chance to knock off the useless wheels and thing-umbobs, and scour the whole concern, inside and out. Perhaps the men themselves would like to do this, if they only knew how: men have so little talent for cleaning-up. But when it comes to making a litter, they're at home, let me tell you!

Meanwhile, in our State, things are about as bad as they can be. The women are drawn for juries, the same as ever, but (except in Whittletown, where they have a separate room,) no respectable woman goes, and the fines come heavy on some of us. The demoralization among our help is so bad, that we are going to try Co-operative Housekeeping. If that don't succeed, I shall get brother Samuel, who lives in California, to send me two Chinamen, one for cook and chamber-boy, and one as nurse for Melissa. I console myself with thinking that the end of it all must be good, since the principle is right: but, dear

me! I had no idea that I should be called upon to go through such tribulation.

Now the reason I write—and I suppose I must hurry to the end, or you will be out of all patience—is to beg, and insist, and implore my sisters in other States to lose no more time, but at once to coax, or melt, or threaten the men into accepting their claims. We are now so isolated in our rights that we are obliged to bear more than our proper share of the burden. When the States around us shall be so far advanced, there will be a chance for new stateswomen to spring up, and fill Mrs. Whiston's place, and we shall then, I firmly believe, devise a plan to cleanse the great Augean stable of politics by turning into it the river of female honesty and intelligence and morality. But they must do this, somehow or other, without letting the river be tainted by the heaps of pestilent offal it must sweep away. As Lord Bacon says (in that play falsely attributed to Shakespeare)—"Ay, there's the rub!"

If you were to ask me, *now*, what effect the right of suffrage, office, and all the duties of men has had upon the morals of the women of our State, I should be puzzled what to say. It is something like this—if you put a chemical purifying agent into a bucket of muddy water, the water gets clearer, to be sure, but the chemical substance takes up some of the impurity. Perhaps that's rather too strong a comparison; but if you say that men are worse than women, as most people do, then of course we improve them by closer political intercourse, and lose a little ourselves, in the process. I leave you to decide the rela-

tive loss and gain. To tell you the truth, this is a feature of the question which I would rather not discuss; and I see, by the reports of the recent Conventions, that all the champions of our sex feel the same way.

Well, since I must come to an end somewhere, let it be here. To quote Lord Bacon again, take my "round, unvarnished tale," and perhaps the world will yet acknowledge that some good has been done by

Yours truly,

JANE STRONGITHARM.

THE END.

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